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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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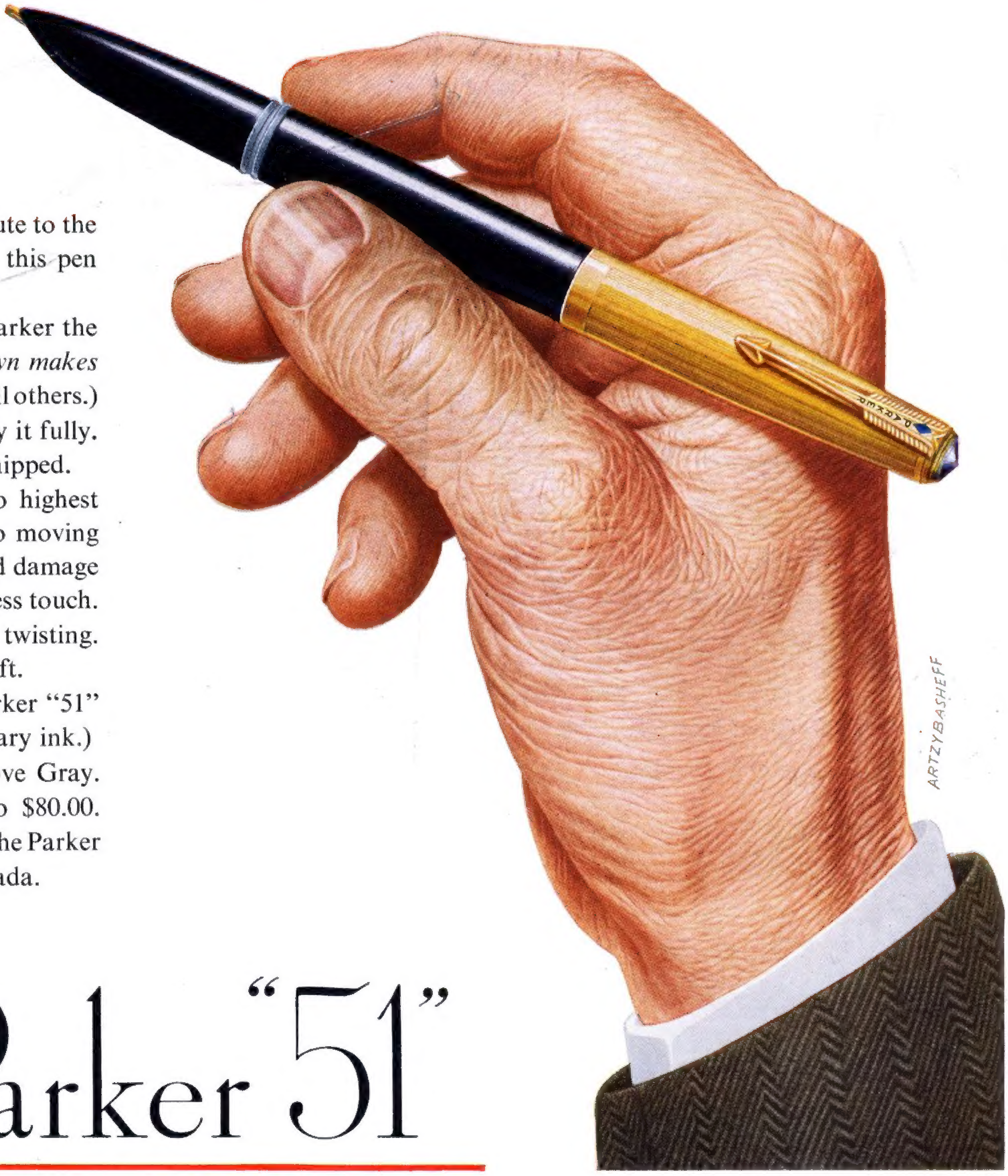

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The Artist and the Flamingo

A neighbor of ours, normally a modest and likable fellow, has been telling us too often of a recent triumph of his little daughter. She won the spelling championship of her school, it seems, when her closest competitor showed a tragic affection for the letter "k" in spelling "puncture."

At the risk of wearing the same expression as he does in regaling us with this portent, we can't help mentioning the recent feats of our own inimitable pair, Fritz Willis and Joe De Mers, in once more demonstrating the dazzling virtuosity with the paintbrush which is so evident in their series of Esquire Girl portraits.

In competition with twenty-two other American artists, our boys have just made off with the $5000 prize in a contest conducted by Producer William Cagney to find the best artistic conception of another girl, the "Flamingo" of Adria Locke Langley's *A Lion is in the Streets*, which Cagney will film. Mr. Cagney, we understand, is so smitten by the fiery redhead Fritz and Joe created for him that another $5000 awaits the gifted individual who can match a real girl to the luscious Flamingo of the portrait, with a Cagney contract in the offing.

Nice going, we thought, as Willis and De Mers continue to deck our pages each month with Flamingo's sweet-looking cousins, the Esquire Girls.

And, come to think of it, in the heat of a spelling bee, it takes an unusual little girl to spell a word like "puncture" correctly. —D. A. S.

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Esquire
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T. M. REG.

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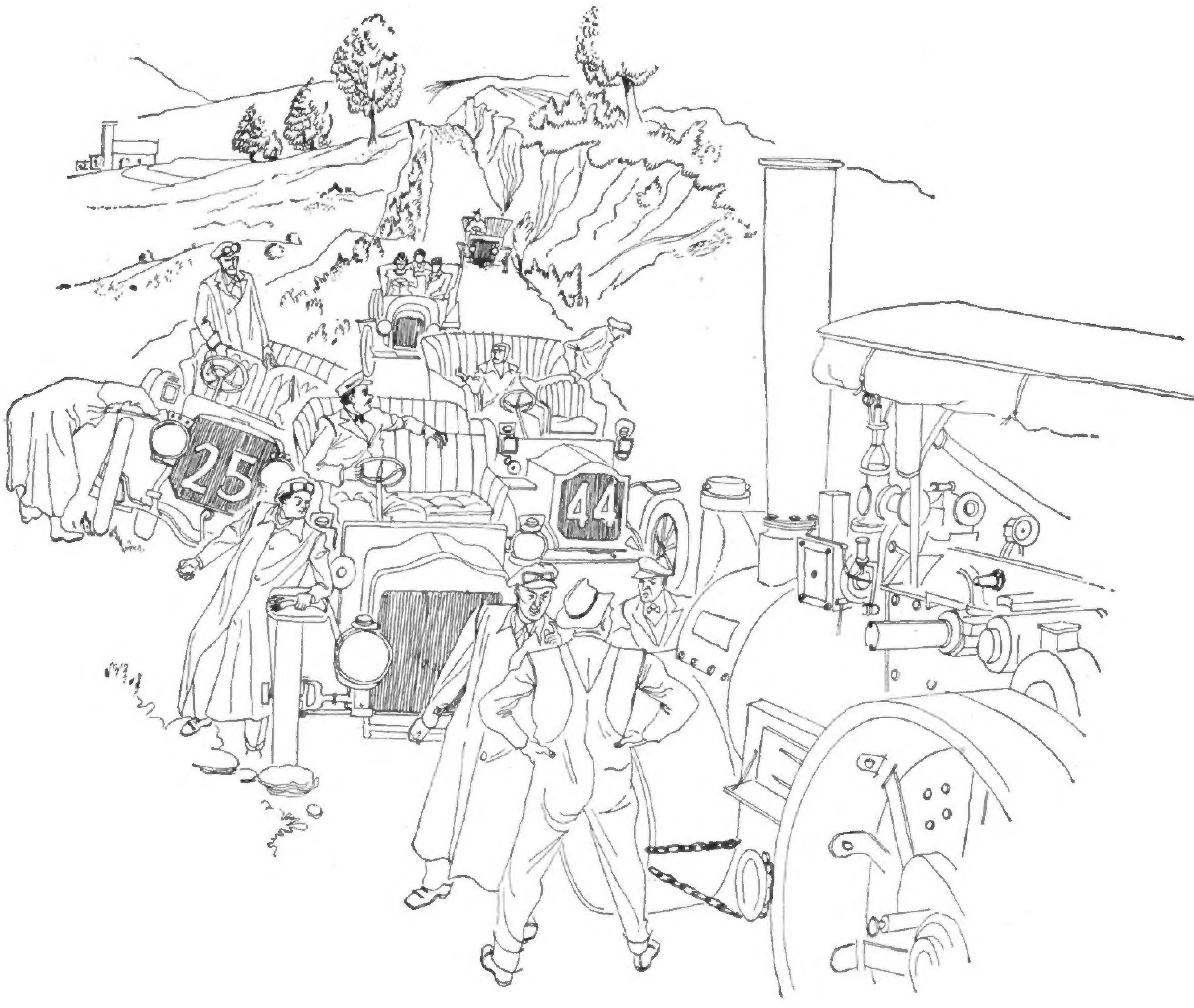
Editorial: Of Old Cars and New Writers



Esquire readers who have lingered over the splendid paintings of Peter Helck, depicting the triumphs and traditions of the automobile as it attained its full growth as a proper symbol of America, will be pleased to hear the artist also chanced to spark the inspiration for Detroit's great American Automotive Jubilee of last year.

As you look at one of his portrayals of a gallant old automobile, something of the real romance of the whole industry strikes you. It may not be too far wrong to paraphrase David Morton's fine line about the dreams that cling to old sailing ships, and remark the dreams that linger over old automobiles. More grease-stained than gossamer, perhaps, and given more to a lingering death in a junk yard than in some distant lagoon, the traditions of the old jalopy are closer to the hearts of everyday Americans, just the same. So often a back-country farmer's affection for his past brood of cars takes the form of the familiar exhibit of aging license plates nailed up on the barn door. Or possibly the old bus that won't run uphill any more is doing a backleg chore with one tireless wheel feeding power to the family buzz saw winter after winter, while the kids crowd a swing under the oak tree, fashioned out of a sprung front seat. Old cars, in their asthmatic way, are the biographers of our last half century.

The thrill of a new model can't quite eclipse the memory of that old one. We once had a DuPont, an assembly job, which was about the size of a freight car and fitted out in enough brass and pigskin to outfit a flotilla of motorboats. It had four gears, one low enough to take you up a tree if you wished, and a high which could roar across the countryside like a runaway bull at about the same clip you can noiselessly reach in second in your '47 model. When something went wrong, you could always be sure of finding the part you needed in some defunct Marmon, Pierce-Arrow, or Rolls-Royce far from home. It was a town-car convertible model and very impressive, with a simply contrived top which any twelve mechanically-minded men could put up or take down, given a free afternoon. So it was that ladies we now know no longer often went to the theatre of a snowy February night, resplendent in furs and décolletage, and protected from the storm only by an umbrella, since the twelve-man top, once down for a brisk autumn drive in the moonlight, often remained that way for the entire winter. There will never be another car like it, we sometimes sigh, conveniently overlooking the historic time we were trapped in Fifth Avenue traffic and growled away five gallons of gas until we ran out in front of St. Patrick's. No cab would push us, undoubtedly mistaking the job for a Fifth Avenue bus, junior model.

Our sigh has its echoes clear across America, we know, the land where the Duryea, the Haynes-Apperson, the Winton, the Elmore, the Stearns, the Columbia, the Maxwell, and many another gone-but-not-forgotten sweetheart cavorted. And last year the memories became realities at the Golden Jubilee of the Automotive Industry in Detroit. Then, the glorious old cars of the past chuffed down Woodward Avenue in the greatest display in all time of this understandable American affection for its old cars. The cavalcade, and the other ceremonies and activities of the festival, were probably the automobile's greatest moment since Charles Brady King drove his horseless carriage down Woodward Avenue to the Russell House, for the first time, in March, 1896. And here we can't resist telling you how Peter Helck and Esquire made their modest contributions. We owe our news to Tony Weitzel, columnist in the Detroit *News*, who recently recalled how the directors of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, met to consider the notion of an American Automotive Jubilee, looked glumly on the whole idea, didn't think there was any glamour left in the business. Then the series of Peter Helck paintings from Esquire was brought out, and after the assembled gentlemen had looked for a time at Helck's fine pictures of the epic cars of the past and their history-making runs, somebody said: "Doggone it, there *is* romance in the automobile business!" And so there was a Jubilee.

A bow this month to Peter Helck, then, for inspiring such a celebration of national importance, and a slight glow of pleasure that it was something originally in our own Esquire pages which helped to start the old wheels rolling once again. These same Esquire paintings, by the way, are currently being exhibited in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington hard by some battered old cars, and will be there until the end of April, if you happen to be down Potomac way and would like to enjoy Mr. Helck's originals.

* * *

Another happy feat of one of Esquire's favorites was the place won by T. K. Brown III in Martha Foley's *Best American Short Stories of 1946* for his *The Valley of the Shadow* which first appeared in Esquire. In fact, it was on this same page, after a suitable apology for the back flips and somersaults we perform on behalf of our authors, that we called Mr. Brown our especial pride and joy and his story a portent of his success. "We consider this story remarkable both as promise and performance; we feel that it marks the advent of a very fine writer, of whom splendid things may confidently be expected," we said, and we meant it. A re-reading of the story in Martha Foley's fine collection leaves us as touched and excited as when we first held the manuscript. To Mr. T. K. Brown III, once more, our most sincere respects and admiration. ⧺

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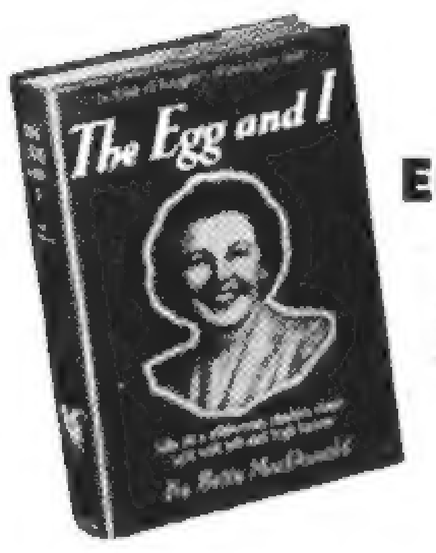

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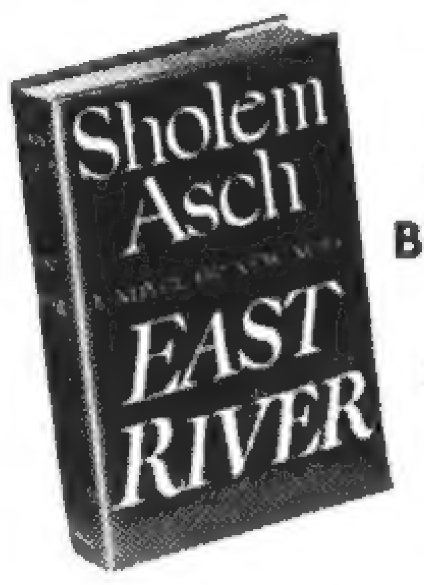

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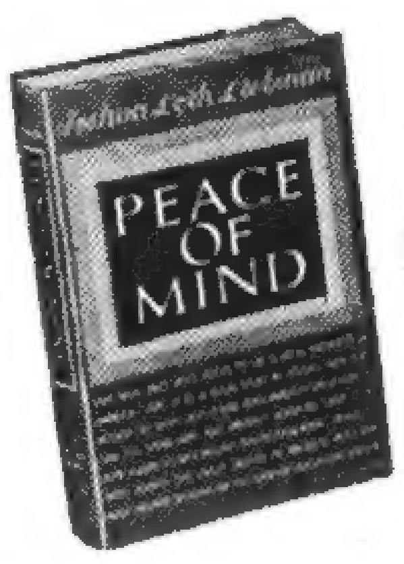

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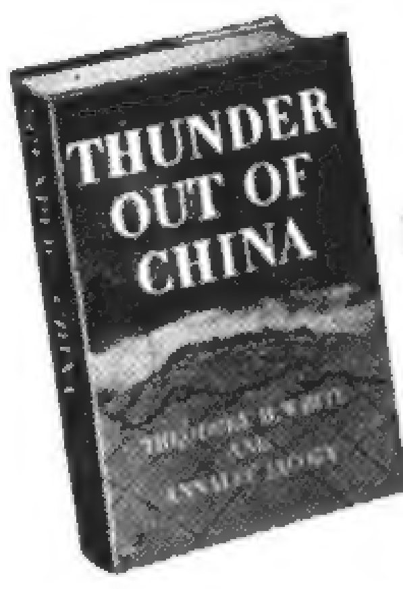

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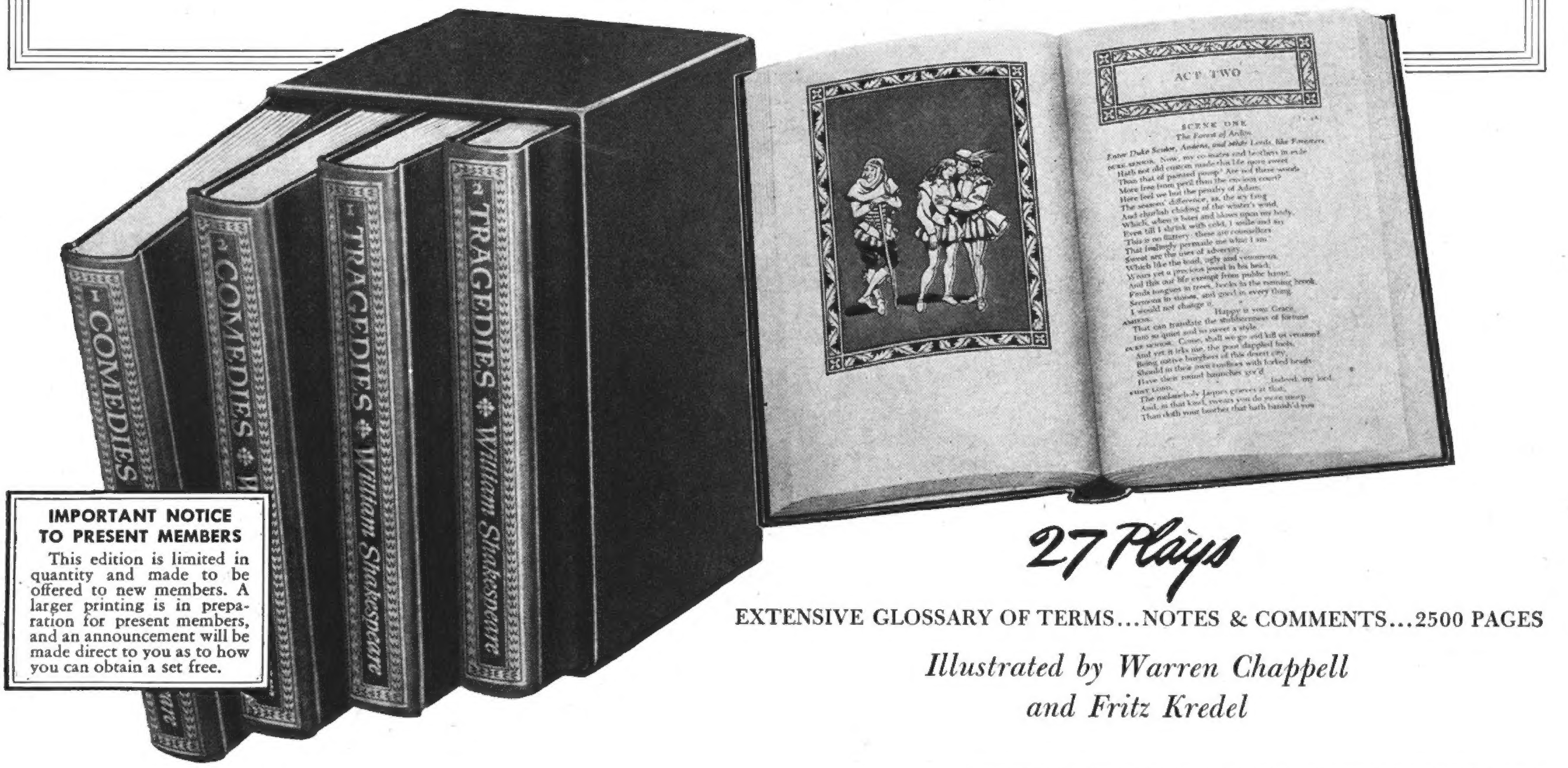

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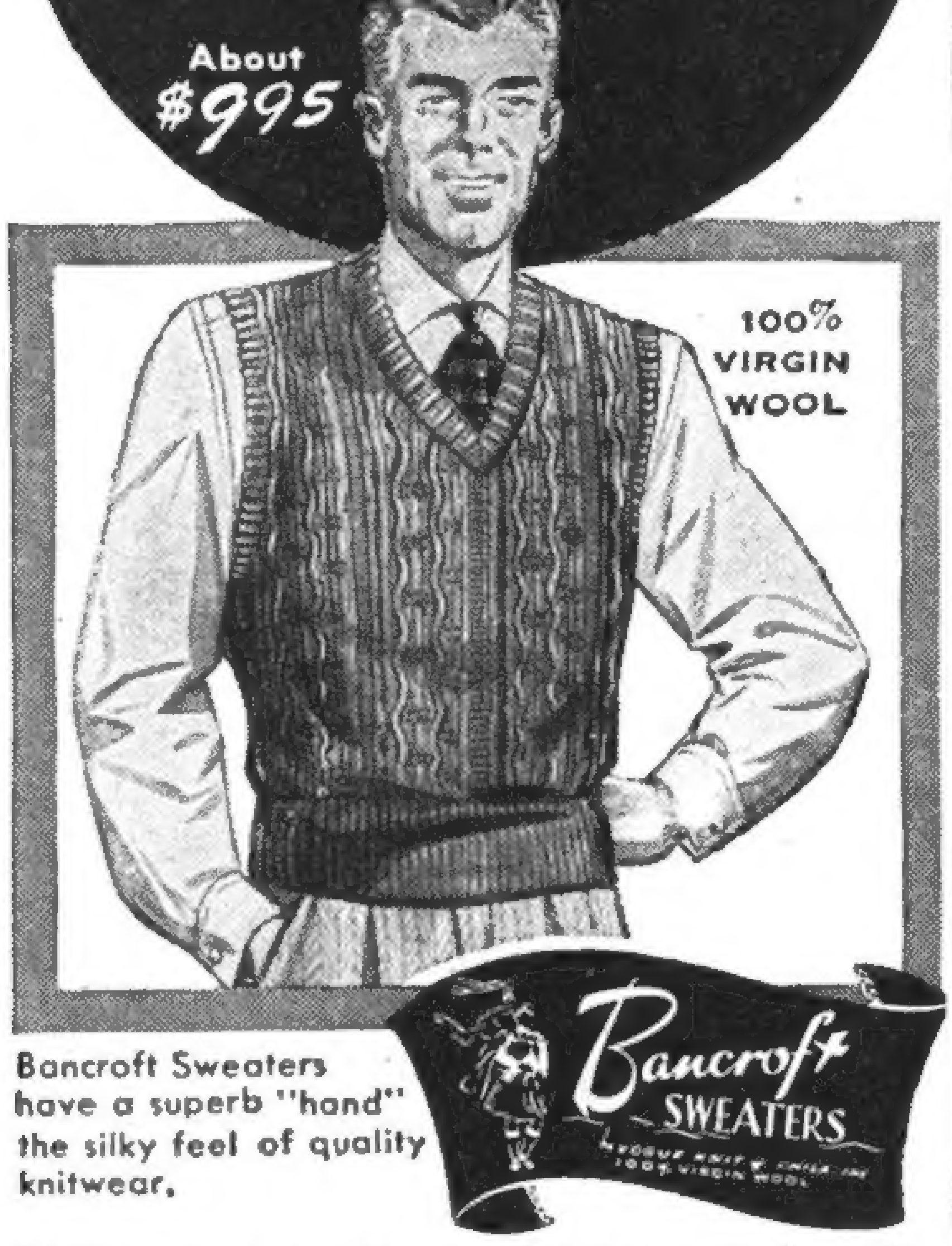

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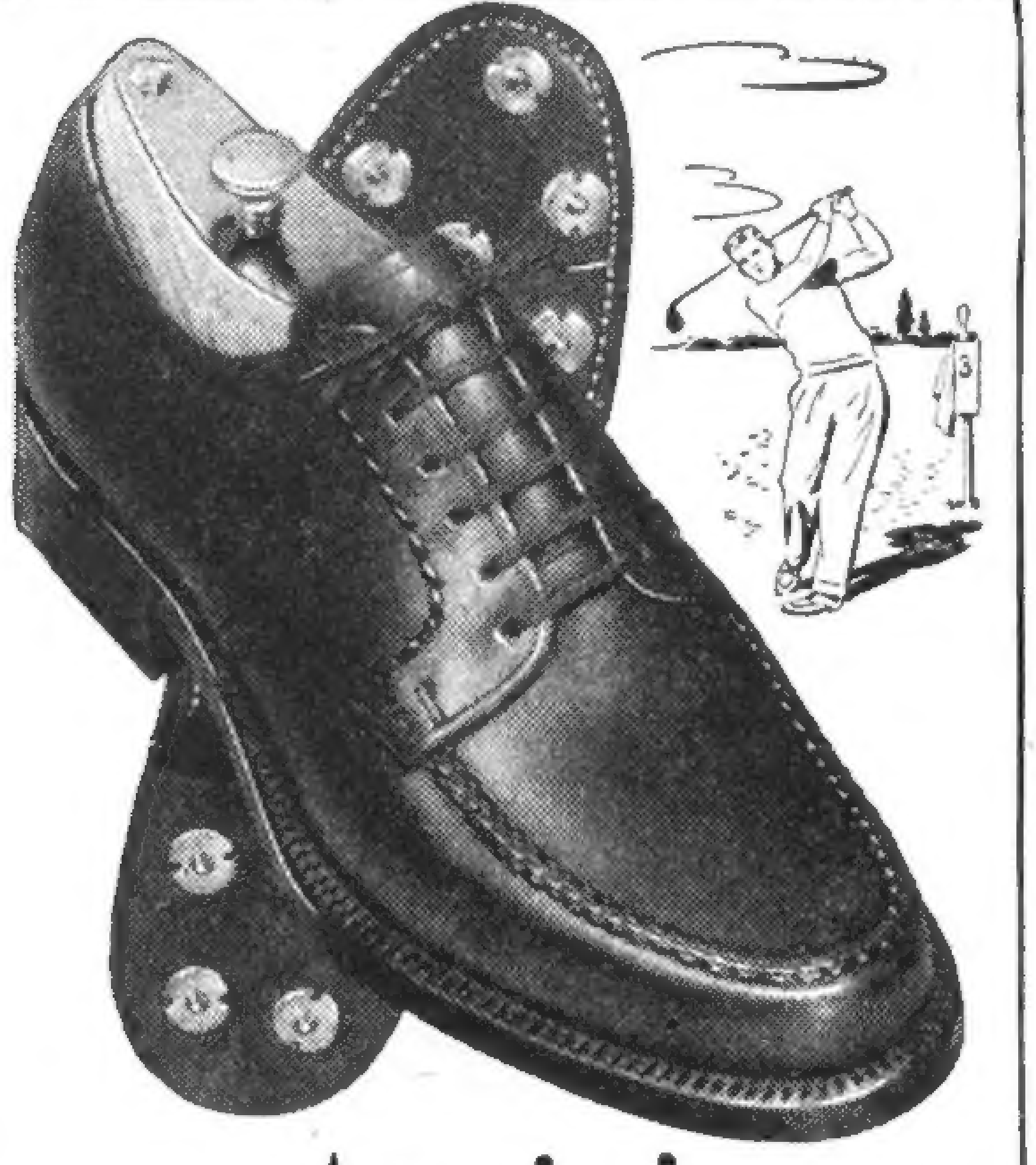

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Also send for illustrated literature on other fine dress shoes.

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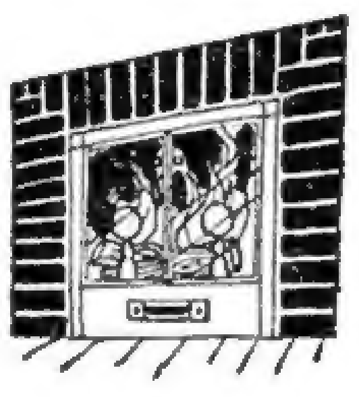
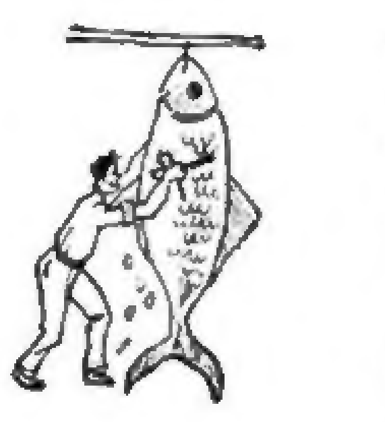
Talking Shop with Esquire

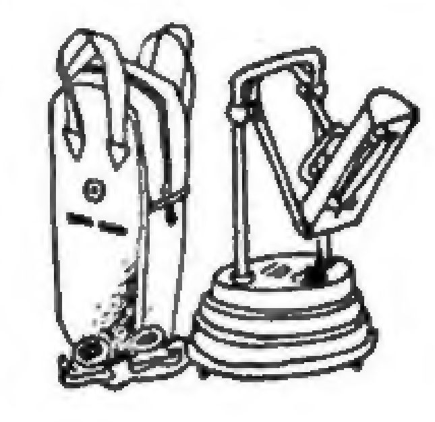
GLASS FIREPLACE SCREEN. No need to fear flying sparks from your fireplace. There's a new glass fireplace screen on the market which consists of two specially made glass doors hung by full length piano type hinges on a brass plated steel frame. Smoke, soot, sparks or fumes can't get past the doors, yet the fire-place heat radiates through the glass to provide the warmth and mellow glow. The glass doors extend almost to floor level. At the base of the screen are two small draft doors, precision controlled by a touch of the fingers. They slide back and forth and concentrate a current of air on the fuel, providing excellent draft.



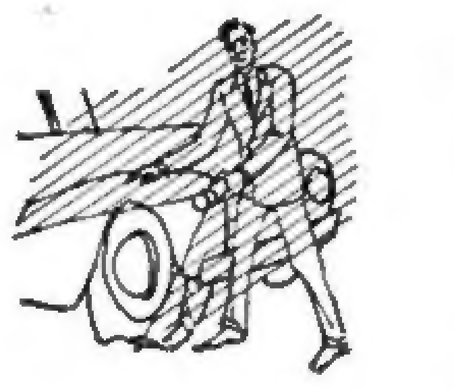
NINE LIVES. Nothing feline, but a pair of shears which perform the service of nine separate tools. For instance, you use the shears as a fish scaler, or to vivisect poultry by means of a fine, serrated cutting edge. Where the shears come together just above the handle, they can be used as a cap opener or nut cracker, and a slight prong on the side above the handle, serves as a bottle opener. And there's more. One side of the handle of the scissor handle becomes a hammer, the other a plier . . . and the tip end of the handle can be a screw driver, the other a hook extractor. Not as involved as it sounds . . . really a very simple and useful device.



THAT YEAR-ROUND TAN. In another month or so you'll be starting to work on that sportsman's complexion. You can make havoc of your lily-white skin by too much exposure, too fast. Smart guys avoid this by putting the torso and complexion under a good sun lamp the year 'round. There's a peach of an ultra-violet ray lamp with a built-in automatic timer to eliminate the danger of over-exposure, and a flexible reflector which is easily detachable to treat any body part. The lamp fits into a neat zippered carrying case.



EUREKA! A RUBBER FLASHLIGHT! Here's a flashlight that can really take a beating. Entire casing is covered with genuine rubber rendering the light not only damage-proof, but shock-proof and water-proof as well. Fine thing for that boy scout son of yours. Great to throw in the car or to take on camping trips.



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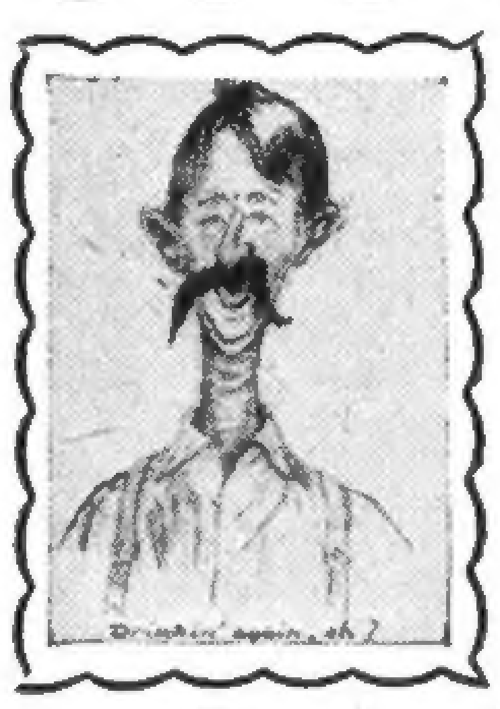
You'll want this

FASCINATING PICTURE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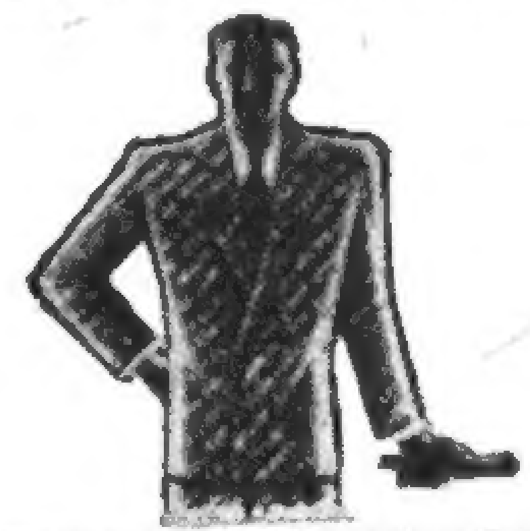

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The Sound and the Fury

some like 'em hard-boiled

Your enthusiasm about your Discovery of the Month, Mr. Henry Kane, is well-founded.

As avid readers and devotees of the whodunit stories, whether short or full length, we welcome this new author and look forward to many more from the same pen.

Both my wife and I liked the "tuffy" style, and we are glad to note that your new find is of this school.

S. J. CUMMINGS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bach for Brahmins?

Your articles on the future of jazz by Krupa and Bernstein will not be acceptable to general listeners. Jazz and serious music are complete opposites and rare is the individual who loves both unless he is a musician. Jazz as syncopation, which is only a small part of honest jazz, does not appeal to the old-line symphony enthusiast and I have heard the compositions mentioned by Bernstein referred to as "junk," "offensive," and "monstrosities" during intermission. On the other hand one seldom finds a typical jazz fan spending Sunday afternoon in the symphony hall.

Before there can be a joining of the two idioms, the listening public must be educated to the finer points of musicianship and improvization. Musical tastes are usually influenced by a person's background, social, financial, and moral. To accomplish what Bernstein and Krupa suggest would involve a merging of the present classes of our society.

Route 1 J. A. GUNDERMAN
Clinton, Pa.

try before you trust

The *No-Sided Professor* is one of the best short stories I've read in your magazine in quite a while.

I am a student of mathematics at Fordham University. I would like to know where I could procure a Klein's bottle.

MICHAEL J. ROMANO

Hoboken, N. J.

look before you leap

I have no idea where a Klein's bottle may be procured. I'd like to own one myself. A sculptress I know promised to make me one several months ago, but since she read the story in Esquire she's been afraid to try. There's a good picture of the bottle in *What Is Mathematics?* by Courant and Robbins. The authors explain how the bottle is formed by two "cross caps" with coinciding boundaries. A cross cap is nothing but a Moebius strip that has been deformed until its single edge becomes a circle.

Klein's bottle is the simplest form of a closed one-sided surface; that is, a unilateral surface with no edges, and no outside or inside. A skillful glass-blower might be able to blow a Klein's bottle if he could learn how to inhale at the same time that he exhales.

MARTIN GARDNER

Chicago, Ill.

case of the missing pix

It was just the other evening that a friend of mine dropped in for a chat when he mentioned if I had seen some thing of my interest in the Esquire for November; I turned to page 6 and found my letter given by you. Your cartoon of a turbaned Sikh in a mood of fury on finding some of the pages missing from his number, of course, did not go without a hearty laugh from us all.

These pages were probably torn out of the magazine at Bombay, where foreign mail is assorted and dispatched to its respective destinations in such a manner that some of the subscribers may not hope to ever get them intact.

Since American magazines are so full of ads, so rich with pictures and information for practically all temperaments and lastly so scarce in this country, postal employees fall on them as a duck on a June bug.

SATINDAR SINGH MANAULI

New Delhi, India

yo ho ho and a rum go

I read your silly story, *Yo Ho Ho and a Cup of Coffee*, by David G. Wittels, who seems to have pipe dreams about the Honorable Coast Guard bringing law and order to life on the rolling seas.

I have been master of large ships for 16 years and know conditions on American merchant ships are changing from bad to worse since the Coast Guard is cracking down on "what?"

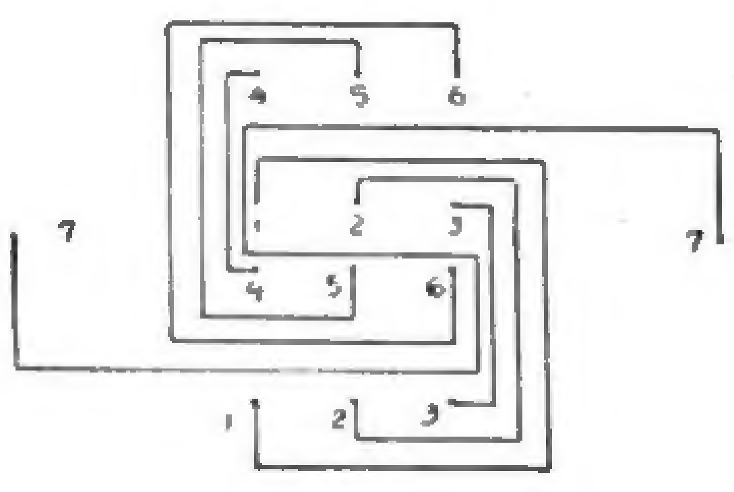
The only thing they can successfully accomplish is to bully and browbeat the master or other ships officers because they can take their licenses and deprive them of their livelihood.

The crew knows if a master gets tough with them and presents his case to the Coast Guard, they can have the master removed by joint action of the various waterfront unions.

To meet the union's demand the crew will refuse to sail, contract or no contract. Unless the Coast Guard can change this vicious procedure they may as well stay home and attend to lighthouses.

Sorry I cannot give my name. I still have to go to sea.

Seattle, Wash.



here's how

Above is the solution to my problem, which you printed in the February issue of Esquire.

A. F. BERCHTOLD

York, Pa

le jazz français

I was more than casually interested in G. S. McKean's *French Hot Corner* after a ten months' stay (courtesy of the ATC) in Paris.

That Delaunay helped preserve jazz for the French during the German occupation is true, but the French boys I heard play in American style admit most of their ability comes from long hours with a phonograph, studying the "rides" of our American instrumentalists. True, a Frenchman often puts in variations of his own, but the touch of Armstrong, Goodman and Moore is apparent. My hat is off to the French boys who *really* play jazz, for in an evening's dance job they run the musical gamut through Strauss waltzes, polkas, two steps, rhumbas, tangos, etc., with a little heavy classical thrown in.

DONALD MACCHESNEY

Schenectady, N. Y.

how to be a Ph.D.

To keep Charles L. Graham (February Sound and Fury) from going nuts, here's an answer to his chicken and egg problem. If 1½ chickens lay 1½ eggs in 1½ days, 6 chickens will lay 6 eggs in 1½ days, and 6 chickens will lay 24 eggs in 6 days.

Here's an interesting little thought problem some of the readers might like to try. The way I heard it, it was one of the questions asked of a Ph.D. candidate in chemistry at an Eastern University. "If coffee is served at the beginning of a meal, and you don't drink it until the end of the meal, will the coffee keep warmer if you pour the cream in as soon as the coffee is served or just before drinking it?" If anybody is interested, I'll be glad to divulge the results of my research.

SIMON S. JACKEL

Bronx, N. Y.

when is a critic

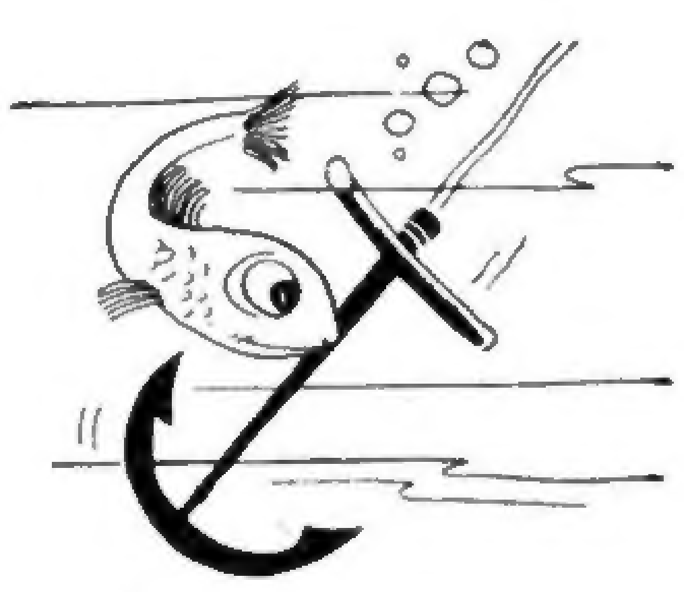
Mr. John Golden's very excellent article on that odd clan, the dramatic critic, is long overdue. They are exhibitionists of the first water, and they should have been catalogued in the first days of their spawning.

There is an incredible difference in the attitude of art and theatre critics. The art critic consecrates his most magnificent adjectives in *Praise* of almost any outrageous monstrosity devised by what might well be the inner vision of the most hopeless lunatic. Just let some artist hang an indescribable canvas on an art gallery wall, and the critics will dip to the bottom boards of their brains for words to tell the common people that here in this master work is ". . . loosening of traditional procedure . . ." and other meaningless nonsense.

The Broadway critics are possessed of a different quirk. To them it seems wonderful to blast to hell everything the producers can offer by way of entertainment. It is the producers' good fortune that there are enough people looking for entertainment, who do not read critical edicts, to make a show pay its way.

MRS. ALICIA L. ROONEY

Scappoose, Ore.



coming to anchor

Joe Wechsberg has a better defense than a joke in replying to the old "salt," S. F. Bresler, in the February edition of Esquire. Reader Bresler wants to know since when a ship used an anchor to moor to a dock. Bressy, old boy, they've been doing it for years, particularly when trying to berth in close quarters. When a ship wants to berth starboard side to the dock they drop the port anchor and use the screws to swing in. This method is used particularly in ships of the twin screw type. Incidentally, thanks for Jack Moffitt—one critic who enjoys a picture.

PETE DOE

Amherst, Mass.

and ignore the neighbors

Can you give me the address of some tailor who specializes in Scotch kilts? I'm also looking around for somebody who builds bagpipes, but that's rather out of your line and since I'll need someone to give me lessons I'd best look nearer home.

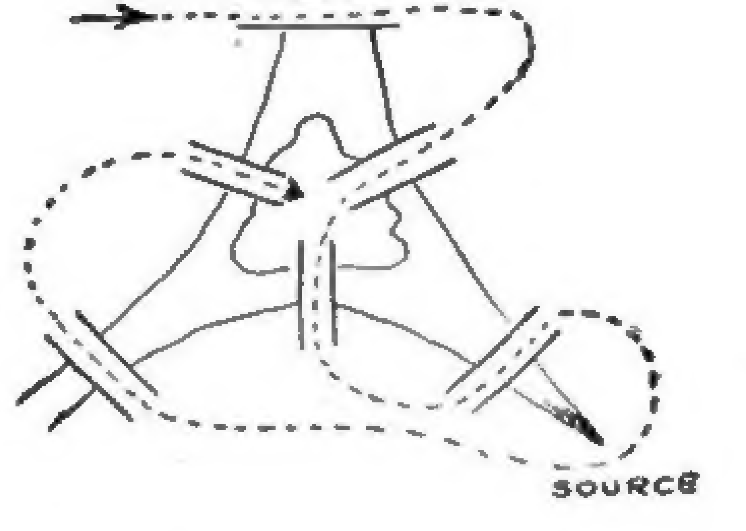
Ever since I appeared in a grammar-school play as a Scotsman (I wore my sister's pet plaid skirt for a kilt and an old leather pocketbook hanging before as a sporran), I've been interested in everything Scottish. Now that I'm home from the wars, my family treats me with respect and winks at my idiosyncrasies. Besides my Dad is always running off to Shriner's meetings dressed like an Arab.

CHARLES HARRIS, JR.

Nashua, N. H.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Esky, who subscribes to the doctrine: "Let not young souls be smothered out before they do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride," gladly supplies the following data:*

One source for Scottish kilts is the Wee Scots' Hoose, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Bagpipes are also available here. As for instructions, it is necessary first to have a practice chanter. We are told that if you can read music, have a sense of rhythm and vigorous lungs, it's a cinch.



crossing by king experts

In case you have not solved my little puzzle, the solutions are many but all involve a journey around the source of one river. As above, for example.

F. N. KING

Keighley, Yorkshire, England

Continued on page 192

Great idea, but—

It would be a great idea if we could whisk a superbly delicious Four Roses Cold Toddy off to you by air mail special delivery! But . . .

We're sorry to say that it's just one of those fond dreams that could never, never work out. So, if you'd like to savor the magnificent smoothness of a "Roses Toddy," we suggest you simply make one for yourself.

Here's the easy recipe:

1. Into a large Old-Fashioned glass, put ½ teaspoon of sugar and ½ jigger of water.

2. Add 2 ice cubes and pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses.

3. Twist a strip of lemon peel over the drink and drop it in. Stir gently.

We sincerely believe you'll agree—after the first sip—that Four Roses is an incomparable whiskey, with a matchless flavor all its own. Why not try a "Roses Toddy" today?

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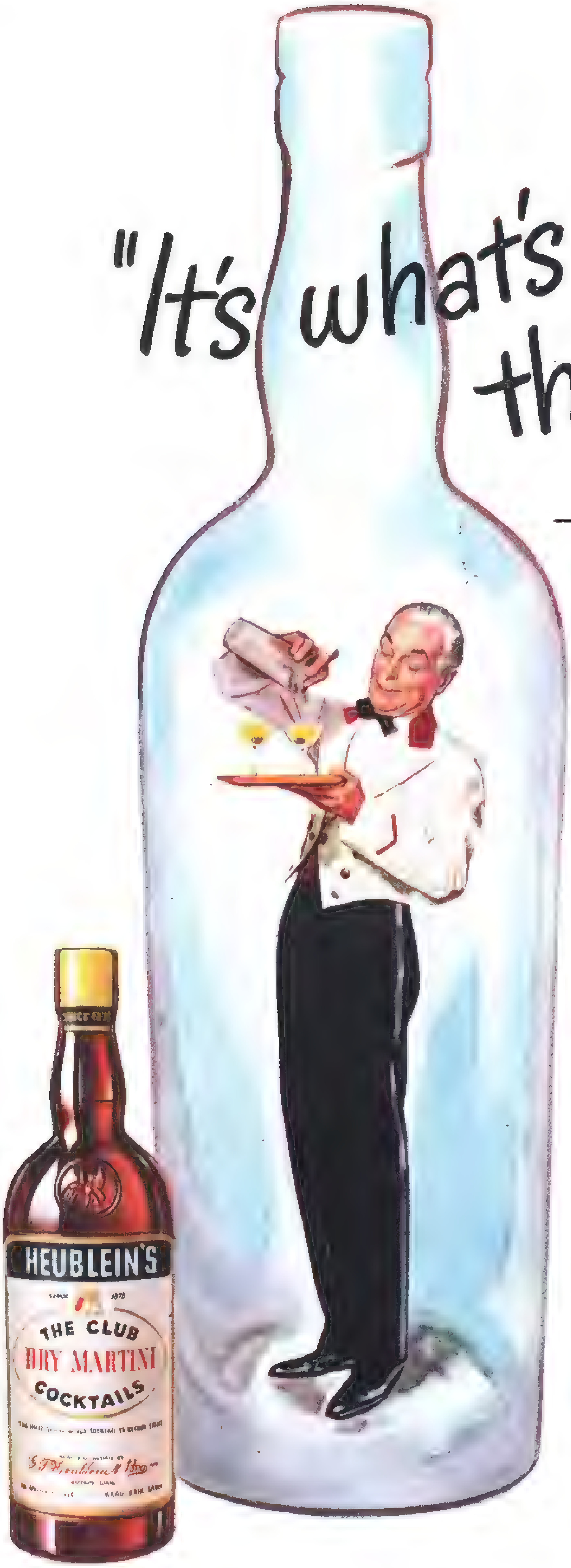

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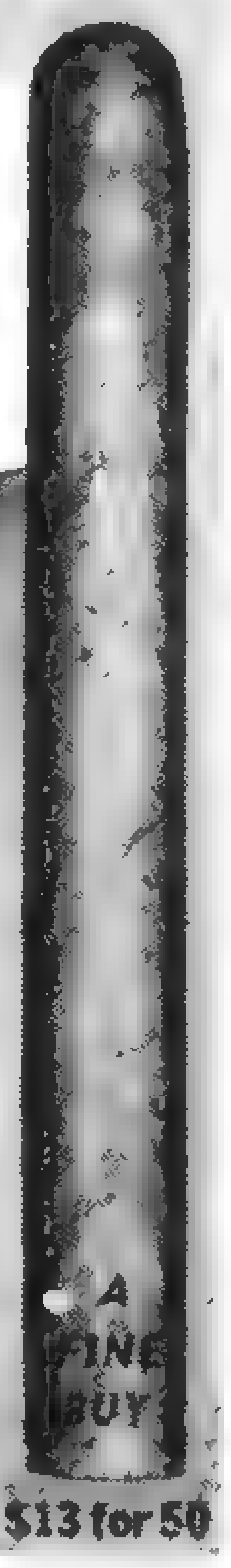

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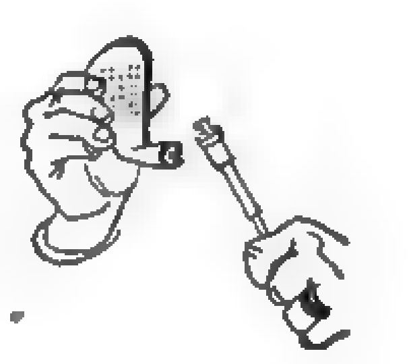
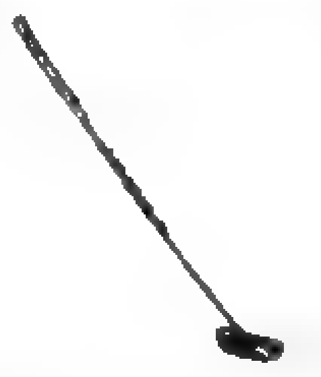
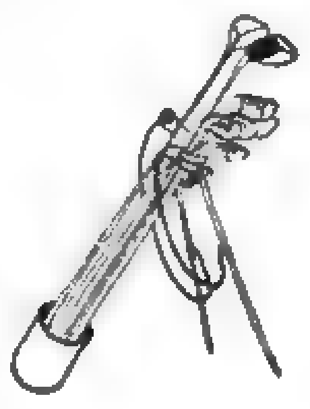


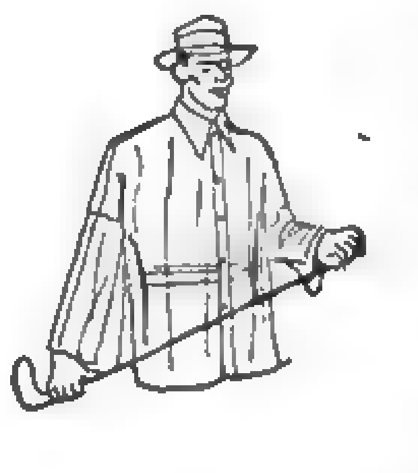
PLASTIC PUTTER. After years of experimentation, the first plastic putter makes its debut. Pros and "dubs" who have tried it out, claim that the plastic head resists moisture, is impervious to temperature changes, and never seems to vary in balance or weight. The design of the new putter is completely different, as you will note by the sketch. Theory behind the new design is to correct the player's putting stance, and keep the head, stroke and ball in the same plane with the cup. Shaft of the putter is of steel. Because of its engineered counter-balanced weight, its resistance to kicking and scarring, pros say that the plastic club does an amazing job of accurate putt-sinking.



CLUB CARRIER. Here's a new golf club carrying device which practically hands you your club when you're ready to use it . . . no stooping, no lugging around a heavy bag. It's not really a golf bag, but it is designed to carry between six and eight clubs. When you're ready to play, the ingenious legs pop out and support the carrier in an upright position, somewhat like an easel-back. Durable leather thongs operate the tripod legs which snap back in place automatically when the carrier is lifted. There's a handy zipper ball pocket as well.



PLASTIC RAIN JACKET. A manufacturer of golf clubs is now putting out a transparent plastic rain jacket. So pliable is the plastic, the hip-length coat can be rolled up and parked in the pocket of a golf bag when not in use. The coat is cut along generous lines, so it can be slipped on over ordinary light-weight summer jackets to afford complete protection from sudden showers.



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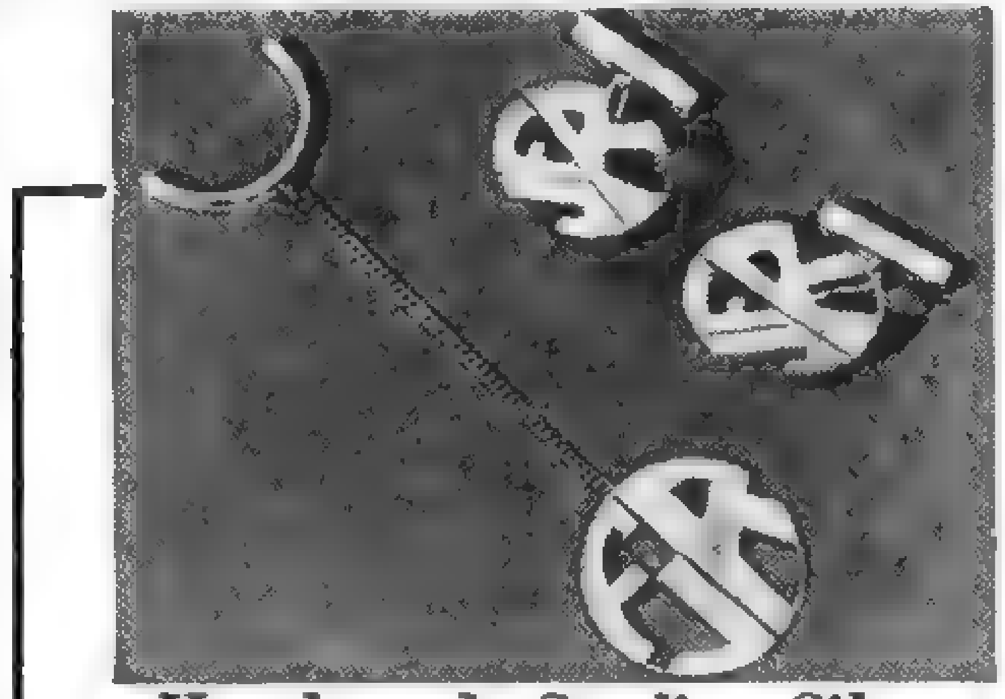

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- Functional, streamlined design featuring inbuilt reel, thumb button control and interchangeable rods of varying lengths and flexibility, makes the Hurd Super-Caster the most modern and desirable of all fresh-water fishing equipment. Designed and built for fishermen who want only the finest. Obtainable only at your local sporting goods, hardware or department store.

$45 INCLUDING FEDERAL TAX
Optional rods of varying lengths and flexibility available at extra cost.

Pat. D145625. Other Pats. Pending. Right to make specification changes is reserved, without obligation.

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WITH INTERCHANGEABLE RODS
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SPORTING GOODS DIVISION
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HUNTING BOOTS
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ONLY $9.87 Plus Postage

All sizes from 4 to 13½
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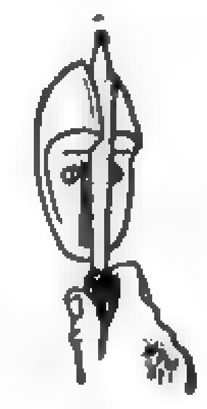
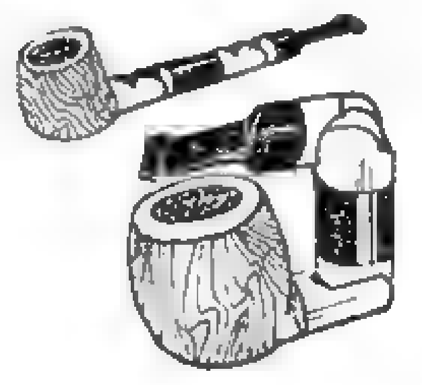
CORCORAN INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.

Talking Shop with Esquire

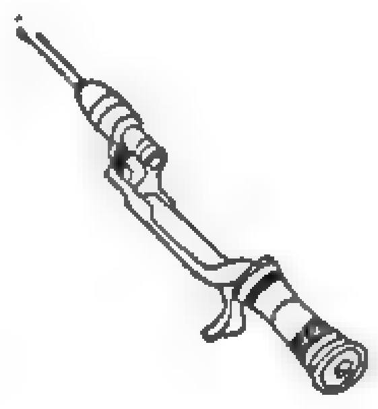
TUNGSTEN CARBIDE knife sharpener . . . a joy to the head of the house and his spouse as well. Made of tungsten, next to the diamond in hardness, and one of the wonder metals of the war (original cost, $480 a pound). Because of the hardness of the carbide, diamond wheels and diamond powder are required to process the blade of the sharpener. One or two light passes of the knife through the sharpener results in a razor-like edge. Sharpener is neatly encased in colorful plastic to harmonize with kitchen decor, and can be fastened to the wall. Takes the hard labor out of knife-sharpening.



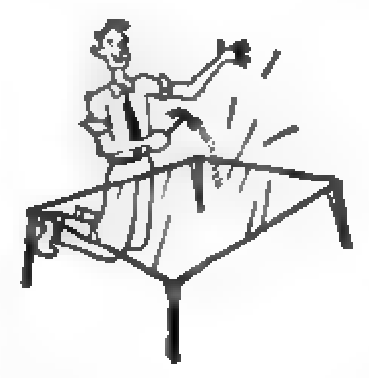
FOLDING PIPES. Since the old corncob days, pipe designing has become a highly scientific and intricate pastime. So great are the improvements, we fully expect to see a pipe with hot and cold running water. Which brings us to the new folding pipe designed to fit into a small pocket, to eliminate danger of broken shanks and to make pipe more compact for carrying. Pipe is hinged at the bowl, and again just beyond the bit. All standard bowl shapes and finishes are available in the folding models, and all bowls are of imported briar.



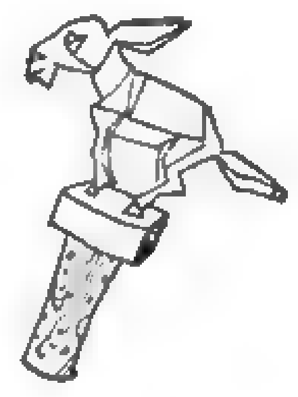
TIP-ACTION. After some sixteen years of research in heat-treating, a new steel casting rod with the tip-action of bamboo has been developed. Special developments in the tempering process are responsible for this exclusive tip-action feature. The die-cast aluminum handle is fitted with an unbreakable plastic grip. Four steel guides are copper-wound and chrome-plated, and the wedge-type reel lock and blade locating rod lock are built right into the handle. A few simple turns of the knurled thumbnuts lock rod and reel securely.



BULLET-PROOF TABLE . . . not taken from a gangster picture, but designed by one of New York's foremost furniture "architects." The table is square, about 40″ x 40″, stands 14″ off the floor and has a top of unbreakable glass which the designer acquired from the bridge of wartime ships—the same glass was used for protection against bullets, etc.



PRE-ELECTION SPECIAL. Name your party affiliation, and get a bottle cork to proclaim same. Animated wooden bottle cork and bottle openers, made of hand-carved, hand-painted wood . . . a donkey, whose tail operates the motion of a wagging head, or an elephant.



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HIGHBALL STIRRERS—Venetian Handcraft, specially designed to make you warm up to your next cocktail. Arresting figurines atop a stirrer that will occupy a prominent position on your bar and in your conversation.

Set of 8..........................$4.00
Set of 12.........................$5.50

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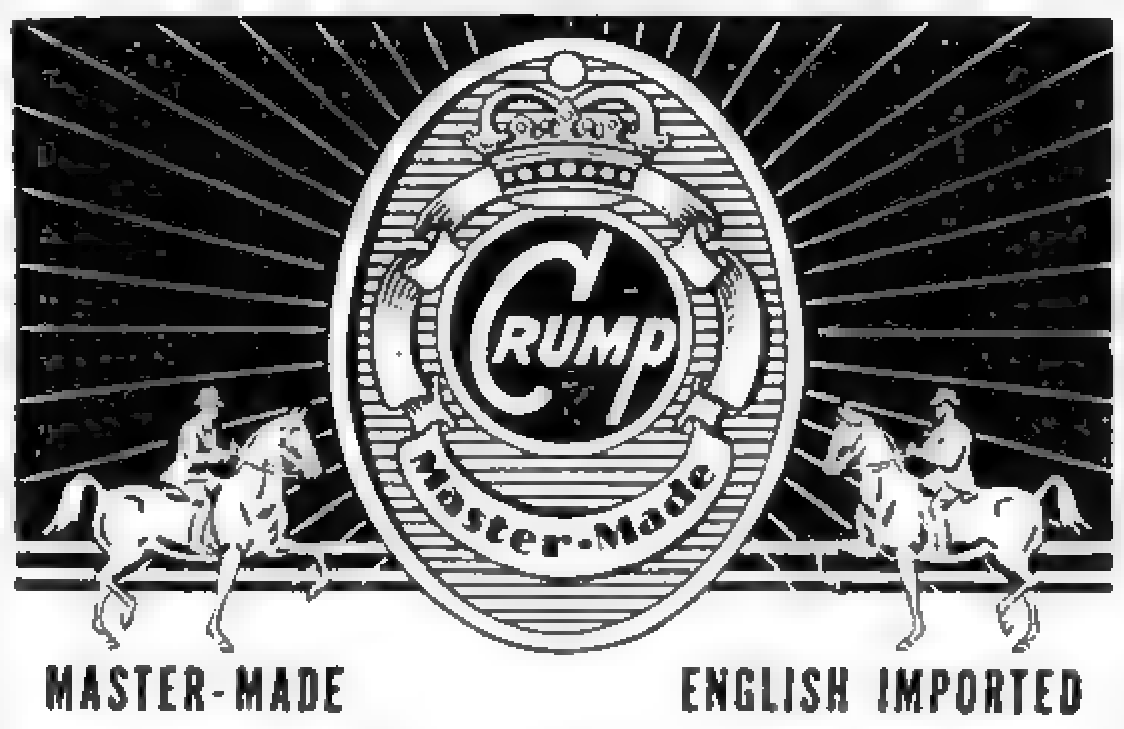

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She will treasure these handsome gifts from you.

Elegant Jewelry Case
Personalized FREE in gold finish. Beautiful jewelry case in Maroon or Brown genuine leather, lined in contrasting velvet. Section for rings and earrings; generous space for lots of bracelets, necklaces. **$6.95**

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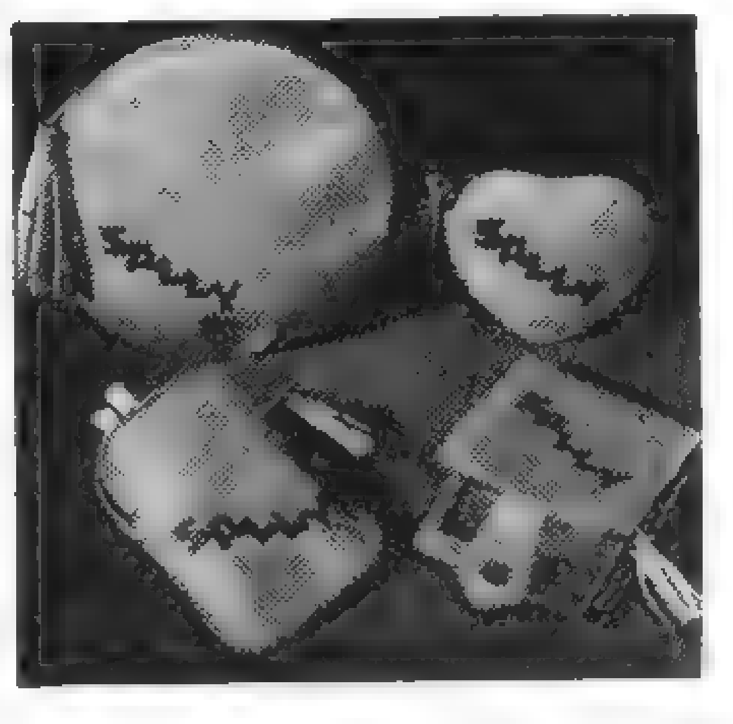

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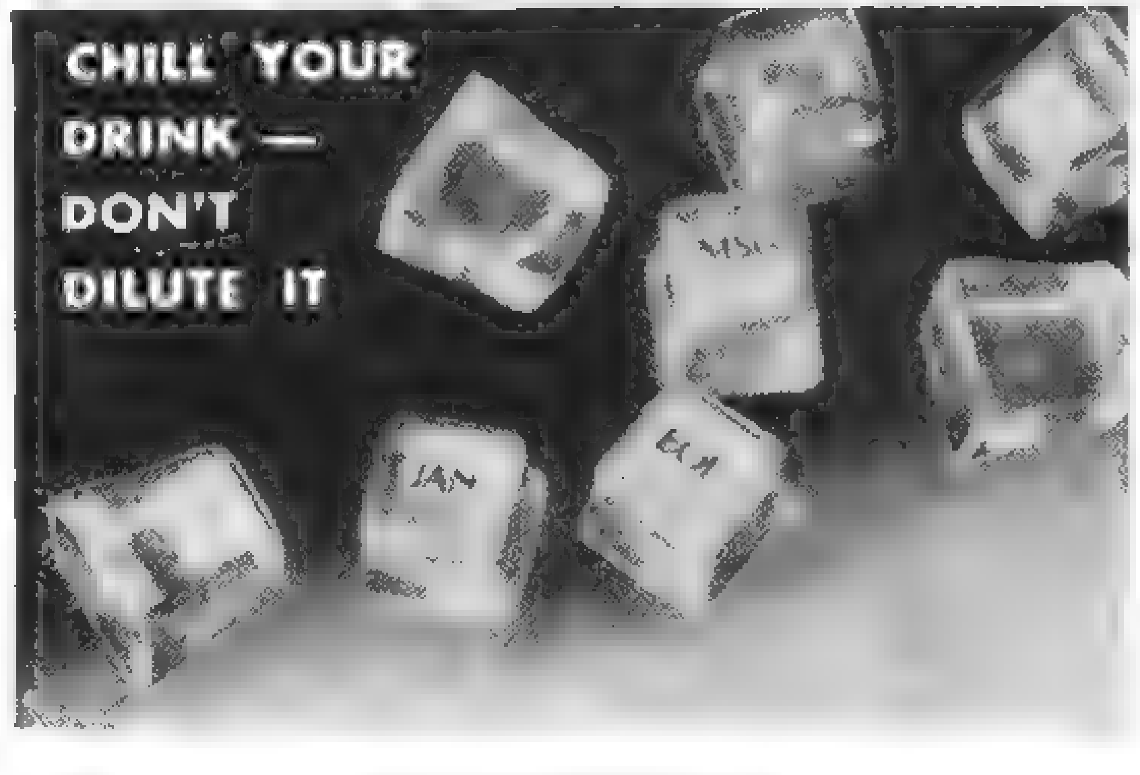

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2 or 3 INITIALS (Clear Cubes Only)
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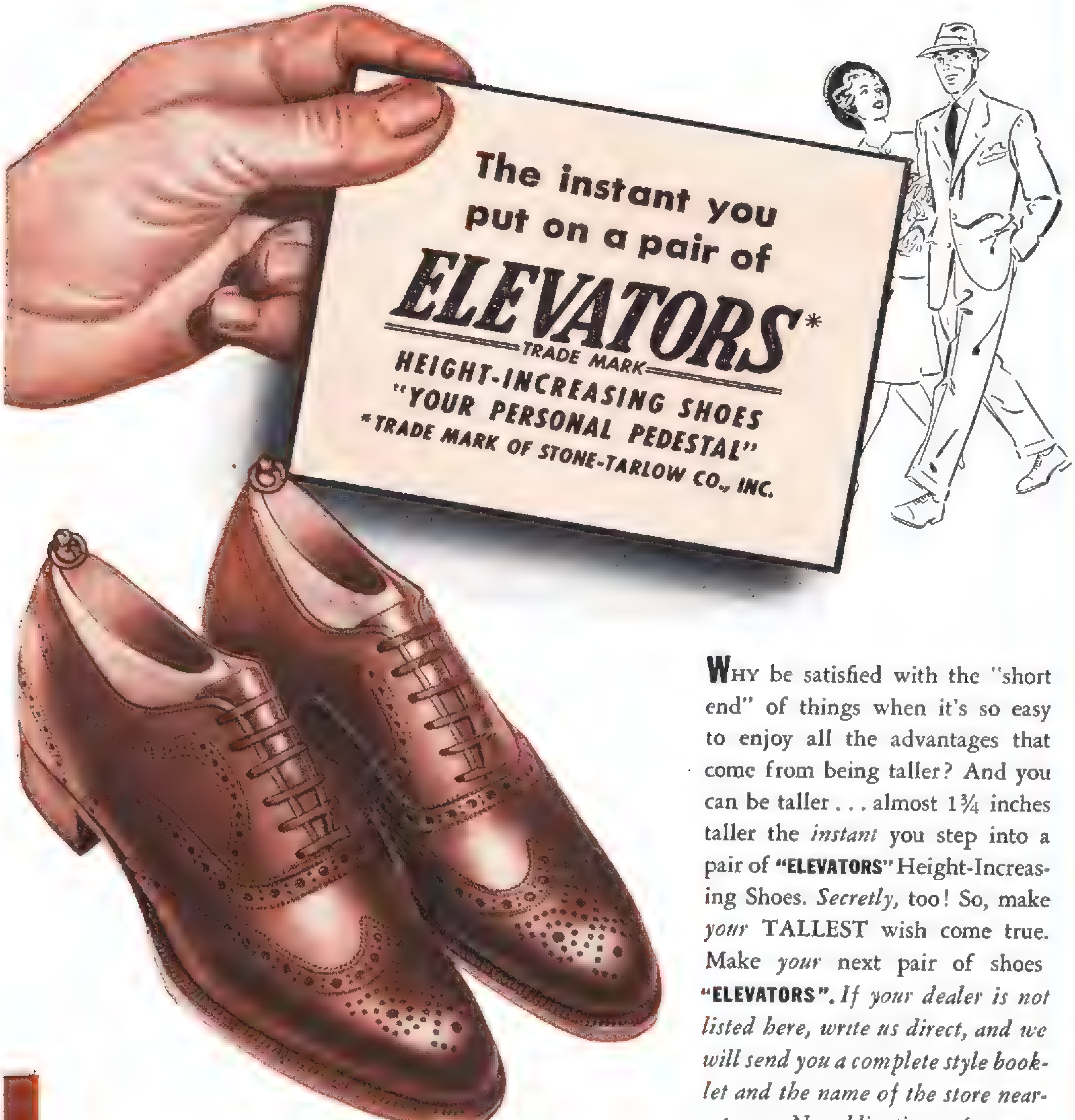
The instant you put on a pair of
ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
*TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

WHY be satisfied with the "short end" of things when it's so easy to enjoy all the advantages that come from being taller? And you can be taller . . . almost 1¾ inches taller the *instant* you step into a pair of **"ELEVATORS"** Height-Increasing Shoes. *Secretly*, too! So, make *your* TALLEST wish come true. Make *your* next pair of shoes **"ELEVATORS"**. *If your dealer is not listed here, write us direct, and we will send you a complete style booklet and the name of the store nearest you. No obligation, of course.*

STONE-TARLOW CO., INC., BROCKTON 68, MASS. · EXCLUSIVE MAKERS OF ORIGINAL AND GENUINE "ELEVATORS"

A partial list of fine stores that feature "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing Shoes:

EASTERN

Adler Shoes for Men, *New York • New Jersey*
Boston Shoe Store, *Atlantic City, New Jersey*
Brockton Shoe Store, *New Britain, Conn.*
Tom Brown's Bootery, *Scranton, Pa.*
Carter's Shoe Store, *Springfield, Mass.*
C. J. Crego and Son, *Harrisburg, Pa.*
S. Dalsimer & Sons, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Dickerman and McQuade, *Lowell, Mass.*
Elkin's Shoes, *Waltham, Massachusetts*
Farr Bros., *Allentown, Pa. • Bethlehem, Pa.*
  Easton, Pa. • Reading, Pa.
Filene's, *Boston, Massachusetts*
Frends Shoes, *Vineland, New Jersey*
Gimbel's, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*
Harry's Shoe Store, *New Haven, Connecticut*
Jax, Inc., *Bridgeport, Connecticut*
Kleinhans, *Buffalo, New York*
James Lawrence and Son, *Hartford, Conn.*
Manufacturer's Shoe Outlet, *Albany, N. Y.*
  Pittsfield, Mass. • Rochester, New York
  Syracuse, Schenectady, Troy, New York
McQuade's, *Manchester, New Hampshire*
J. Musinsky and Son, *Lynn, Massachusetts*
Paul's Shoe Store, *Boston, Mass.*
Paul's Shoe Store, *Providence, R. I.*
Pleasant Shoe Repair, *New Bedford, Mass.*
Parlor City Shoe Store, *Binghamton, N. Y.*
Raleigh, Haberdasher, *Washington, D. C.*
Richards Niagara, *Niagara Falls, New York*
Stenchever's, *Paterson, New Jersey*
Taymor Shoes, *Worcester, Massachusetts*
Walter's Shoe Store, *Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*
Weschler Co., *Erie, Pennsylvania*
Wyman, Inc., *Baltimore, Maryland*

MID-WESTERN

B. R. Baker Company, *Toledo, Ohio*
Ben Becker
  Evansville, Indiana • Terre Haute, Indiana
Bob's Shoe Store, *Minneapolis, Minnesota*
J. L. Brandeis and Sons, *Omaha, Nebraska*
D & S Bootery, *Bismarck, North Dakota*
  Grand Forks, N. D. • Minot, N. D.
Davis Shoes, *Lansing, Michigan*
E & W Clothing Company, *Sioux City, Iowa*
The Frankel Clothing Co., *Des Moines, Iowa*
Gimbel's, *Milwaukee, Wisconsin*
Hub Clothiers, *Pontiac, Michigan*
The Hub, *Steubenville, Ohio*
Kent's Shoes, Inc., *Rock Island, Illinois*
Lustig's, *Youngstown, Ohio*
McCullough's Shoe Shop, *Grand Rapids, Mich.*
O'Connor and Goldberg, *Chicago, Illinois*
M. O'Neil, *Akron, Ohio*
Potter Shoe Company, *Cincinnati, Ohio*
Robinson Shoe Company, *Kansas City, Mo.*
Schwenker and Mougin, *Moline, Illinois*
Sibley's Men's Shoes, *Detroit, Michigan*
Simon and Landauer, *Davenport, Iowa*
Smith-Bridgman's, *Flint, Michigan*
Stix, Baer and Fuller, *St. Louis, Missouri*
Stone Shoe Company, *Cleveland, Ohio*
L. Strauss and Company, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
The Union Company, *Columbus, Ohio*

SOUTHERN

Bell's Booteries, *Nashville, Tennessee*
Clarke's, *Tulsa, Oklahoma*
James F. Condon and Sons, *Charleston, S. C.*
Frankenberger & Co., *Charleston, W. Virginia*
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Sid Katz, Inc., *San Antonio, Texas*
Kelton Shoe Store, *Dallas, Texas*
Krupp and Tuffly, *Houston, Texas*
Levy Bros., *Louisville, Kentucky*
George Muse Clothing Co., *Atlanta, Georgia*
Nobil's, *Wheeling, West Virginia*
Harrison Parks Shoes, *Columbia, S. C.*
Pizitz, *Birmingham, Alabama*
M. Pokorny and Sons, Ltd., *New Orleans, La.*
Precios Fijos, *Havana, Cuba*
Rube & Scott, *Little Rock, Arkansas*
E. M. Scarbrough and Sons, *Austin, Texas*
Slater's Boot Shop, *Miami, Florida*
Thalheimer's, *Richmond, Virginia*
H. A. Wahl Shoe Co., *Oklahoma City, Okla.*

WESTERN

M & A Alpert, *Alhambra, Cal.*
  Burbank, Cal. • Inglewood, Cal.
Anderson's Men's Shop, *Salt Lake City, Utah*
Atkin's, *Bellingham, Washington*
Bloom's, *San Jose California*
B. L. Bayzerman, *Huntington Park, Cal.*
Nat Casserd, *San Francisco, California*
Devlin Shoe Den
  Sacramento, Cal. • Stockton, Cal.
Merwin Dobyns Footwear, *Long Beach, Cal.*
Eastern Outfitting Company,
  Portland, Oregon • Fresno, California
Given Bros., *Albuquerque, New Mexico*
  El Paso, Texas • Phoenix, Tucson, Ariz.
Hamilton's Men's Shop, *Beverly Hills, Cal.*
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Karl's, *Reno, Nevada*
Manufacturer's Shoe Co., *Honolulu, Hawaii*
Mark's Men's Shoes, *Glendale, California*
May Company, *Los Angeles, California*
May Company, *Denver, Colorado*
Nordstrom's, *Seattle, Washington*
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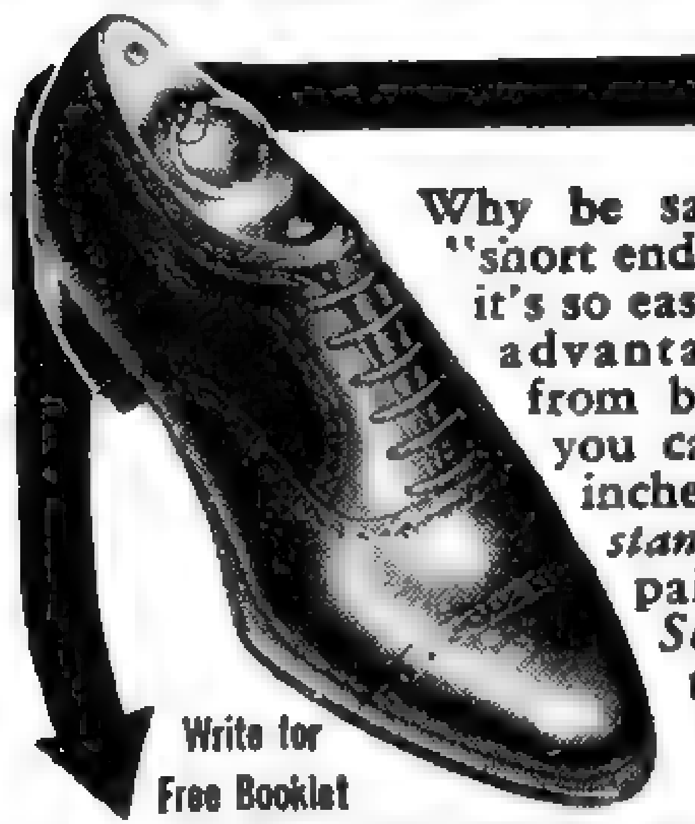

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TALLEST
wish come true
instantly in
ELEVATORS*
TRADE MARK
HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
"YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL"
*TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

Why be satisfied with the "short end" of things when it's so easy to enjoy all the advantages that come from being taller? And you can be almost 1¾ inches taller the *instant* you step into a pair of "**ELEVATORS**" *Secretly,* too, for the heels are no higher.

Write for Free Booklet

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(Please Print)
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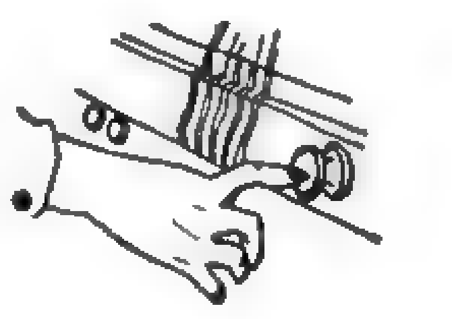
*City*__________ *State*__________

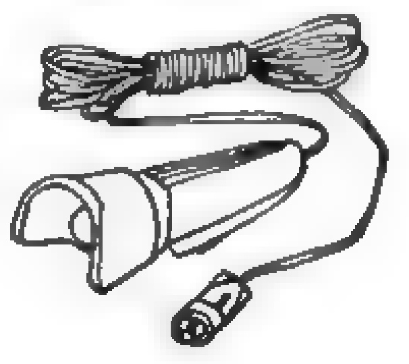
The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS"
Manufactured Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.

Talking Shop with Esquire

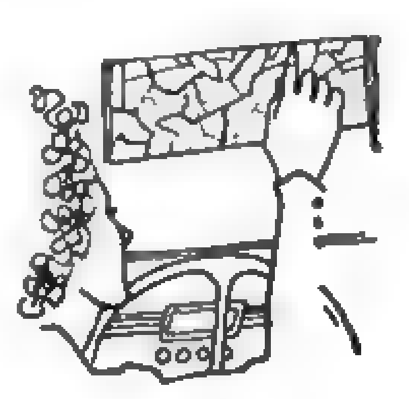
POPOUT LIGHTER. Chain smoking automobile drivers will give a royal welcome to the return of the pop out auto cigarette or cigar lighter. This handy automatic lighter is easy to install and even easier to use . . . just press its streamline knob in the dashboard well. In a jiffy, the lighter goes into action, providing a smooth light. As a safety device the popout lighter also rates, offsets the danger of unextinguished matches, and there's no need to depend upon unsteady knee steering while lighting up, because the lighter can be operated with only one hand, without taking your optics off the road. Remains a-blazing, even in a stiff breeze.



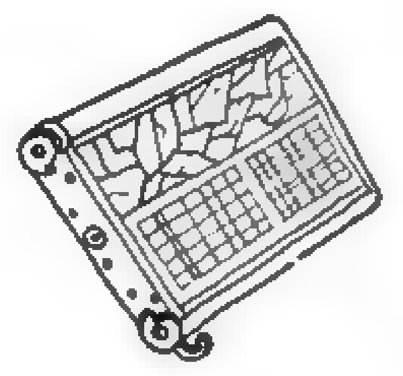
PORTABLE "TROUBLE" LIGHT. Here's another thing for motor fans. A portable flashlight which plugs into any auto cigarette lighter socket, providing an instant floodlight of headlight brilliance . . . many times brighter than an ordinary flashlight. A special safety feature includes a crimson lightguard which eliminates glare from your eyes, at the same time serving as a warning light to approaching motorists. The bright red light can be seen at great distances, even in a pea soup fog. Lighter has a magnetized base, capable of supporting four times its weight so it can be positioned anywhere on the body of the car, leaving you with both hands free to work. An extra long extension cord permits the light to be placed wherever needed.



RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES. There's a new display compartment which can be attached to any automobile or truck visor. The display protects and keeps in view for split-second reference, road maps, guide books, route lists, memos, call lists or any other material the driver might need at a glance. The device is made with a crystal clear plastic front reinforced with steel wire for flexibility.



MAP CASE FOR FLYERS. For cross country flyers . . . a compact case for easy handling, in flight, of air maps, made in a continuous roll. The pilot can slowly unroll the map of his entire route with a simple turn of the knob. The case measures only 12½" x 10" x 1½", weighs 37 ounces and takes 22 feet of any kind of air maps. The plastic face of the map case is specially treated for pencil notations. A rheostat controlled internal light for night flying can be included with the kit. Forty-one standard map rolls are available for most routes and large areas. A "Navtab" at the end of each route, shows distances and magnetic courses for each leg between principal cities and airports, already computed and ready to fly. This saves hours of plotting.



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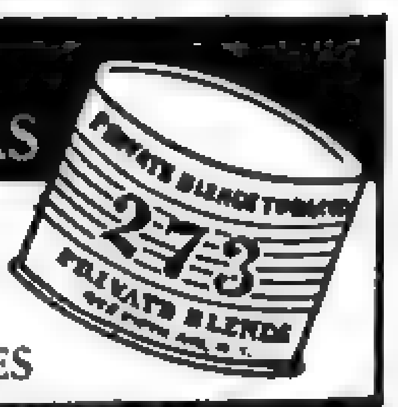

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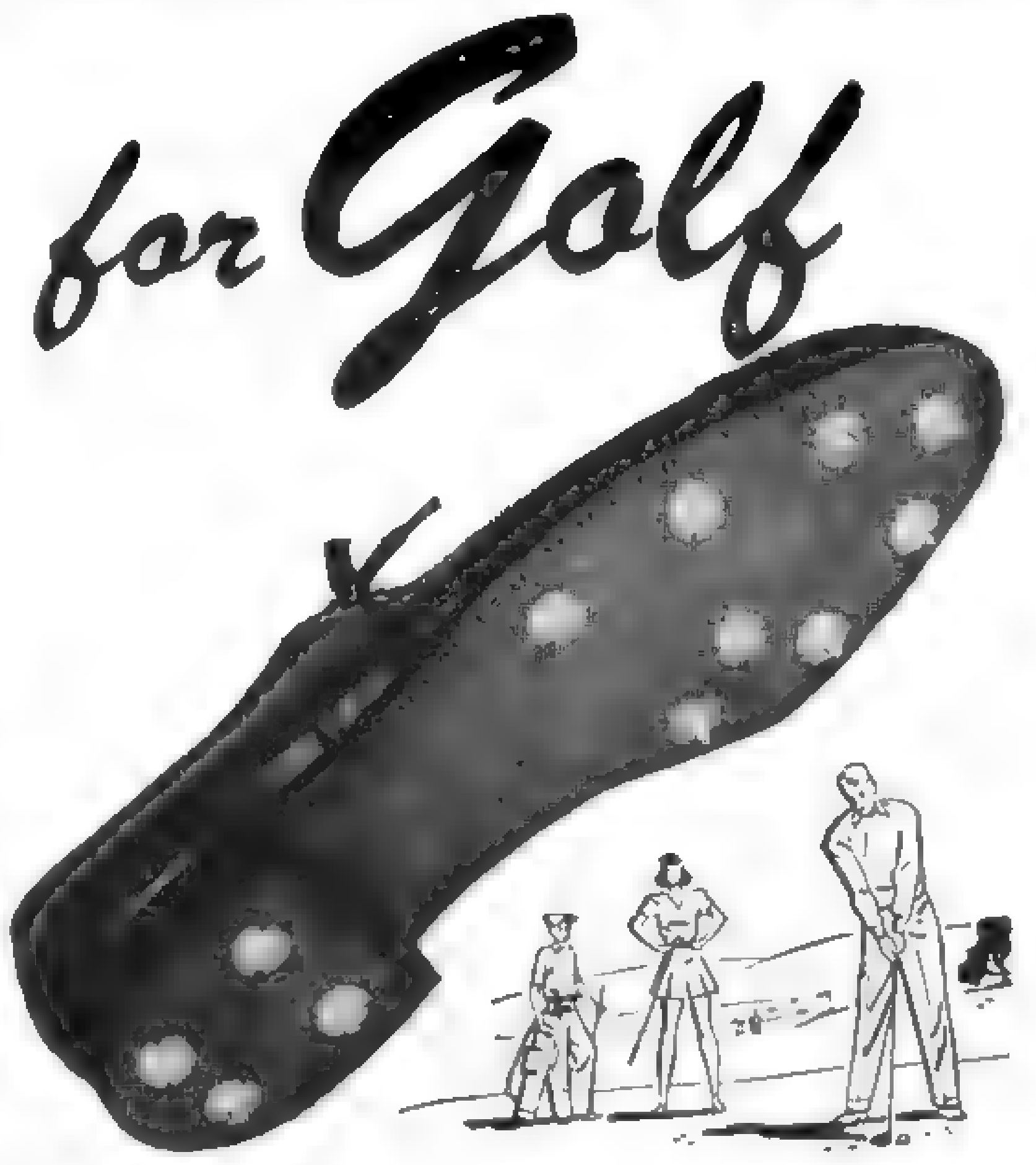

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Tee off this spring with real shoe comfort and new-shoe appearance—just let KENNEDY'S convert your shoes for golf! Or, we'll rebuild your present golf shoes. Our Factory Experts skillfully add new complete soles, heels and removable spikes. We use first quality prime leather. Spikes spaced for perfect balance, sure grip.

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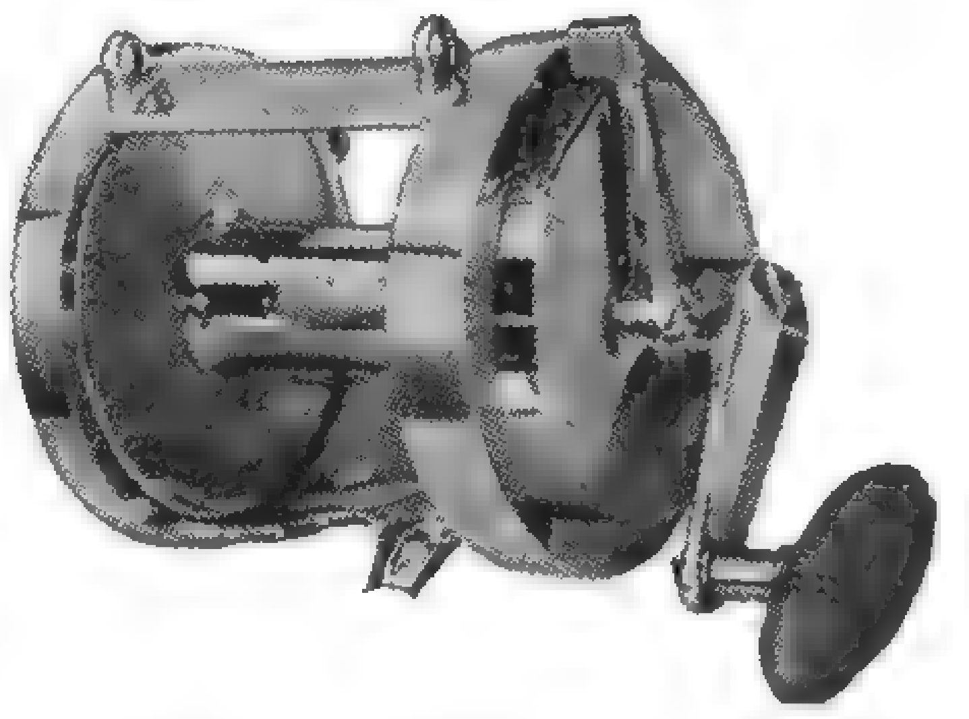

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For Marlin . . Tuna . . Sailfish . . Tarpon . . and Other Salt Water Game Fish

No Other Reel Can Surpass Its:
- Beauty; Simplicity
- Materials; Workmanship
- Revolutionary New Braking

FINEST MADE FOR SALT WATER USE!
Can't "freeze" or strip gears! No gadgets . . . no oiling . . . non-corrosive . . . streamlined . . . precision made . . . smooth ball-bearing action . . . adjustable to line and rod strength . . . brake expands internally against full length of spool giving 4½ times the usual braking surface.

5 patented Dumond Models:
Sizes 4-0, 6-0, 9-0, 12-0, 12-0 Deluxe.

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Hand cut, hand polished and hand finished, this golf bag is made of African ostrich skin, trimmed with Java buffalo . . . has 4 pockets closed with Talon slide fasteners.

what makes this bag a standout? . . . Quality puts this golf bag in a class by itself . . . from its rare leathers and fine workmanship to its flawless slide fasteners. Yes, Talon slide fasteners are a quality feature in this $400 bag, yet they're so inexpensive you'll find them in golf bags at $2.65. Actually, they add extra value to each.

Talon
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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

TALON, INC. MEADVILLE PA

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BRAND
WRINKLE-PROOF TIES
FOR EASTER

Sparkling Spring colors in Planned Patterns to go with those new Spring suits...the smart way to put the finishing touch to your attire. "Botany" Brand Wrinkle-Proof Ties $1. "Botany" Brand Regence Ties $1.50. At leading stores.

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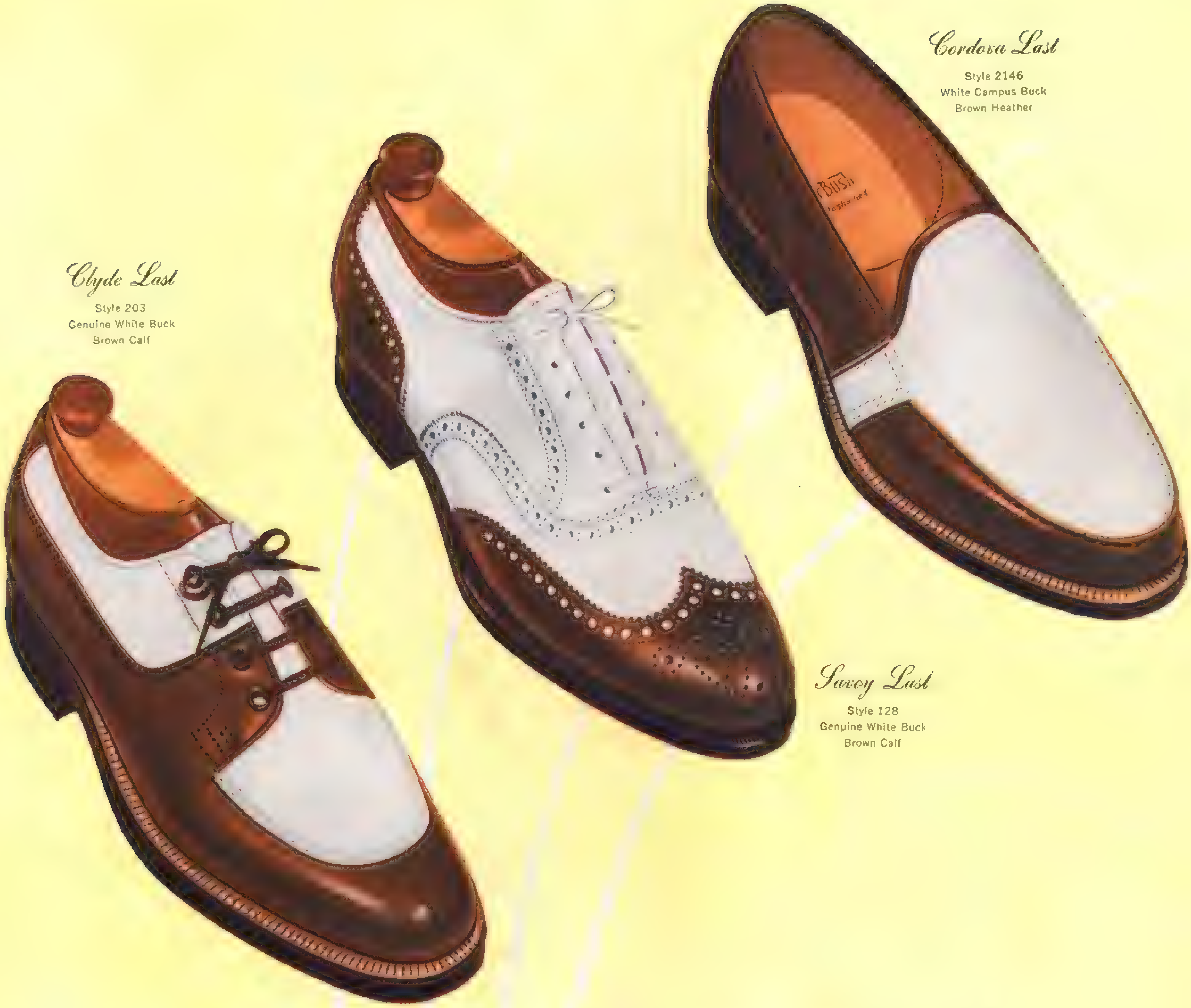

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White Campus Buck
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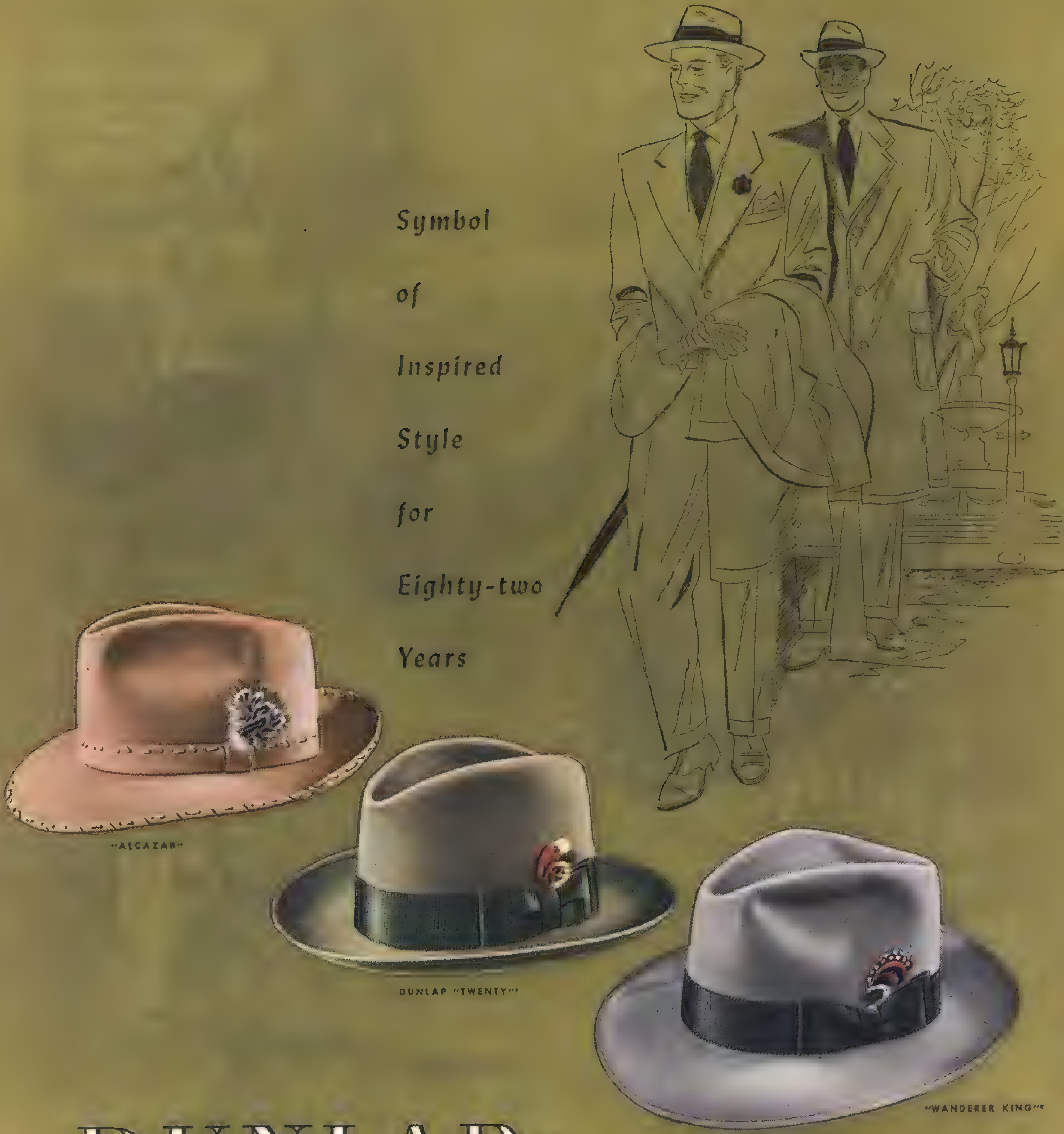
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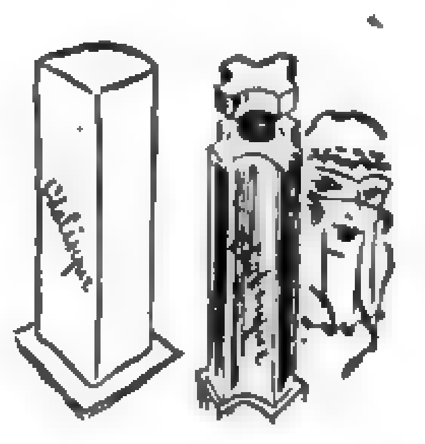
Talking Shop with Esquire

FINGERS AND TOES. In olden times, beautiful Grecian women used to wear rings on their big toes . . . golden bands with large swivel centers. A young New York designer, (ex-serviceman) has his own jewelry shop wherein he features the toe rings made into finger rings. On one side of the swivel plaque he'll engrave a tender message or monogram, on the other side, her family crest or your fraternity insignia. She can wear the plaque either side out. Verra verra smaht.

MILITARY INSIGNIA. The ladies have gone military mad. Just load 'em down with huge brooches, handbag ornaments or hatpins bearing some antique military insignia, and they become deliriously happy. When in Europe and other points (courtesy of Uncle Sugar) an ex-serviceman scoured the Paris flea market and other spots and bought up a bunch of stuff. Genuine Napoleonic insignia, pins from old South African artillery buttons, fleur de lis, Scotch regimental insignia, national guard, Spanish war, etc. Most of the insignia are in sterling or bronze which he re-plates in gold or silver. Pretty fascinating stuff.

BALL POINT PERFUME. The inventor of the original ball point pen has designed a perfume container which works on the same principle. Buried in the golden container is a "well" of long lasting perfume which won't leak in a handbag. Milady just slips off the handsome cap top and applies the perfume to her skin with the smooth ball point. There are three different types of perfume which fit into interchangeable "wells" . . . floral for daytime use, exotic for general occasions and a sophisticated perfume for evening.

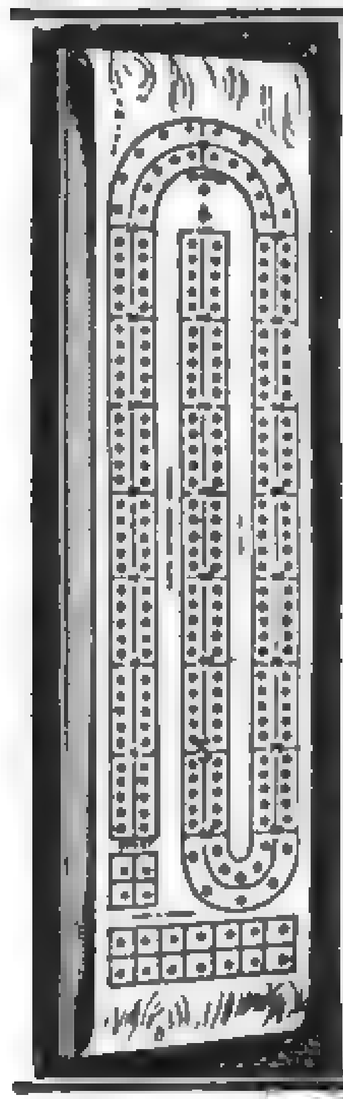
EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THE ACT! With the perfume business going full tilt . . . everybody's in on it. One of the country's top dressmakers (whose clothes sell at astronomic prices) has created a perfume she calls "Odalisque." "The perfume of deceptive tranquility," she says. "The essence of outward repose, but inner fire." See what we mean? Another designer of dresses, calls his perfume "8:30 . . . the hour when evening stands poised in an aura of promise." Even a prominent band leader has a perfume called "Two-timers" . . . Swing and Sweet are the odors. Swing is spicy, Sweet, strictly schmaltz. Bottles are decorated with the bandleader's signature . . . a cookoo clock and a musical staff. Guess who?



PERK-UP SET. The sort of gift the gals like. It looks like a jumbo size lipstick case, 1" in diameter, 3½" long. Actually, it's five tiny jars that fit together to form one tube. Each jar contains a beauty aid for make-up . . . cleansing cream, rouge, face powder, etc. Quite a gimmick.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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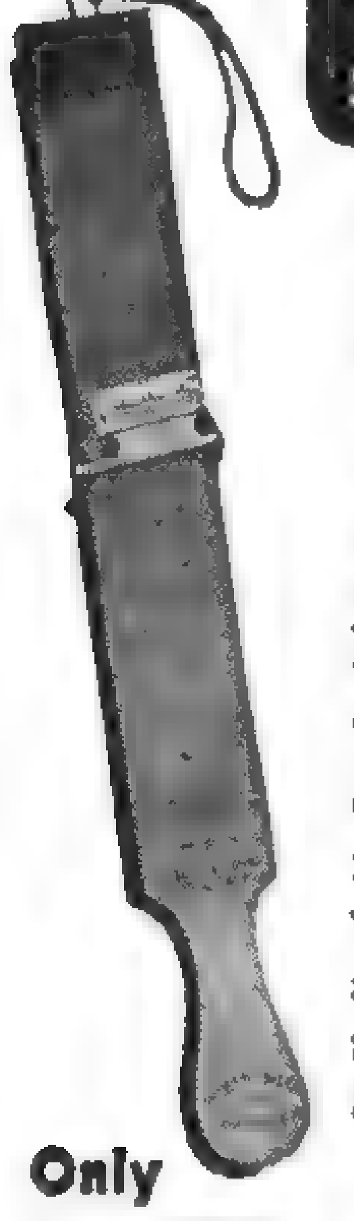

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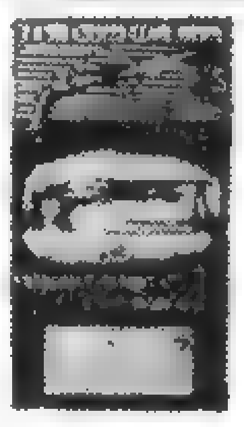

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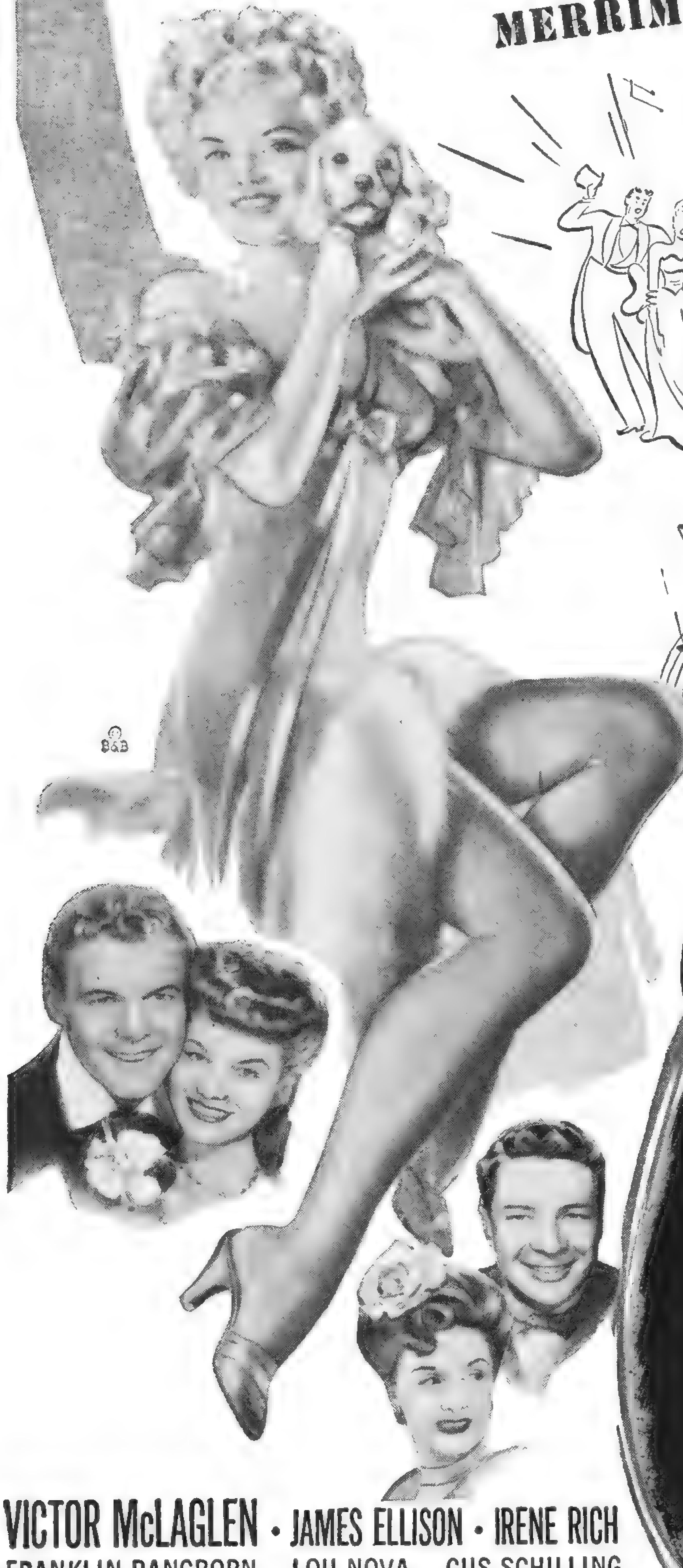

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Magnificent new manicure and pedicure sets by JOY ... the keen-cutting implements expertly made by hand of surgical precision steel ... zipper cases custom-stitched throughout in luxurious top-grain leathers ... to be treasured through years of use!

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Rich-looking set with six precision implements for every need in nail care. Pigskin, green morocco, wine-red cowhide.

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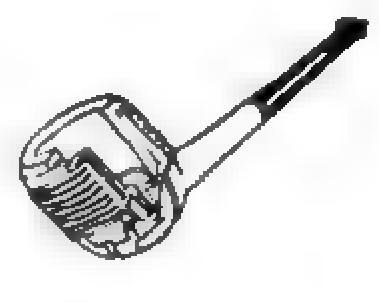
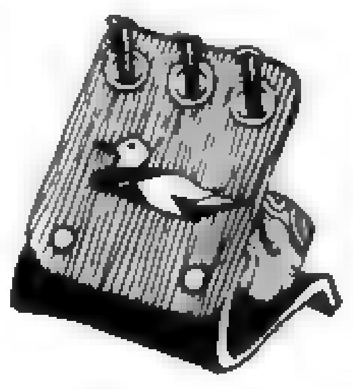
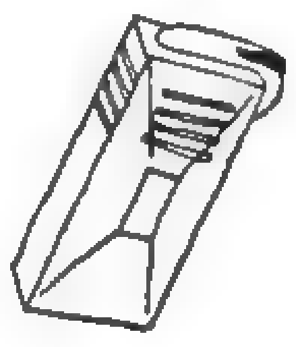
Talking Shop with Esquire



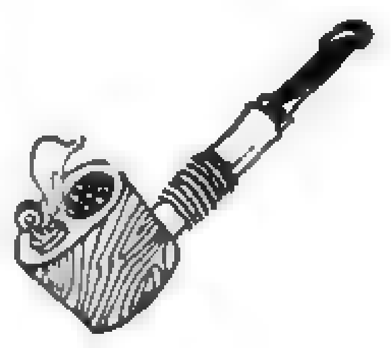
SMOKE CONDITIONER PIPE. We hear a lot about the virtues of a "cool" smoke . . . and here's a new pipe designed to "out-cool" cool! It's made of heat-resisting aluminum, drilled with many looping channels which travel the smoke through 34 inches of cooling, filtering pathway. Smoke thus channeled undergoes a radical drop in temperature, its tars and resins condense out. Gone are the old smokers' bogeys of tobacco "bite" and unpleasant "goo" collected in the pipe bowl. Quite a production.



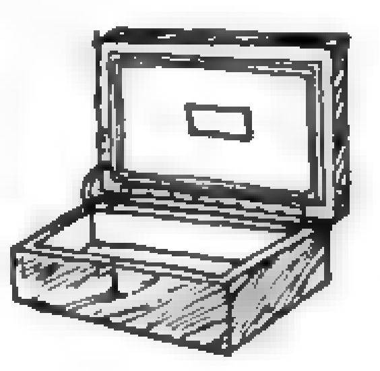
PIPE CAMOUFLAGE. If the Little Woman makes disparaging remarks about your prize collection of "dirty old pipes" cluttering up her tables, buy yourself one of the new pipe racks...and she'll have no more cause for nagging. The rack looks like a book-end from the front, with three small port holes near the top. Front of rack is of bright-black plexiglas, enhanced with a hand-painted, wooden duck. Bits of pipes protrude slightly through the three rubber grummets, rest of the pipes are hidden by the rack.



PRACTICALLY SELF-SERVICE. If you're the clumsy fingered type who lets things like collar buttons and screws and caps slip through your fingers, you'll welcome this new cigarette lighter. It has a new slide-seal bottom which eliminates the necessity of unscrewing a cap when filling the lighter or inserting new flints. To service this one, you merely push the slide bottom one way to fill, and the other way to insert a new flint. Lighter also has what they call a "Floating wick-seal", which holds evaporation of fluid to a minimum.



SELF LIGHTING PIPE. Here it is, fellows . . . a pipe with a self-contained lighter . . . built right into the bowl. A flick of the thumb, and the pipe is lighted. Pipe is also self-cleaning. The precision cylinder and piston keeps your pipe as clean as the cylinder of your car. A twist of the wrist and a pull... and the pipe is clean. The front ring of the piston removes tars and juices, the back ring polishes.



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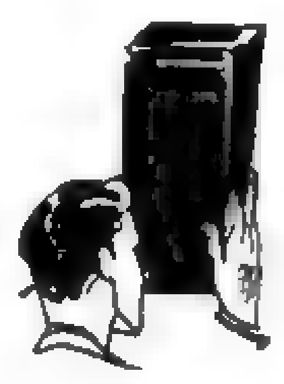
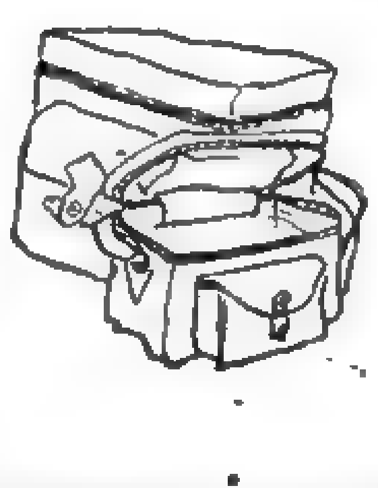


FOR SHORT SPORTS. If you are not a six-footer, and have difficulty seeing over the heads of the crowd at the races, parades or what have you, get yourself a periscope so you can get a clear view of all that's going on. This new rugged, lightweight steel and plastic periscope, raises the level of your vision to a full 10 inches. It measures only 11" x 6" x 1½", and is as easy to tote as a small camera. Fine, optically flat, rhodium plated mirrors give full, wide view without blur or distortion.



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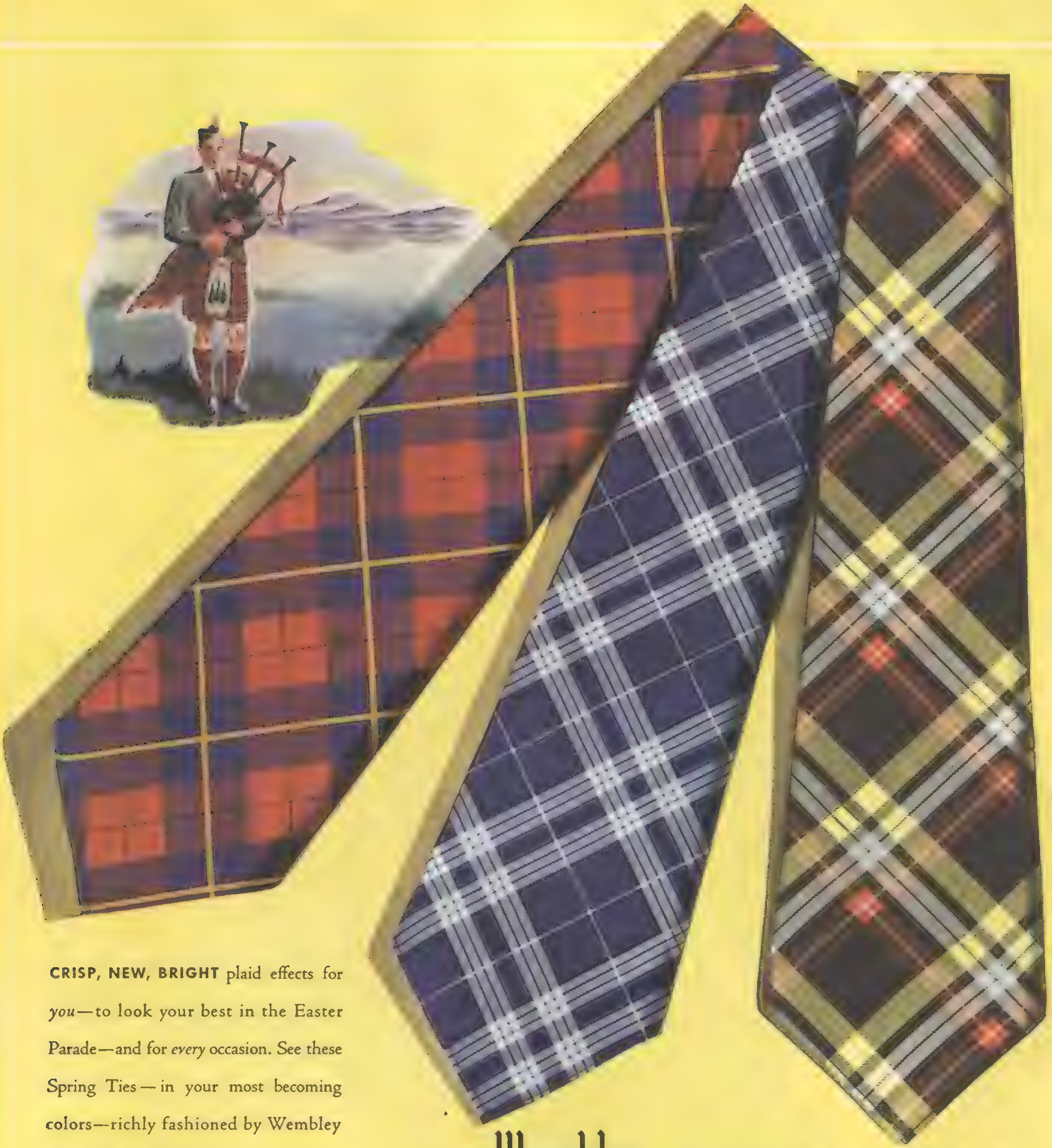

CRISP, NEW, BRIGHT plaid effects for *you*—to look your best in the Easter Parade—and for *every* occasion. See these Spring Ties—in your most becoming colors—richly fashioned by Wembley Style Institute.

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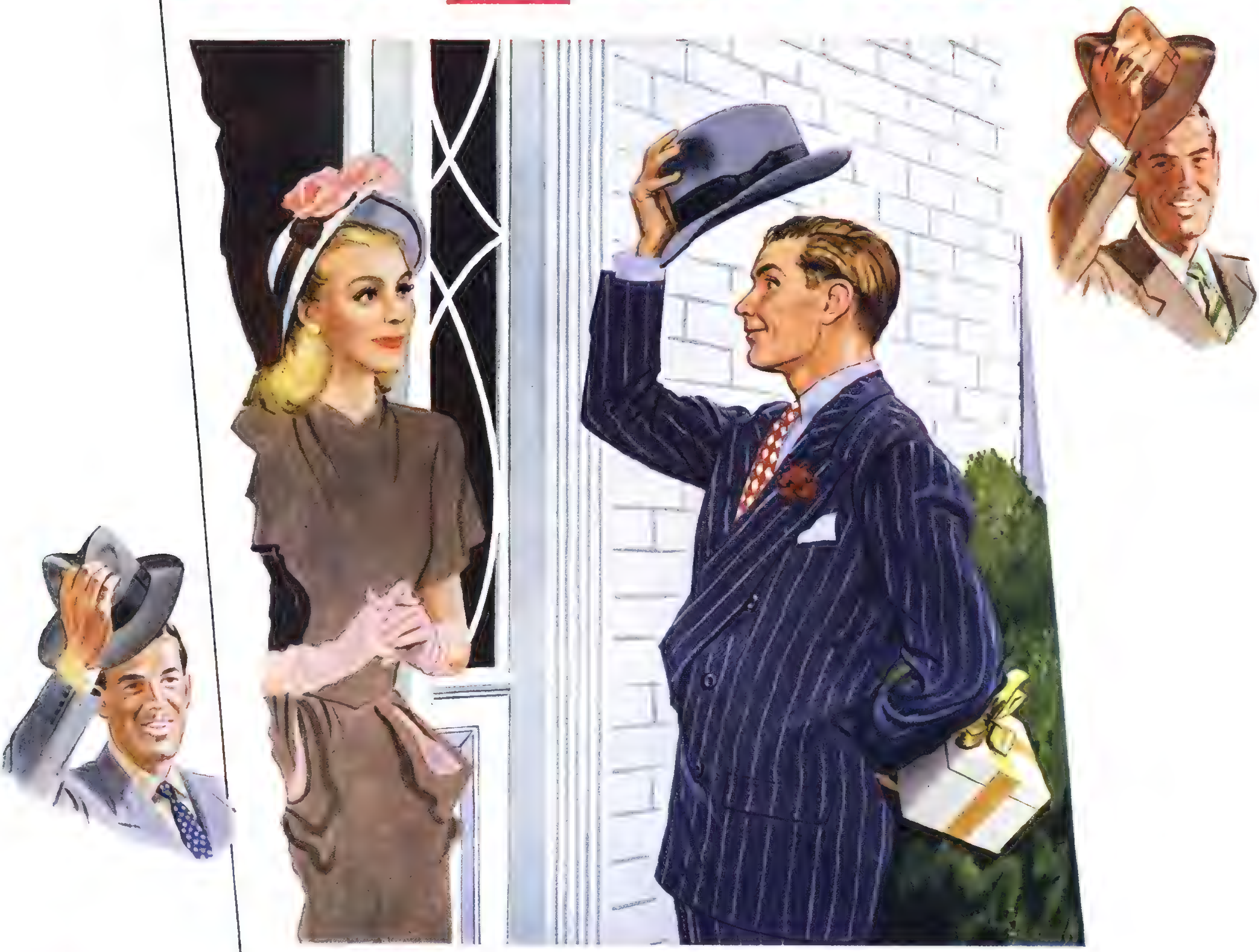
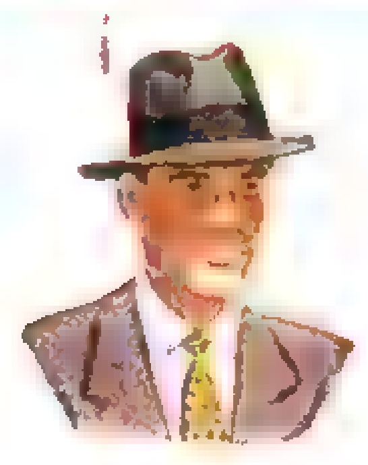
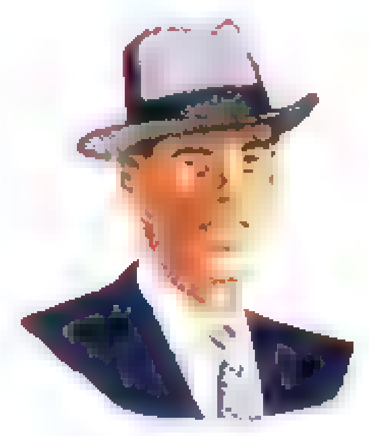
raise a new hat for Easter...

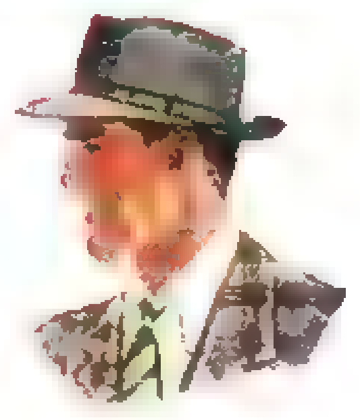




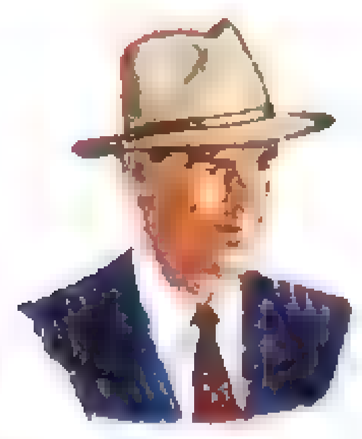
right Brown hat with brown and tan suit is a tasteful, color-right blend.



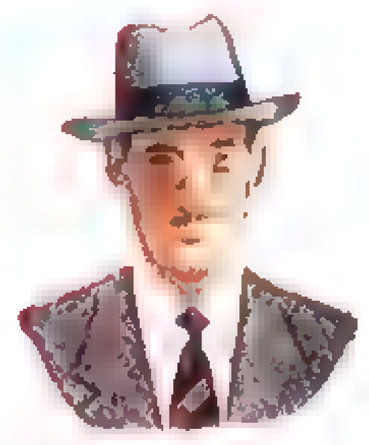
right Grey off-the-face hat is widely approved for business and town clothes.



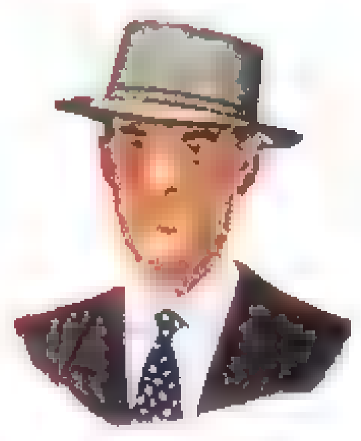
right Casual and sport clothes call for colorful sport hats of fabric or felt.



wrong Brown hat shades clash with blue suits. Never mix warm and cold colors.



wrong Grey off-the-face hat creates the wrong effect with casual suits or tweeds.



wrong Sport and fabric hats with business suits result in a mis-matched look.

It's not just the gesture that makes you the right man in her eyes! It's a lot of special things . . . And one of the most important is your way of telling the world you've got good taste, good prospects and a flair for gracious living. You're headed for success—and *you look it* from the tips of your freshly polished shoes to the tilt of your smart new hat!

You're *both* tops! She's got a gay bonnet—and you've got the *right* hat to add a touch of poise and dignity to your new Easter clothes. The *right* hat is shaded, shaped and styled to make you *look right* all over!

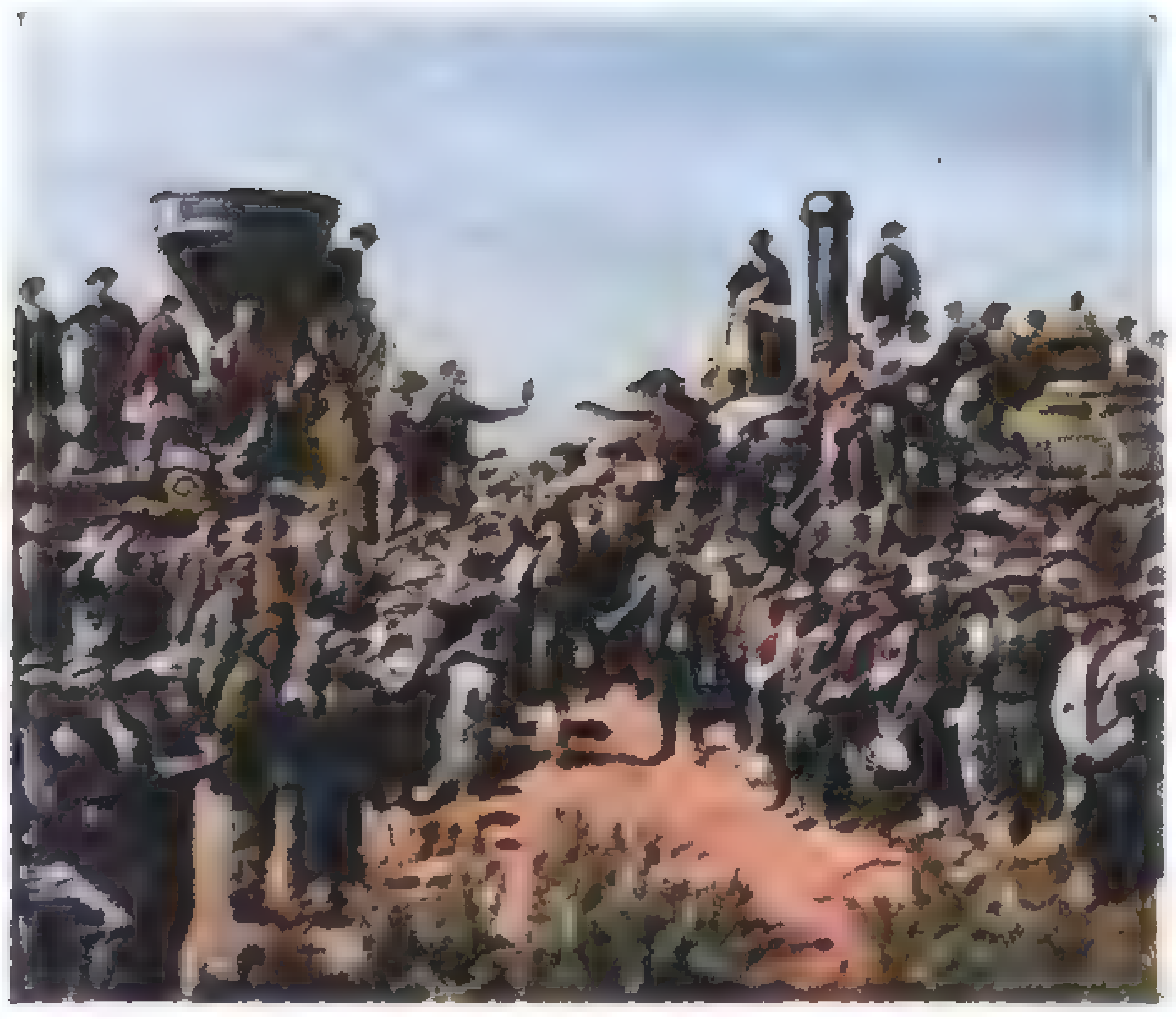
Get the *right* Easter hat at your *Recognized Hatter's*, wherever you see the plaque shown below. Then you'll be off to a head start for the Easter parade!

RECOGNIZED
Hat Research
Foundation
1946-47
HATTER

this plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

you're the right man in the right hat

Highball on a "hot shot"



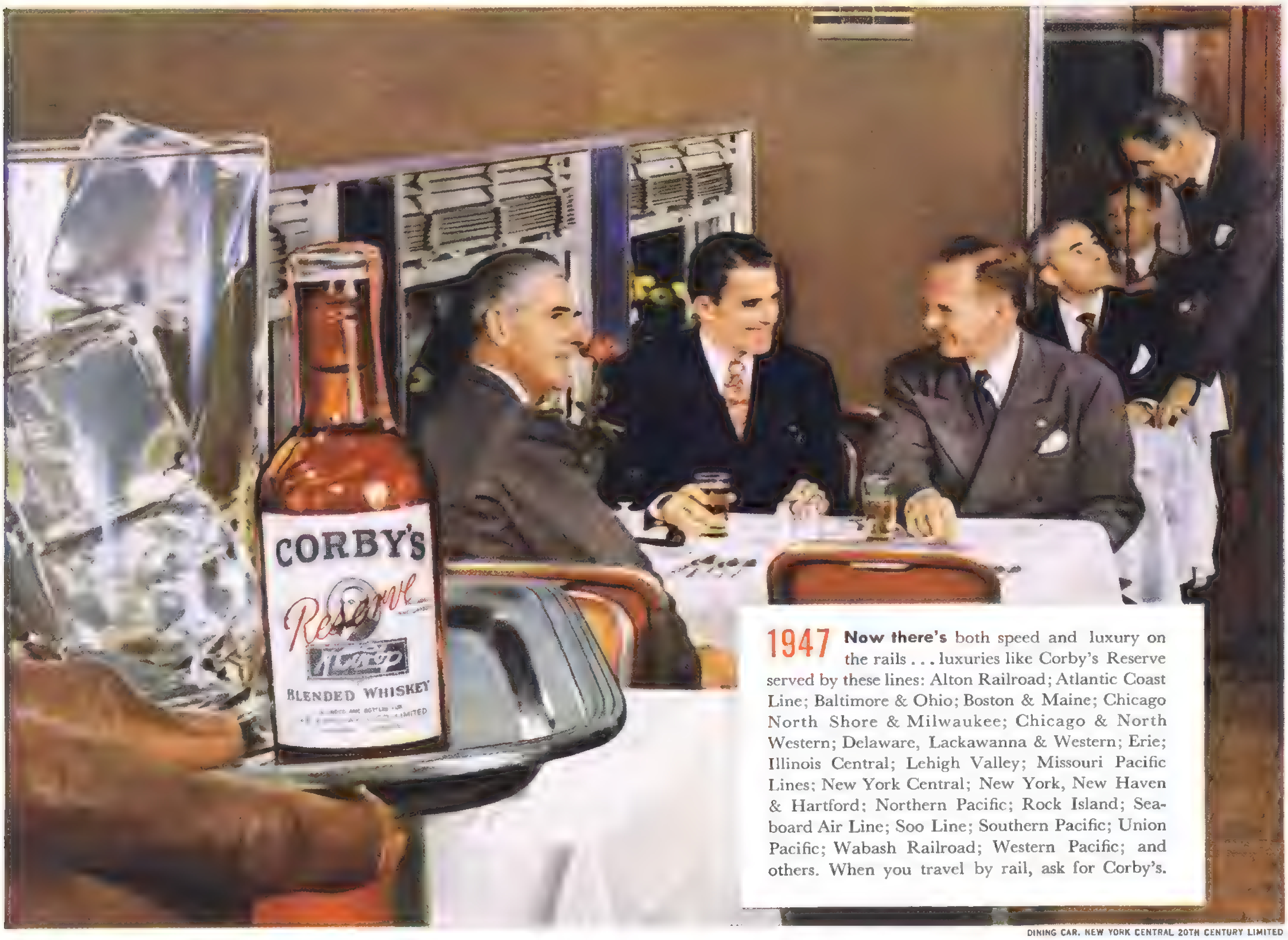
1869 **"Hot shot"** is railroad talk for a fast, through train, the kind of train railroaders began to dream about in 1869 when the first transcontinental rail line was completed at Promontory, Utah, and when Corby's reached its 11th year as a respected Canadian name.

1900 **This club car** on the first all-electric-lighted train in the northwest was a step ahead. Plush-trimmed wicker chairs and velvet table covers were marks of railroad luxury, as the name Corby's became a 42 year-old tradition in the Dominion of Canada.

PHOTO COURTESY NORTHERN PACIFIC

1936 **Something new** was added as diesel-electric streamliners began to flash along the rails. Shining inside and out, these trains captured public fancy with air-conditioned comfort and fast, smooth travel, as the name Corby's reached the 78 year-mark in Canada.

PHOTO COURTESY SOUTHERN PACIFIC



1947 **Now there's** both speed and luxury on the rails . . . luxuries like Corby's Reserve served by these lines: Alton Railroad; Atlantic Coast Line; Baltimore & Ohio; Boston & Maine; Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee; Chicago & North Western; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; Erie; Illinois Central; Lehigh Valley; Missouri Pacific Lines; New York Central; New York, New Haven & Hartford; Northern Pacific; Rock Island; Seaboard Air Line; Soo Line; Southern Pacific; Union Pacific; Wabash Railroad; Western Pacific; and others. When you travel by rail, ask for Corby's.

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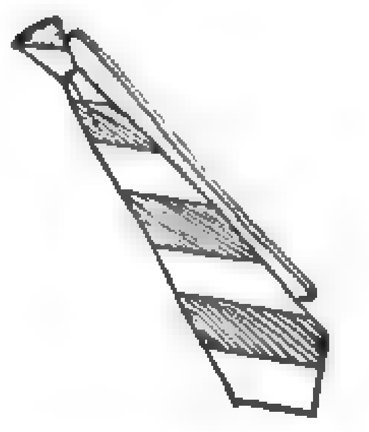
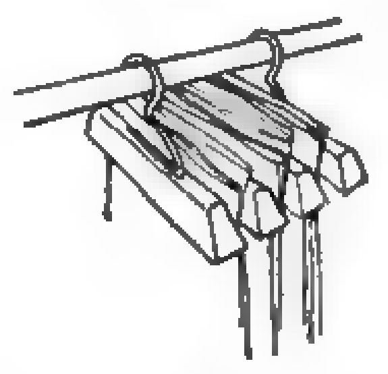
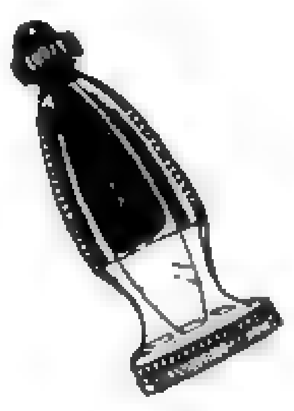
IT'S A TIE! Here's a real novelty for you chaps who go in for "conversation pieces" in accessories. It's a gold plated tie clasp, shaped as an exact replica of an actual necktie, knot and all. Gives the effect of a club-striped tie by means of dull and shining gold finish. Makes a nice inexpensive gift.



MR. AND MRS. If you're living in cramped quarters or traveling around, it's the new multiple trouser and skirt hanger for you. Holds 4 pairs of pants or skirts without a clamp of any kind. Garments hang full length, slip easily in and out of plastic grooves. Since each article hangs separately, there is no crushing or wrinkling, and any item can be selected instantly, without disturbing the others. Just 6″ in width, the hanger tucks into your luggage like a book.

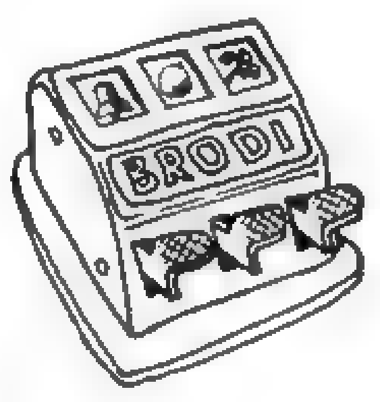


DIAL YOURSELF A SHAVE. For the love of Pete, look what gives! A non-electric razor with a numbered dial device which permits easy adjustment to any *degree* of shave desired. 'Frinstance . . . for a light shave, turn dial to the left, blade is held under extreme tension and thus the edge can make only light contact with beard and skin. For a close shave, push dial *way* around to the left, releasing more of the tension on the blade so the blade is "pitched" to shave *close* to the skin. A secret vault holds six standard double-edge blades.



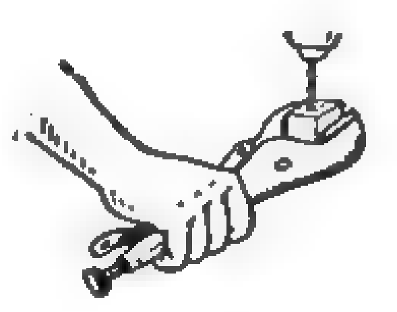
NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T. When evening shadows fall, beard shadows, that is, and your tender skin can't stand a second shave what do you do? Turn up at cocktail time with an unkempt scrubble? Or take a chance hacking up your one and only face? It's easy. Just whip out a small jar of the new beard camouflage and go to work. It's a tan-tinted, odorless cream, not unlike the suntan foundation cream the gals use to produce a matchless complexion to fool unwary males. Apply a small amount, rub in and over beard, and see what a nifty job it does disguising your whiskers, pro tem, of course. We tried the shadow cream on several pals with various complexions and various stages of beard growth and we must report, results were amazing.

TAKE A BRODI. Best little travelling companion and time-whiler-awayer is a little game called brodi. A miniature sized slot machine which fits into the palm of your hand cozily. The tiny plastic box consists of 3 levers, which, when pushed down in unison, produce in apertures at the top the familiar cherries, bells, lemons etc. Just hit the keys and wait until the wheels stop spinning. That's all, bud.



HER EASTER PRESENT. A fragrant message will not be amiss. Why not a royal ensemble, "Duchess of York" perfume, talc and matching scented cologne, all in a lilac-flower laden odor particularly suited for spring. Each bottle has a golden crown top.

IT'S A PLIER, IT'S A WRENCH. A new self-locking ply-wrench, handy for the mechanic, handy in the home. When used as pliers, it multiplies hand-pressure at least 50 times. Automatic self-squaring jaws give positive grip on odd shaped articles. As a wrench, it's a honey for loosening frozen nuts, rounded and mutilated nuts and screws, broken bolts and hard to get at places. Locks on by simple hand pressure. Also doubles as a clamp or vise.



Ranger

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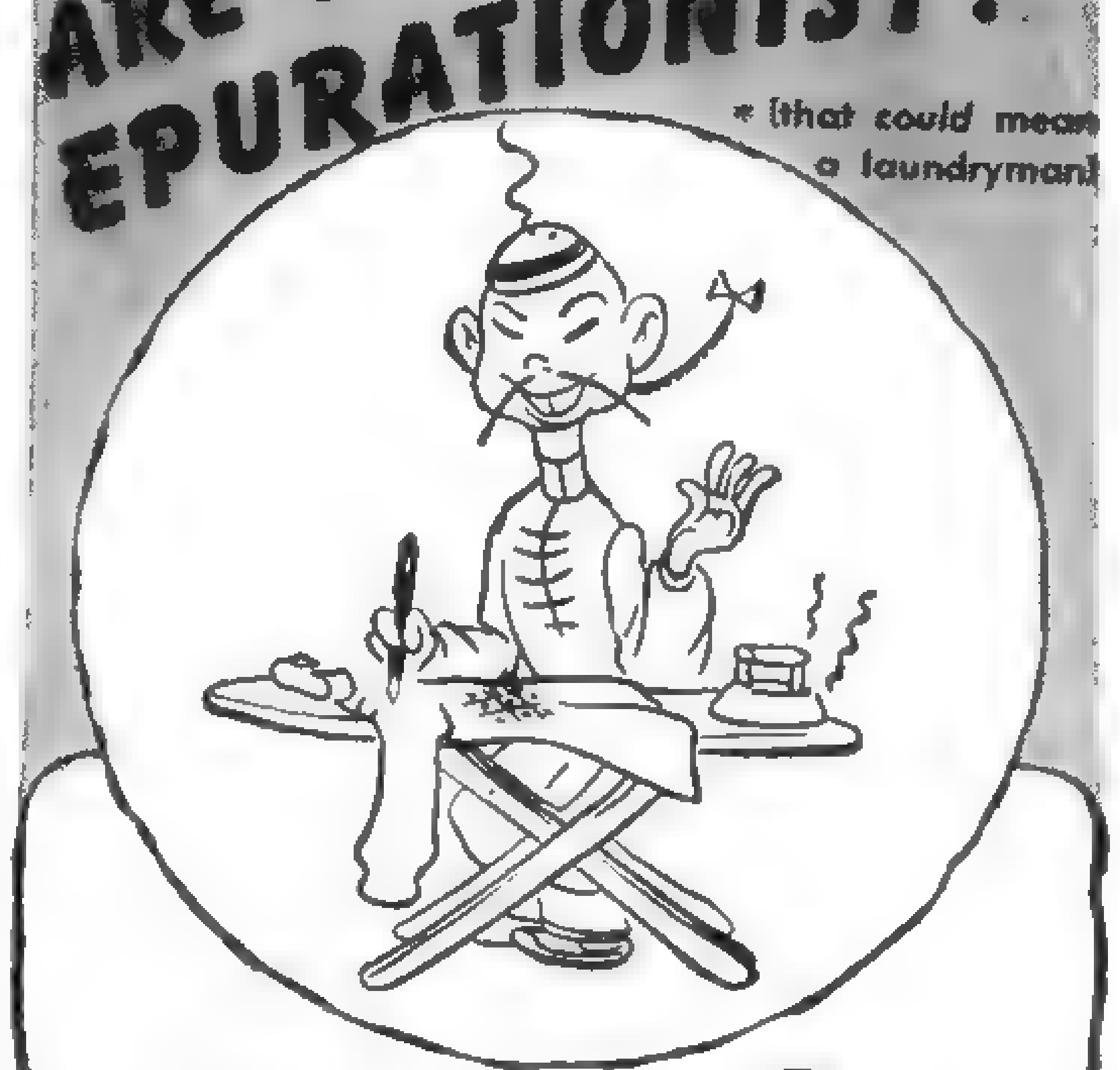
* (that could mean a laundryman)



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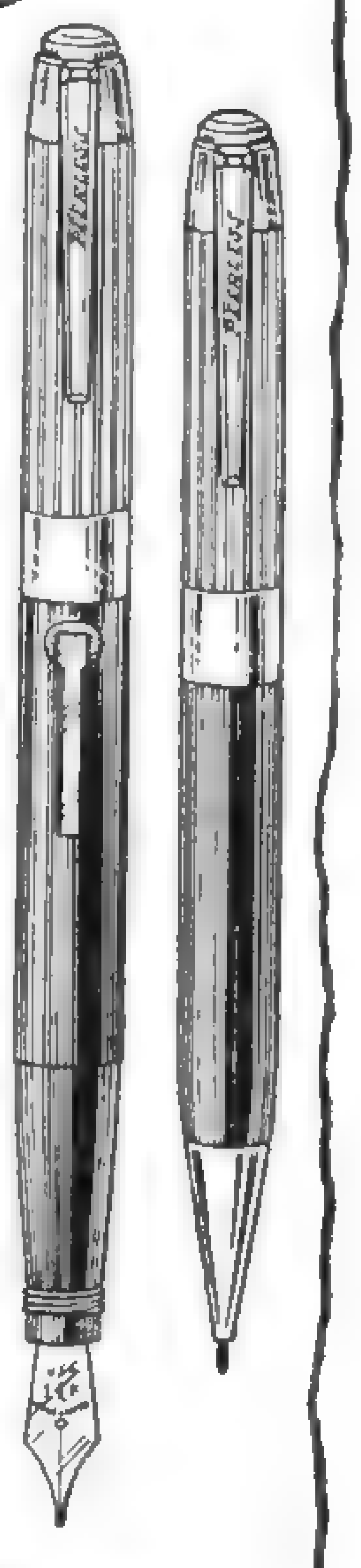

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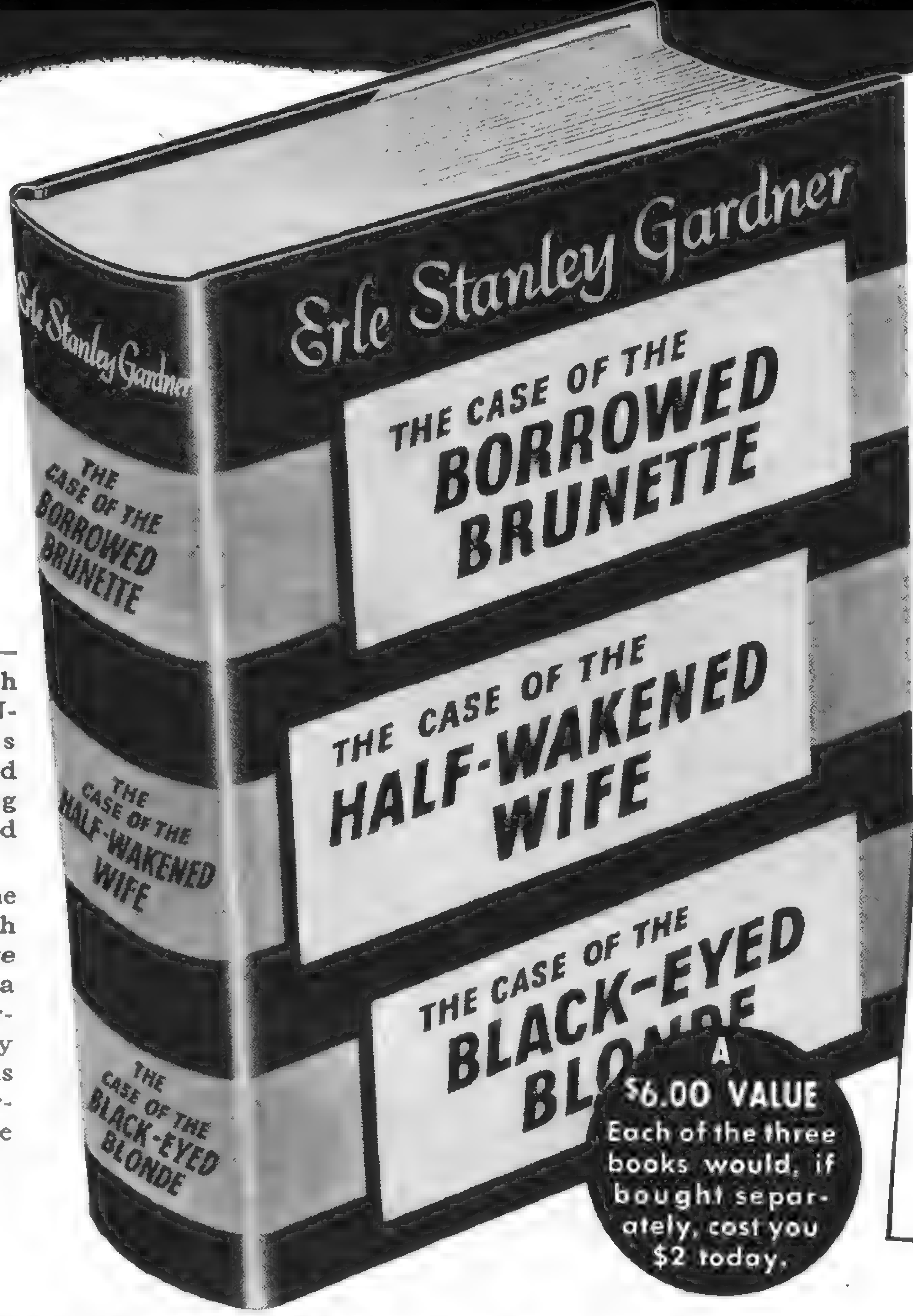
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THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE
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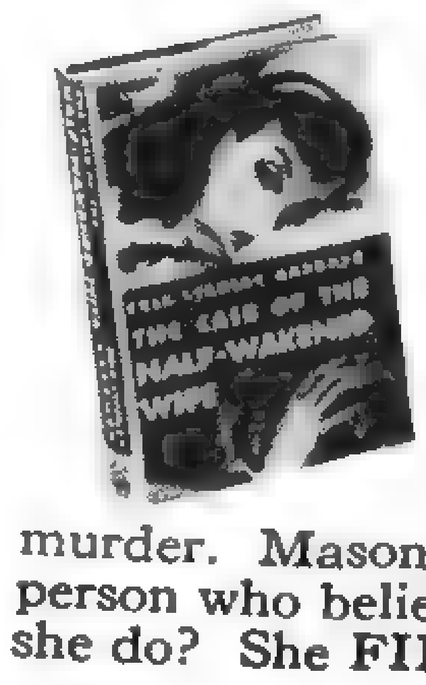
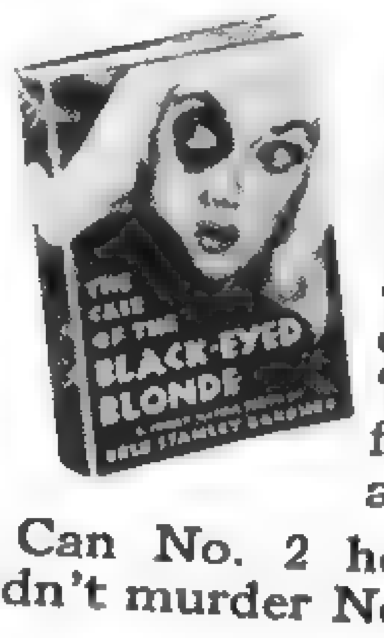
② THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE



IT'S the dead of night. You are aboard a yacht! Suddenly . . . A scream! A splash! A shot! Then the cry, "Man Overbo-o-oard!" And you find yourself clutching a beautiful woman who is holding a gun—*from which one shot has just been fired!*

The lady stands accused of murder. Mason, now her lawyer, is the ONLY person who believes her innocent. So what does she do? She FIRES him!

③ THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE



JUST ONE blonde can cause enough trouble—and Mason is tangled up with THREE! No. 1 bursts into his office wearing practically nothing but a fur coat—and a "wow" of a black-eye! No. 2 is having suspicious "in-law" trouble. And Mason finds No. 3 sprawled in the mud, a bullet through her head!

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GAMS GAMBOL to the music of demon keyman Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra at the Hotel Biltmore's Bowman Room. Even the vittles smack of virtuosity . . . For dining and after-demi-tasse dancing, that jewel boite the Hotel Warwick's Dean Cornwell muraled Raleigh Room, is raleigh delightful to raleigh to. By way of shielding your meal tab from cabaret taxation, Jan August and his clicky tune clique withhold their rhythms till ten . . . Better bring your sun goggles when you hie to case the carolling of dazzling blonde Joan Nichols at the Blue Angel . . . Reversals: From preference, Monty "The Man Who Came to Dinner" Woolley goes to dinner at the One-Two-Three Club (123 East 54th) of host-pianist Roger Stearns who is his own guest artist.

GRUMBLERS at the sameness of the provender encountered in ye typical Chinese restaurant, enter realms of adventure when they cross the threshold of the Pacific Restaurant at 30 Pell St. in Chinatown. Chefs of host Stephen Y. Chin have a repertory of 450 different dishes. If all are as subtly flavored as the squab soup; the shelled lobster with snow peas and almonds; the diced chicken with almonds, mushrooms, peas, bamboo shoots and heart of boktoy; and the others we've tried—boy, are we going to keep trying! (There's a bar on account of Mr. Chin's having discovered that Occidentals who invade Oriental pastures bring their thirsts along.)

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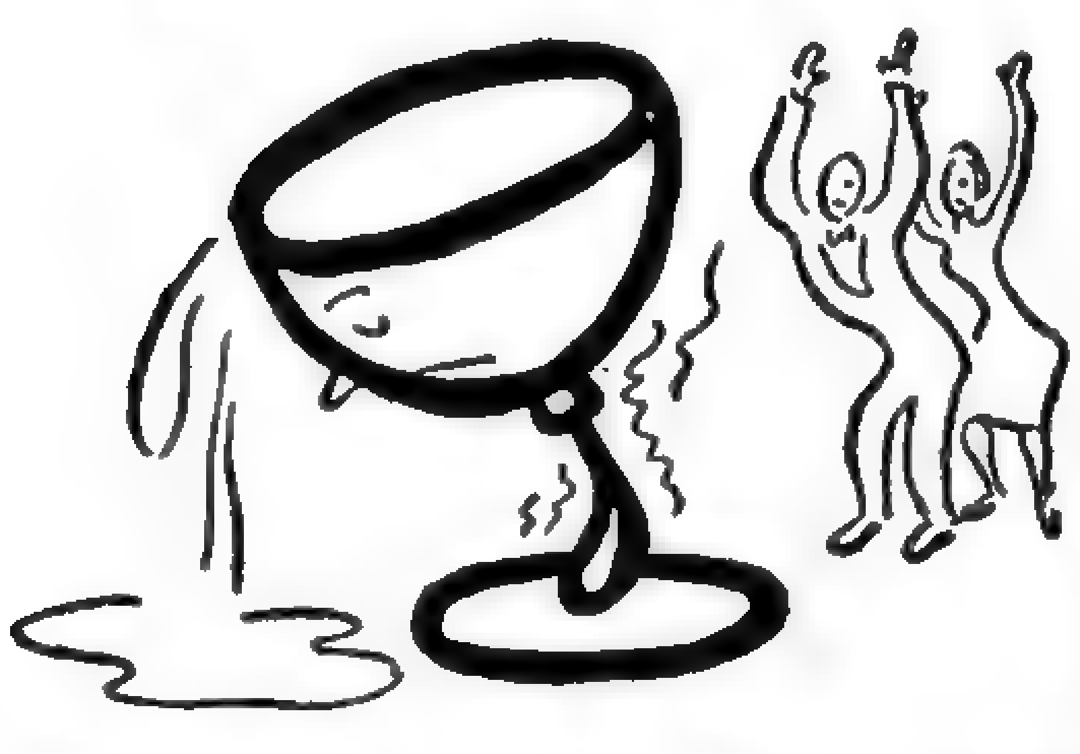

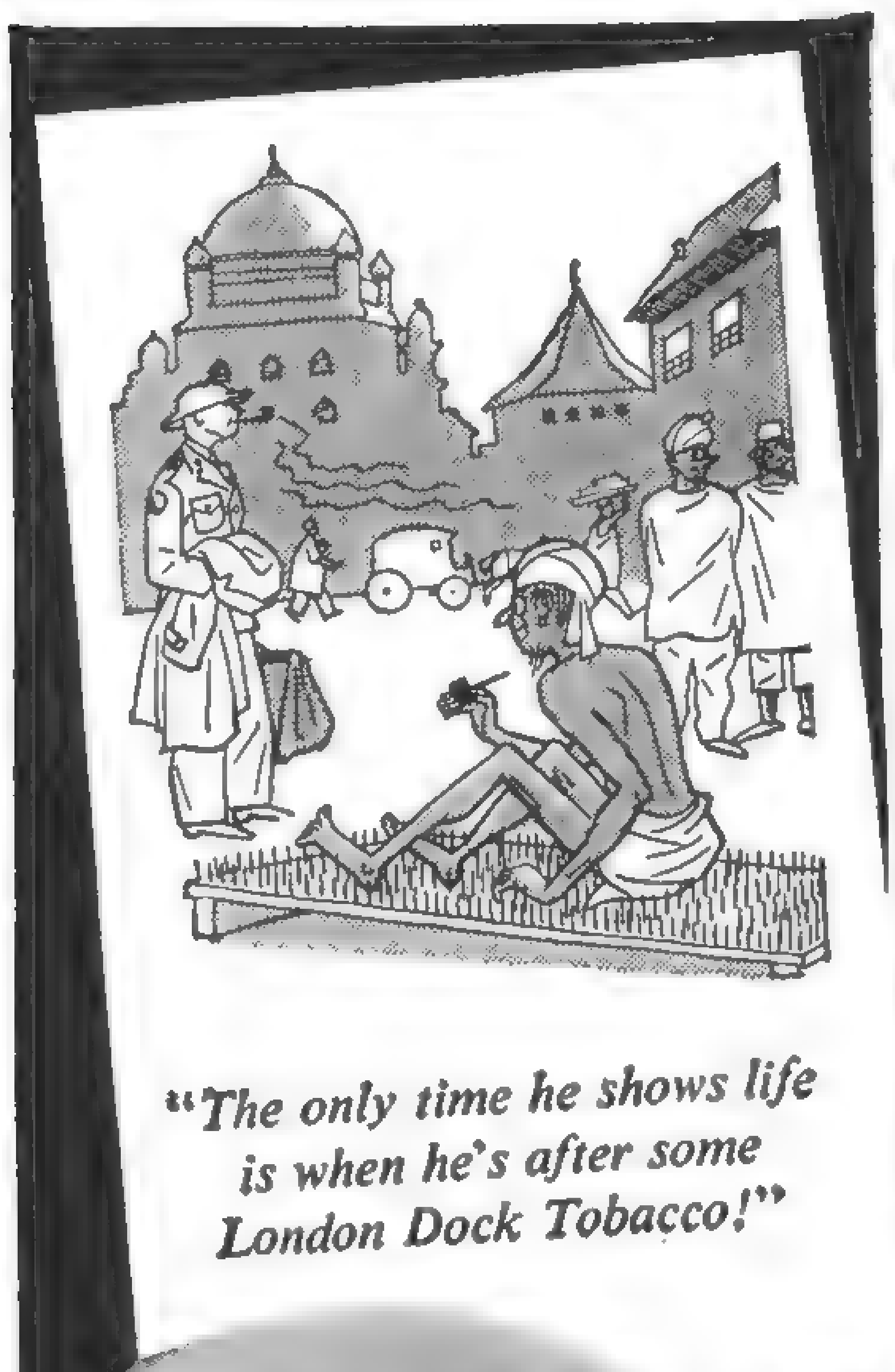

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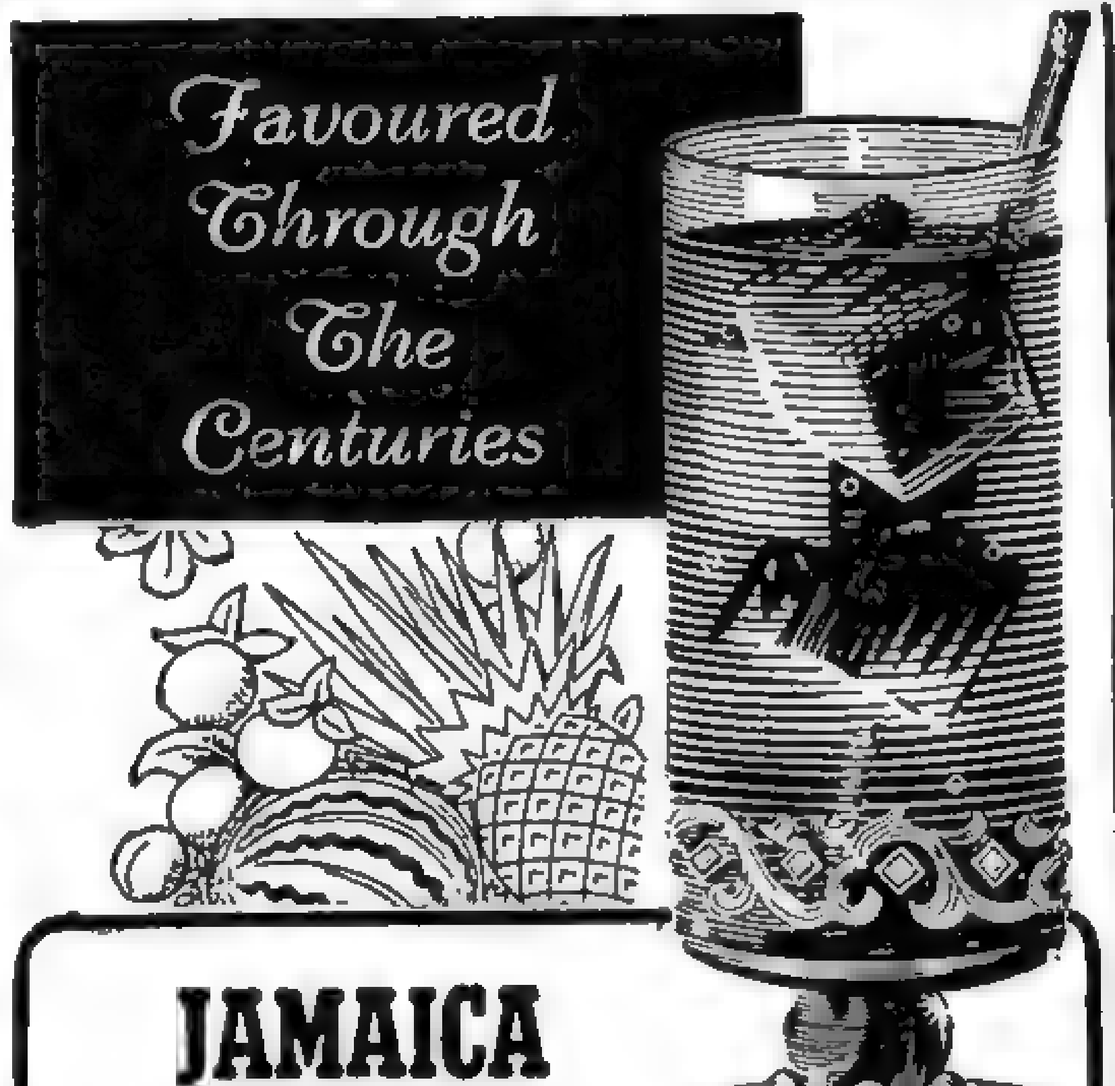

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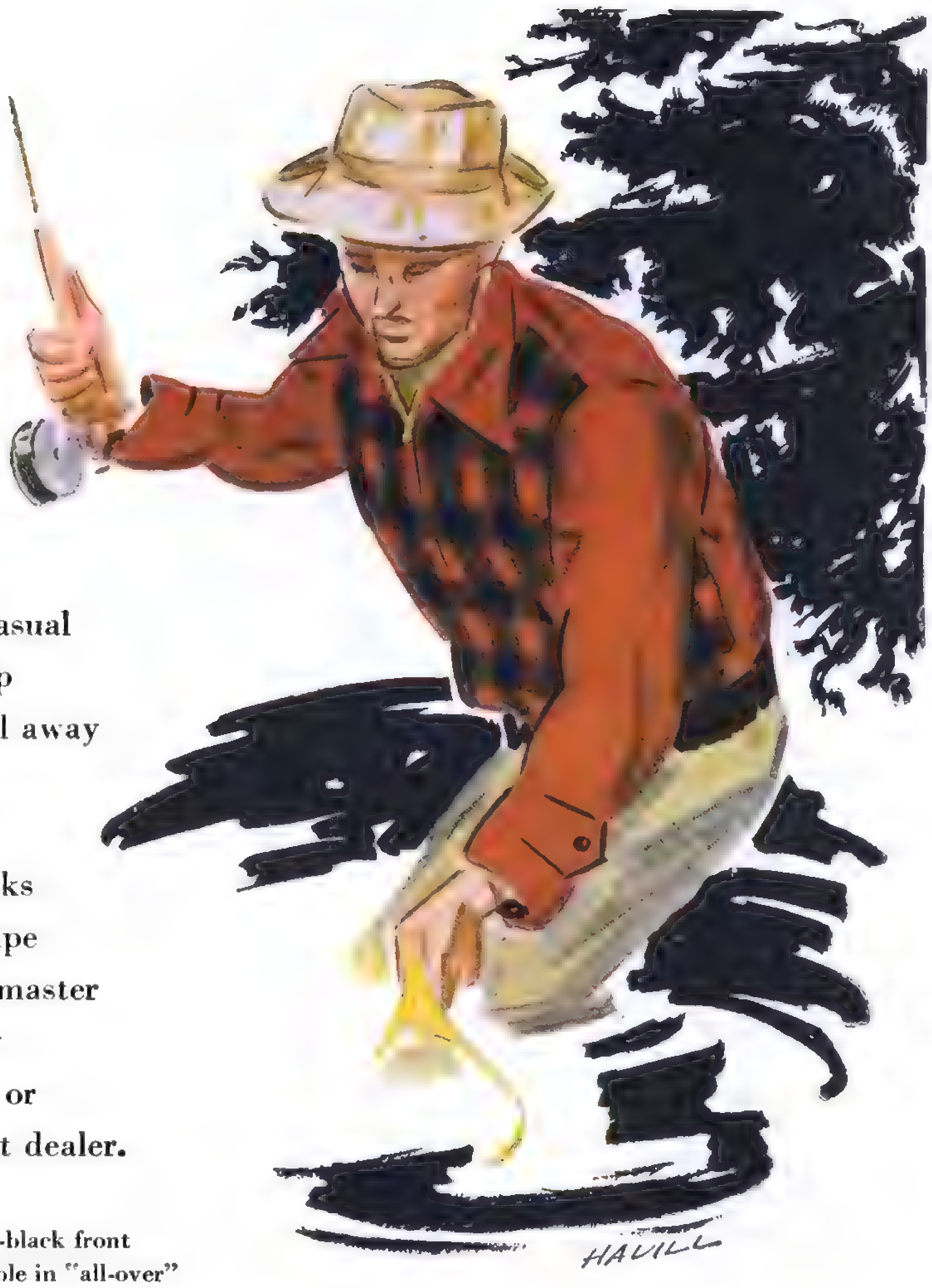

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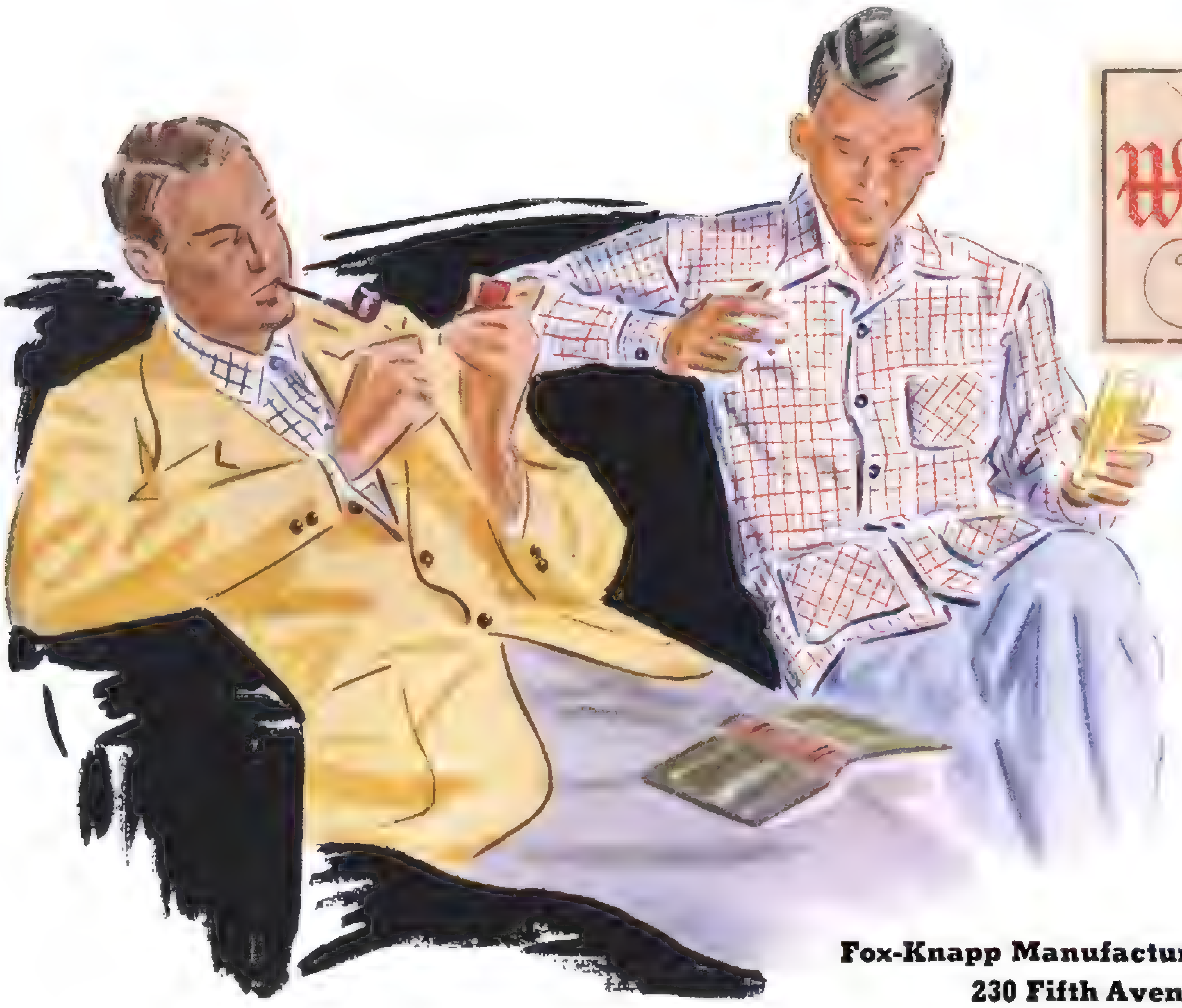

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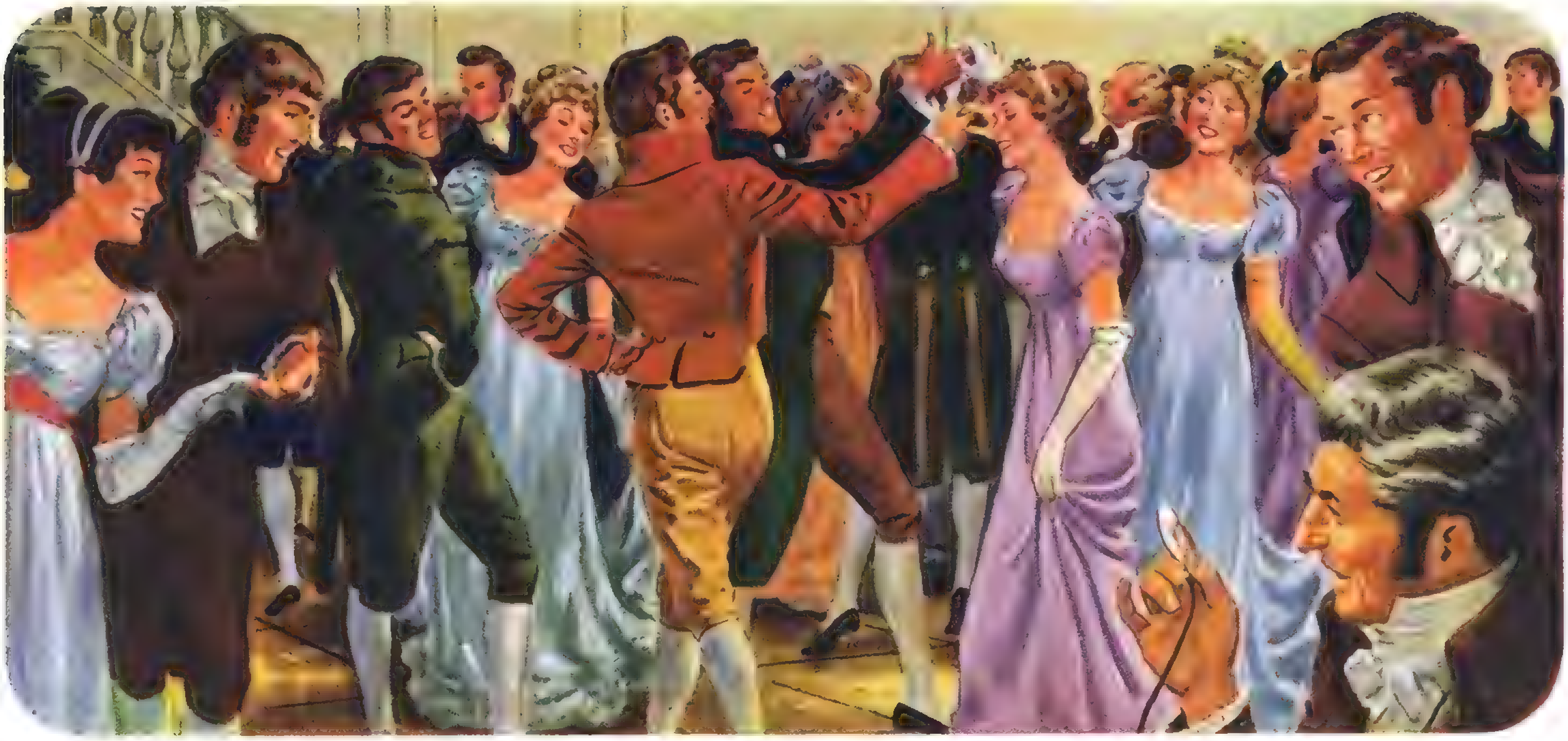

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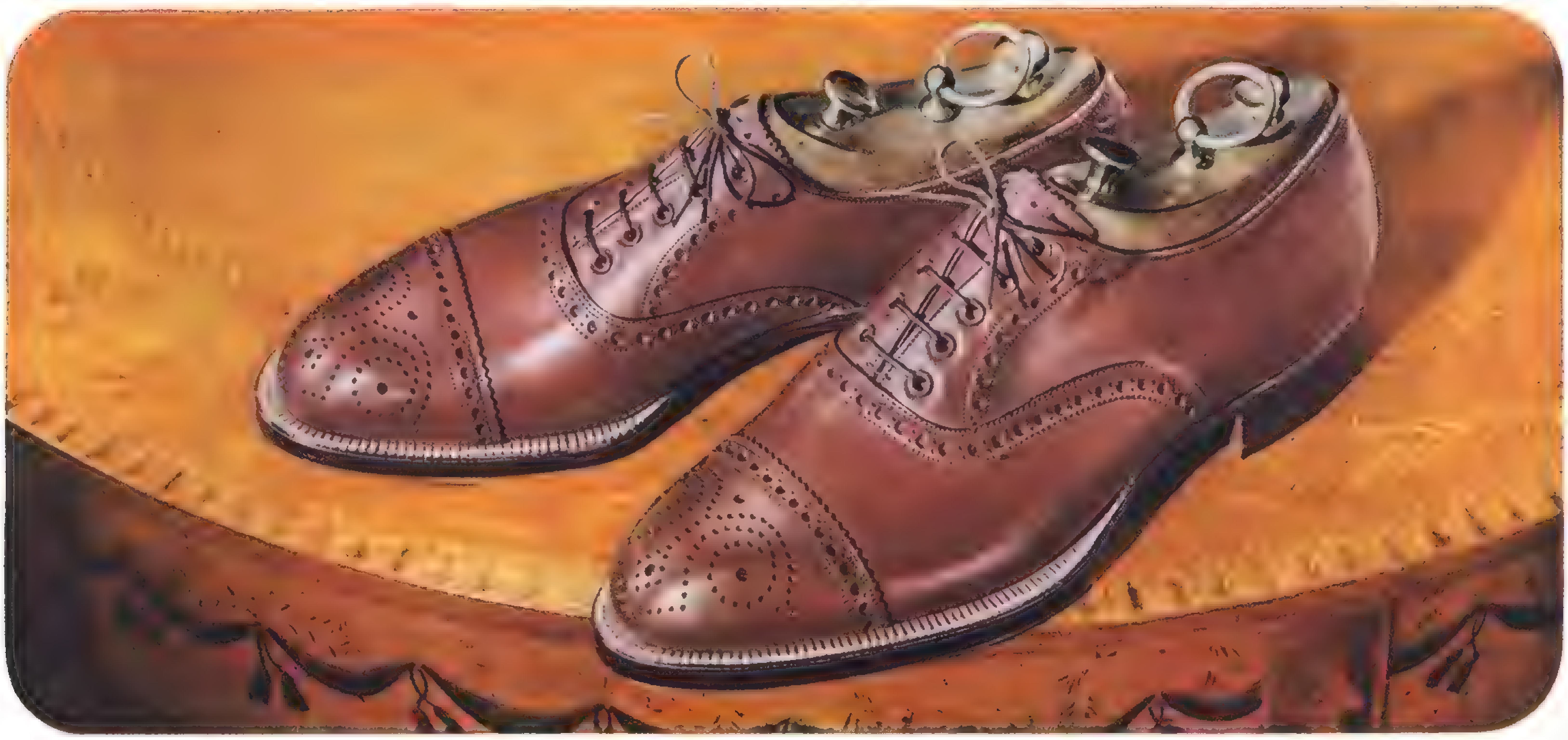

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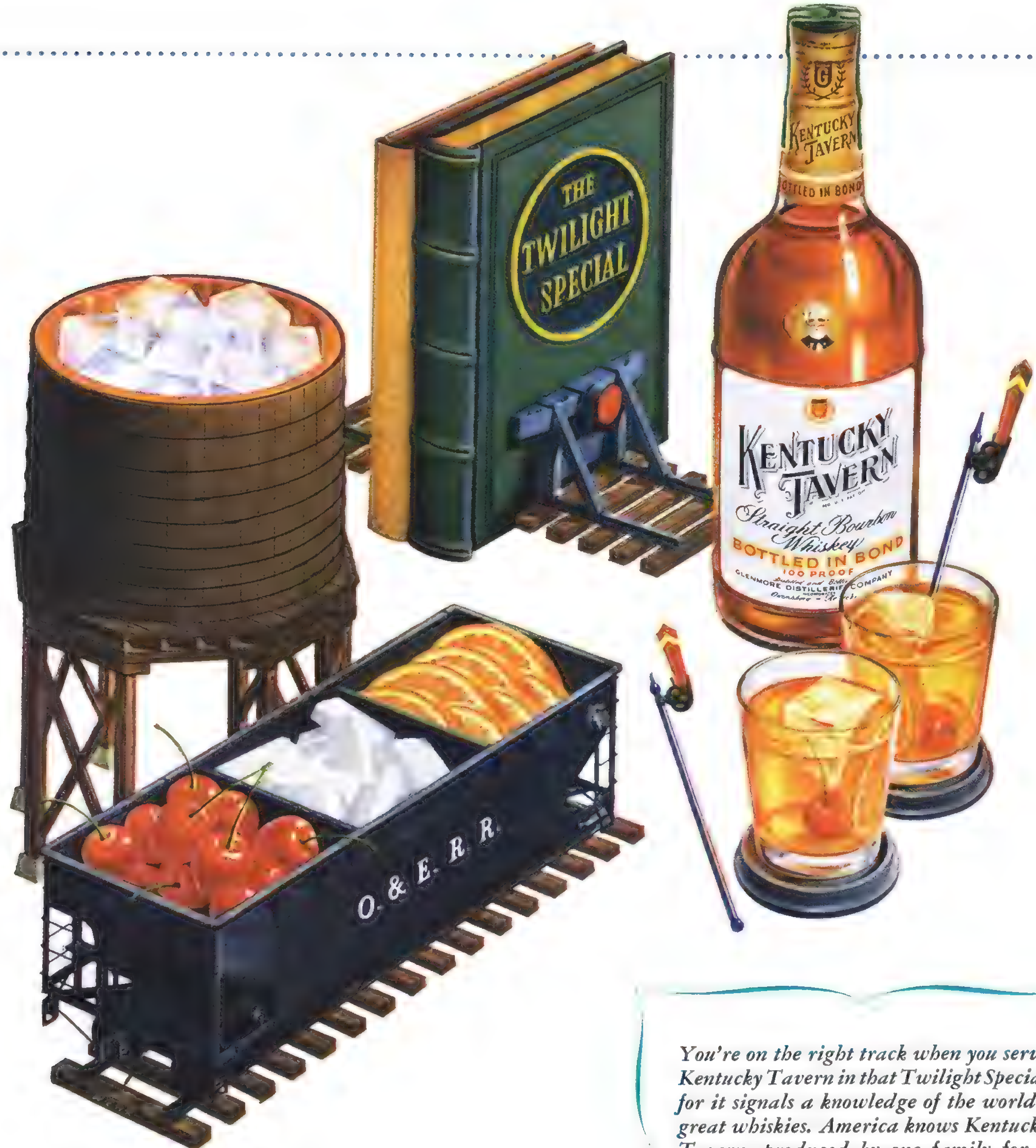
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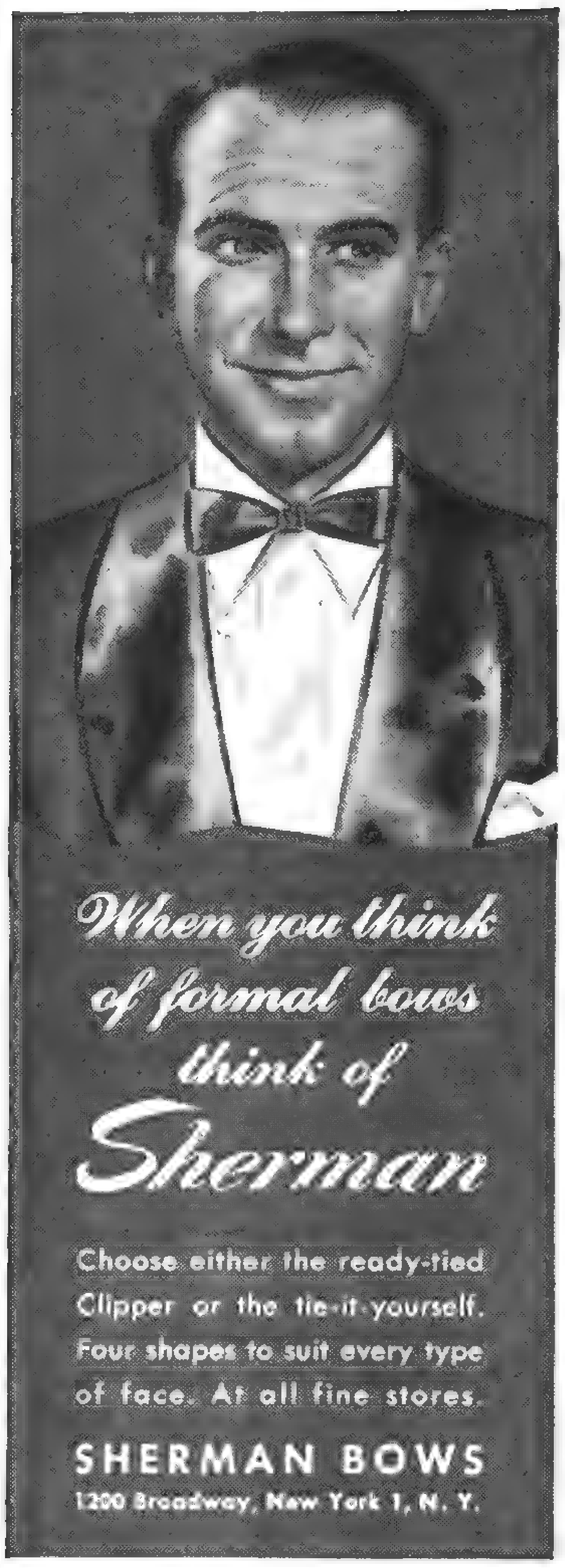

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Painting the Town with Esquire

WESTINGHOUSE air-brakes have nothing on the sighs and throbs of femininity harkening to romance huckster Carl Brisson at the Versailles. Fortunately for escorts, this upsetting influence appears only twice nightly; the rest of the time there's dance music by Emil Petti's urbane orchestra and Panchito's rumba agitators. And Versailles fodder, answer to tumtum aspirations.

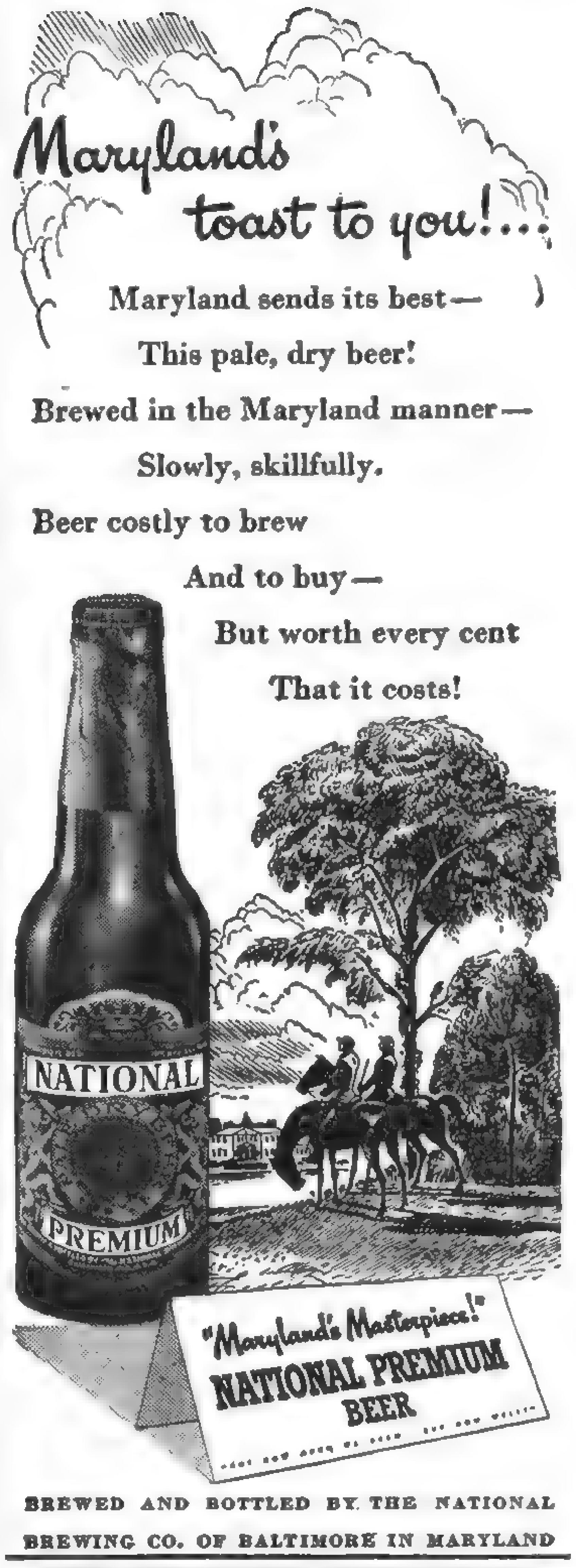
THE HOTEL New Yorker's Terrace Room's ice-slip is showing to the tune of *Around the Clock*, whirlacade headed by streaming-tressed skate-siren Alice Farrar with a line of blademaids. Vividly involved are lively lovely June Arnold, the Biselle & Farley hoist-and-sling-around duo, and swooper-dooper Bob Turk, cavorting as if jet-propelled. Sundays, which used to be blank, now have regular performances at dinner and supper, but luncheontime showings occur on Saturdays only . . . superwack Phil Leeds is a must at Café Society Downtown; harpiste Olivette Miller is a sepian pippin.

AMPLE circumferenced David Cowles, socialite epicure who turned professional and opened up Penguin restaurants de luxe —beginning with the Little Penguin and progressing to the Penguin Country Club at Glen Cove, L. I. (closed for the winter)—has recently unveiled the Town Penguin in the redone dining room of the Hotel Adams, 2 East 86th. Here palateers savor French paté de foie gras with truffles; baked oysters Casino; snails in the Burgundian manner; State of Maine lobster stew; curried turkey in pancakes; minced capon with pepper, corn, and wild rice; and other delicacies of French chef Yves Le Goff. For those who wish to go it light, there are one course meals that impart contentment without crowding the calories, and Dave Cowles' mixed green salad with Penguin cheese dressing is something for taste-buds to send messages about. His wine suggestions are inspirations.

DIVERSIONAL ceremonies at the Belmont Plaza's Glass Hat are mastered by personable Bob Russell of the baritony ways. Hoof and hip activities are to the tempos of Eddie Stone's tune cutters and Nino's maraca and bongo bunch. Our secret ambition is to purloin that glass topper over the bar for a loving cup filled with Ramos Fizz – New Orleans specialty constructed here authentically . . . Fare play at the Three Crowns Restaurant (12 East 54th): Believing that smörgasbord exposed on a moving target basis is more sportsmanlike than the conventional sitting duck system, host Bror Munsson revolves his Swedish extravaganza upon a merry-go-round table, part of which is behind-scenes where replenishment is done. The raiding part is where we come in. If that jellied tongue creation emerging into view figures it's going to get past us unscathed, it's crazy with optimism.

UP AGAINST the law of science which states that two night clubs can't occupy the same location at the same time, Broadway boniface Joe Howard was in a quandary, which he briskly stepped out of by shifting his Zanzibar to new quarters at 1580 Broadway (48th St.) and converting the old 49th Street nest, thus vacated, into a new and nifty Vanity Fair. Décor dreamer Franklin Hughes was handed both lush-up jobs. So now Pee Wee Marquette is welcoming at a new Zanzibar, which, boasting the sculptured blackamoors from the old Zanzibar lounge, offers the same two-buck chicken dinner as before, and the same brand of fast-paced sepian entertainment. Current bill headers are the Mills Brothers. The new Vanity Fair, splurging plenty on talent to make sure it didn't miss, has as its star Gertrude ("I Wanna Get Married") Niesen; extra added attractions are comedian Jan Murray and musical comedy tap stepper Hal LeRoy. Boyd Raeburn, surrealist maestro, leads a 25-piece (count 'em) orchestra (listen to em!), and there's a line of lookers. As for Mr. Howard's third club, the Singapore, it's sitting pat. Any time he splits it into five or six, we'll let you know.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



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Painting the Town with Esquire

MIGHT-AS-WELL-BE-SPRING bulletin: Without waiting for crocuses to crash through, ribald robin Eddie Davis is cocking his eye around the ringside at Leon & Eddie's . . . Madeline, the Parisian Molly Malone of 121 East 52nd St. —instead of a barrow she has a smart, snug burrow monikered Le Poissonier (Ze Fishmonger) —doesn't put you down in her black books if you prefer red meat; she's got that, too, of the same excellence as the shelly and finny specialties of the house. The important thing is that you be pleased and at ease, same as her regulars. When dinner cloths are cleared away, comes transformation into a night haunt: The Wilson Trio, here numerous years, tours the tables rendering what you choose, pianist Freddie Marx plays long-haired or short, and Anita Chandler warbles beguilingly. Budge urge remains in abeyance.

ATMOSPHERIC new place in the Village: John Lamanna's Stage & Sports Café, 102 West 3rd St., decorated with miniature stage sets by Cleon Throckmorton (whose studio is upstairs), and serving steaks, chops, and game...Platter prince Frankie Carle is keyboarding golden touchily afore his men at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Café Rouge, lordly raftered scene of his jump-off to renown. Intermission coverer Bill Provost, operating same piano, threatens to be another Pennsy discovery . . . East Side stay-up-lates, ousted onto the street when curfew shuts club doors, find succor and sustenance at Glorified Ham 'N' Eggs—a fancy new beanery cornered at 46th & Lexington. Décor is modernistic but the hen fruit and ham are served singing in the pan they were cooked in . . . Spice to the lovelorn is dispensed by zany chantoots Dorothy Ross at the Hotel George Washington's "23" Room. Keen young crowd that gathers here from all over town hasn't found any Freudian chautauqua the equal of it, nor any other Dorothy as dotty as this one. Hecklers accommodated.

DOLDRUMS have led hunted lives since Olsen and Johnson set up their arsenal of lunacy at Nicky Blair's Carnival with a revue entitled *Jerkz-Bezerk*. It's hoke, son, but hilarious . . . Charcoal fires seal juice into steaks and chops at the Park Central's Mermaid Room, thus rivalling the temperature of the torching of slinky brunette Brenda Car . . . Debonair Don Bestor and his dansapators, slick in all styles, are on deck at the Hotel Dixie's Plantation Room. Wackster Lou Seiler heads the floor show. Visiting firemen extinguish the flames of thirst in the Circle Bar Lounge . . . Pint-sized blonde Olga Pavlova (Ukrainian-Canadian) uncorks a ten-gallon voice in Hungarian, Ukrainian, Russian, American, and Italian songs, at Zimmerman's Hungaria (163 West 46th) as part of one of the best revues this spacious spot has ever lured with.

A LOT of ex-wearers of Uncle Sam's woolens and cottons, who found the Henry Hudson Hotel (353 West 57th) a hospitable haven when they needed one, are taking satisfaction in bestowing their patronage upon it out of gratitude for favors received and because they happen to like this particular inn—its rooms, its lounges, its gym, swimming pool, etc.—not to mention the Ferris Wheel Bar and the Terrace Room, each containing a piano between which Gregory Franzell shuttles. Looks like manager John Paul Stack will never run out of boarders . . . Central Park without its zoo, the Plaza without its hoss cabs, wouldn't be any destituter than Greenwich Village without its Village Barn. Thank corn this establishment still flourishes as per eighteen years of uniqueness. Same management. Same good food and good nature. Same square dances and rural games. When overalled "Tiny" Clark (one of Idaho's biggest potatoes) calls for yokel talent to take part in these stunts, he gets 'em. Indeed, the readiness with which city slickers shed their sophistication and play wholesome for the hell of it, proves that this Barn (52 West 8th St.) is a boon.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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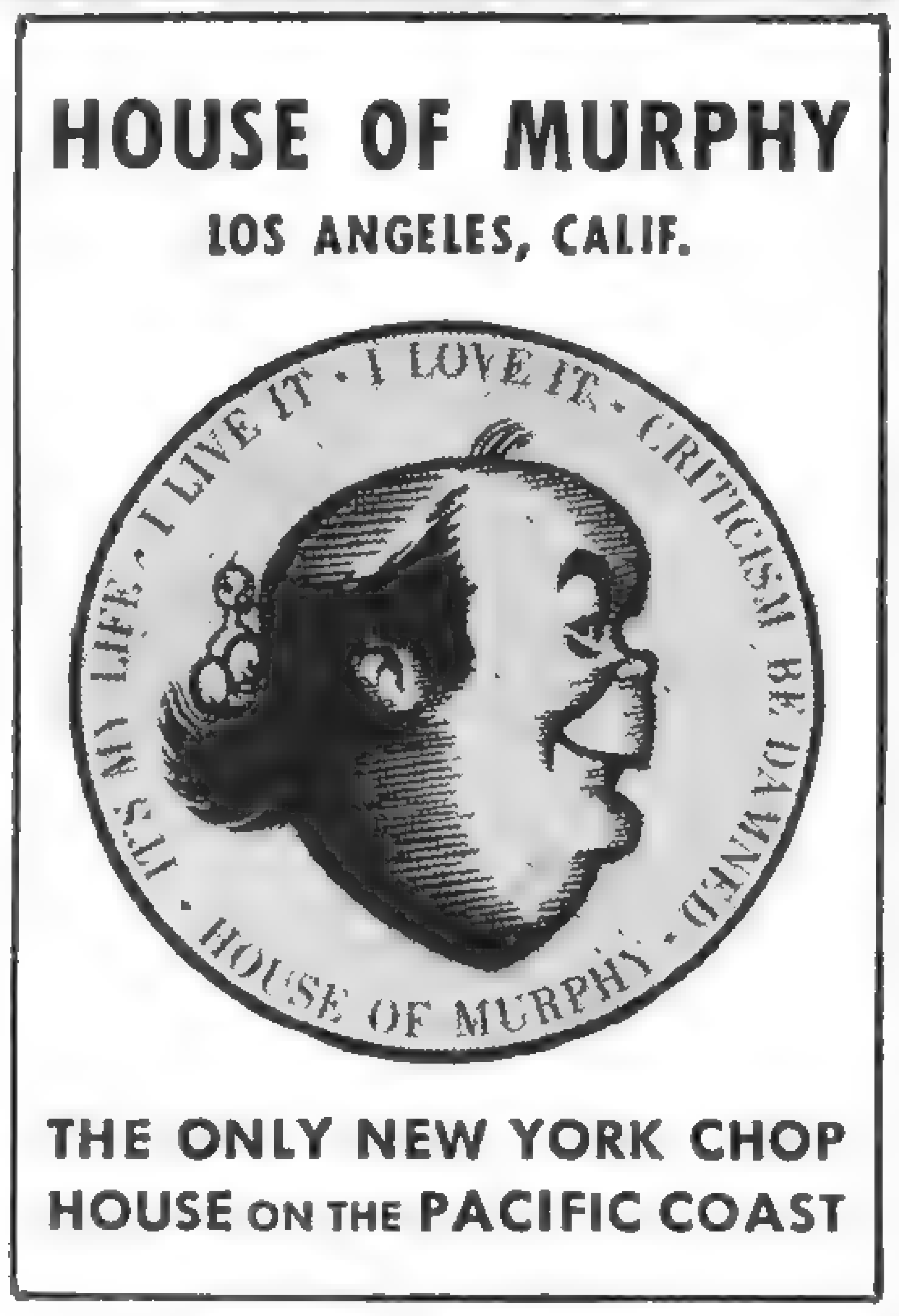

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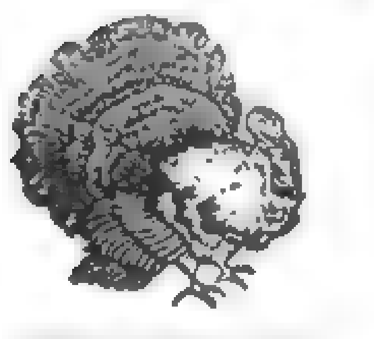

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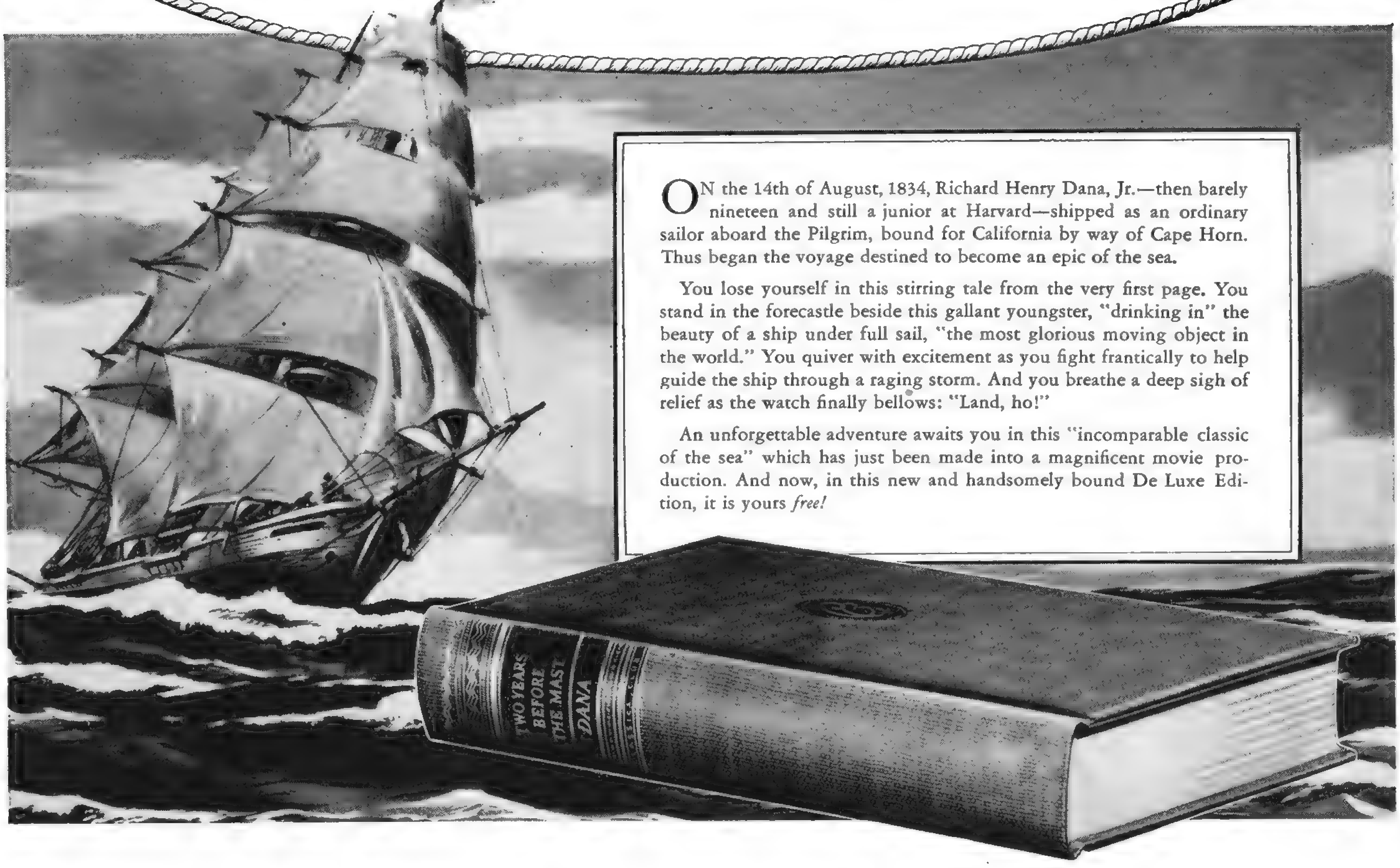
BY RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.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DANA

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Backstage with Esquire

★ The Esquire Gallery

Karl Milroy

KARL MILROY, whom we introduce to Esquire's audience this month with a piquant picture euphemistically titled, *The Chase* (page 88) spent three and a half years in the U. S. Navy before joining Charles E. Cooper Studios in New York. He was born in Madison, Wisconsin, attended the University of Wisconsin, then learned while he labored during several years as a newspaper artist with the Milwaukee *Journal* where he did mostly fashion work. His Number 1 model and most captious critic is his wife, Evelyn—a model for John Robert Powers. JOHN WALTER makes his first sally into Esquire's pictorial pages with his indoor study of an outdoor girl, entitled *End of a Ski Trail.* John was born and bred in Chicago; when he was nine he played the fiddle with such remarkable skill that his parents planned to prepare him for a concert career. However, an art scholarship changed all that—and after graduating from the Marshall High School he entered the Harrison Art School in Chicago. Following the usual routine for apprentice artists, he got a job in a mail-order studio where he worked for four years, until his friends and neighbors called him. During a year's service in the Signal Corps of the Army he was stationed in Louisiana, and passed the rainy winter evenings drawing portraits of his fellow G.I.s at $10 a throw. It occurred to him that character drawing was more stimulating than high-lighting buttons on a mail-order suit, so when he was mustered out of the Army he became an illustrator. Now he's with the Vernon-Stephens-Hall studio in Chicago. You have seen his *toujours amour* drawings in *Collier's*, the *Post* and the *American Weekly.* Twenty-seven years old and single, he derives his inspiration for these ardent tableaus (so far as we know) from playing the violin. Our hearty perennials FRITZ WILLIS and JOE DE MERS (see pages 51 and 52) report that posing for their Esquire pictures is the sure road to glory. They bear out this claim with the following news: one of their models, Miss Annette Warren, who plays both Beethoven and boogie-woogie piano, has appeared on the coast-to-coast Meredith Willson radio show, and also won the lead part in a play for one of Hollywood's little theatre groups. Carol Dunbar, another of their favorite models, has composed a popular song, entitled *Comes Daybreak*, which you'll be hearing. And a third Willis and De Mers discovery was last seen cantering south on La Brea Avenue, toward the Sam Goldwyn Studios.

John Walter

When the dubious distinction of having two left feet kept FRED SPARKS from West Point, he became Arthur Brisbane's office boy, progressed to rewriting and editorships. Currently he's a contributing editor of *Look* and a writer-photographer for other magazines. Thirty-one, red-haired and rangy, he says: "I refuse to substitute my membership in Womrath's lending library for a wife. One can't be married and read at the same time—I know."

JOE BROWN is a member of Princeton University's faculty—teaching both sculpture and boxing, a natural enough combination, when you come to think of it. A Philadelphian, Brown became a professional boxer during his senior year at Temple University and in 1930 he retired undefeated after nine bouts. He became interested in sculpture while posing for Walker Hancock. He has had exhibitions in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati; in 1941 the Montclair Museum of Art awarded him their first-prize medal and in '44 he won the Barnett prize for sculpture at the National Academy of Design. As Civilian Consultant to the Secretary of War, he opened a Physical Trainers' and Athletic Directors' School at Lexington, Virginia, for the then-proposed redeployment program, and returned to Princeton to resume his coaching and sculpting and to write stories like *The Idear Is the Thing.*

Joe Brown

Harry Hamilton

HARRY HAMILTON is, in a sense, an Esquire discovery since *Fiddler with a Strad* (page 54) is his first published short story. However, he has written four books, including *Banjo on My Knee*, which was adapted for the screen, and a play, a Broadway casualty, *Savage Rhythm.* Before and after graduating from Carnegie Tech, he has been a "mess punk" on a freighter, a college professor, and a motion-picture writer. "If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had taken up one more option," he says, "I'd have been in the swimming pool set."

MATTHEW HUTTNER conceived the idea of writing *The Noblest Spirit of Them All* while Assistant Director of Intelligence for the Eighth Air Force. "It came," he writes, "after the Eighth had been called in to help the French clean up the Nazis in the Gironde Estuary. Air support operations were co-ordinated at Cognac, the brandy merchants were kind, and the few bottles I managed to save for my homecoming kept me remembering." He is married to a copywriter whom he gallantly says is "an ideal combination of beauty and brains topped off by wonderful hats."

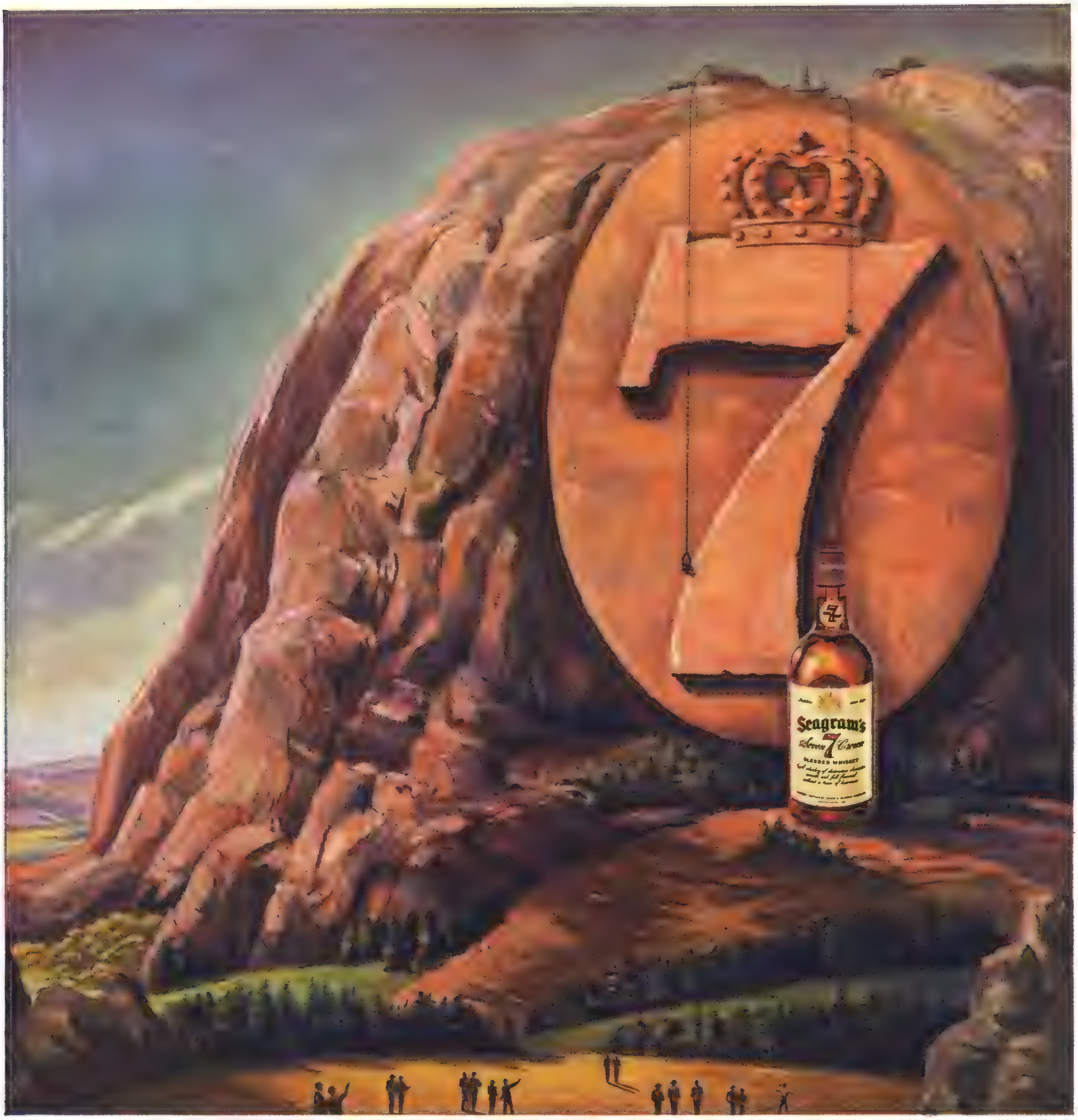
Milton Lehman

MILTON LEHMAN says: "During the war I was a combat correspondent for the *Stars and Stripes*, covering from the dog days in Tunisia through Sicily, Italy and France. The worst period was at Anzio where we learned Americans are not always thundering, victorious hordes, that war means a cemetery full of dead. The Oppenheimer story followed a visit through the Los Alamos valley and a wild race tracking down the professor. I admit that I've become one of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer's many admirers, finding him one of the remaining reasonable voices in an unreasonable age."

After three years with the Marine Corps, which included participating in the Emirau, Guam and Okinawa operations, WILLIAM SHERWOOD, JR. is happy to be a civilian again. He is studying piano and theory at the Chicago Musical College. And to prove he's no cloistered musicologist, he wrote *Sam Nelson's "300" Game* . . . Before World War II, MURRAY MORGAN left newspaper work in Seattle to travel in Europe, but the outbreak of hostilities sent him back to the States. He attended Columbia University to get his master's degree and earned his tuition by writing radio copy for CBS World News. After a hitch as a radio editor of *Time*, he went to Mexico on a traveling Pulitzer scholarship, and returned to join the Army. Morgan is the author of a book on the Aleutian Islands and of some whodunits published with a pseudonym.

CHARLES CARVER graduated from Yale in '38, and worked for an accounting journal preceding the war. In the Navy he worked up to lieutenant, and shipped mainly on minesweepers. After sweeping ahead of the invasions of Gela, Sicily and Salerno, he was sent to Okinawa in time for his ship to be capsized by the big typhoon. Since his discharge he and his wife have lived in Texas.

GEARY BINGHAM has lived in Chicago excepting for his prep school and college years which he spent at Phillips Exeter and Harvard. He says: "I used to think I had traveled widely, having seen most of the United States and visited Europe several times. Since the war, however, I have altered my views since every stripling I meet seems to have been nearly everywhere I have plus nine other countries—the Army and Navy having decided they could see it through without me."



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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The Not Well-Tempered Gallico

FARE
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Admonishing Vets to speak their promised piece and Lippy to do distinctly otherwise

by **PAUL GALLICO**

To the Veterans of World War II: Hey, fellers, when is it going to happen? I mean your taking over the country and running it, the way you said you were going to do. I haven't seen any signs of it as yet. What are you waiting for, middle-age spread?

You are all home now, all the millions of you mustered out, and I can't hear your voices. I don't feel the throb of youth and energy and ambition that beat through Europe and the Pacific. I am disappointed and disillusioned. I had looked forward with some cheer to an America that would be administered by you.

I suppose it is completely naïve of me to be disillusioned, since we, your fathers, flopped on the job in 1920 after World War I. We took our discharges and broke all records for Good Time Charleying. Somehow I hoped and thought you would be different. So many, many more of you got into this one up to your necks, so many more of you got killed, hurt, or had your lives and careers dislocated.

During the war, here and on the other side, I used to listen to you talk. You were saying, "Things are gonna be different this time when we get back. We're gonna have something to say."

That was what I heard from soldier, sailor, flyer, officer, noncom and plain G.I.

I'm listening now. So far the only voice raised loud enough to hear has been that of a filthy-minded paranoid sneak from New York's café-society gin mills who organized a bund along the lines laid down by the late Adolf, to persecute Jews, Negroes and Catholics and take over the country by force. That wasn't what you meant, was it? I didn't think so.

It was tough talk you were giving out with on the other side, but I listened and watched you and thought about it, and it seemed to me that I could live in an America that was run the way you were running your war and yourselves. More, I would like living in it, because it would be young, tough, efficient and fair. There would be less pushing around of people. The little guy would get a break. The windbags would be punctured. The crooks and self-seekers would be rooted out of government. The old men who huff and puff the young ones into wars would be replaced in the halls of the lawmakers by the young, the lean, and the hard-eyed who had suffered.

Where are you? When does it begin?

I asked this question of a cab driver the other day. He wore the veteran's button. He mumbled that he was busy making a living. He'd joined the AVC, but didn't have time to get around to meetings. You know how it is when you got a wife and kids. After you push a cab around all day you don't feel like doing much at night except maybe take the missus to the movies, or hit the hay.

That's what we said and that's what we *did* after 1918. But that isn't what you said you were going to do while this one was going on. Not the way I heard it. This one was a smart Army. There never was a smarter one, or one where more guys who were in there ducking the slugs knew what the score was or who was to blame for the mess in which the world found itself.

What became of all of you? Walking around with chickens in your lapels and tape on your lips? Do you still know what you want? Is it the same thing you wanted when the heat was on? Because if it is, you're not getting it. And from where I sit, you're not even trying. How could so many hard-boiled guys with clear-cut ideas vanish so completely?

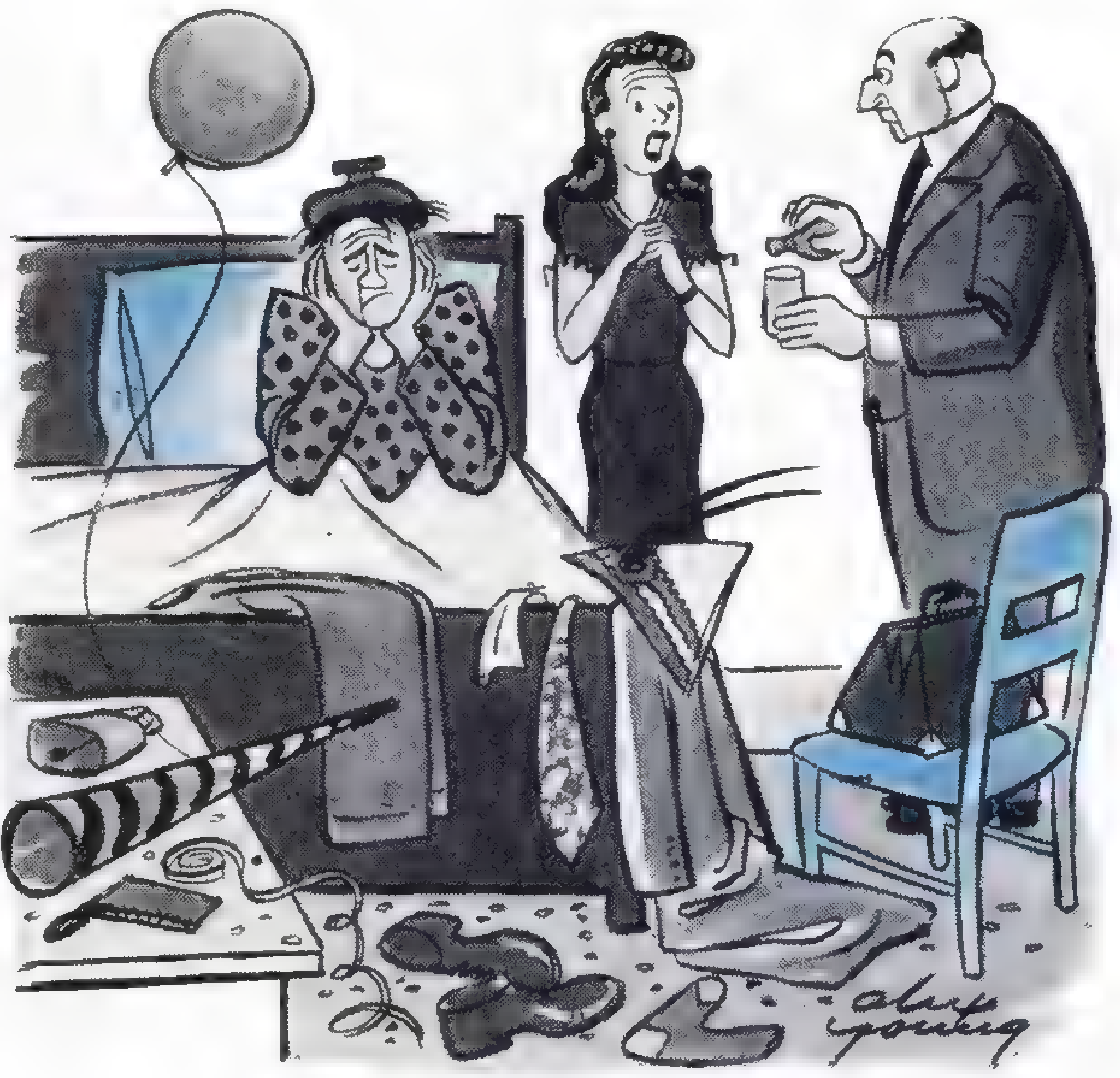
No government in the world is so sensitive to the voice of its citizens as yours. And I don't seem to hear a peep out of you. One gang has been moved out of the saddle by the last election, and another moved in. And where are you Vets? Occupying that same cozy little nest behind the 8-ball—and liking it apparently. I am bitterly disappointed. Off what you were doing and saying, while you were in uniform, you looked and sounded like leaders. I would have followed you. You are flopping, just as we did.

They pushed you around on price control, they pushed you around on housing, they inflated your money, they temporized with the prosperity and security you earned. If you don't holler, who will? Your elected Senate last January had to *compromise* over the admission of a foul-mouthed bigot reported by an investigating committee as having accepted money in war contracts. Your government is prepared to let Big Business set up Germany again and ready it up for the coming of another Hitler. You stand for Russia's Communist Fifth Column infiltrating into every walk of American life, including your own organizations.

Boy, you said you were going to have one good sleep when the shooting was over, but I didn't think you were going to snooze forever. When you wore combat boots and the brown or blue uniform, you complained that you were not permitted to gripe to your Congressman. What's stopping you now? You gave up the best years of your lives to preserve the right to think, speak, shout or write as you liked. Then why don't you?

Where are you all, you guys who walked through the Siegfried Line or went ashore at Iwo Jima, the pilots and the bombardiers, the artillerymen who bivouacked under their Long Toms, the destroyer men and the Coast Guardsmen, the Marines, the automatic riflemen and the tank pushers, the cooks and bakers and machine gunners and engineers and boatswains mates, beachmasters and bomber crews? You had it all so clear in your heads where our failure lay while the guns were thudding and chaffering. What touted you off?

You fought to retain the most powerful weapons the world has ever known, the secret ballot and the rights (*Continued on page 125*)



"It's all so sudden, Doctor—only last night he was the life of the party"

Mr. Existential Brooks

In which it is demonstrated, ever so slyly, that the philosophical rage of Paris stems from an American pop tune

by A. J. LIEBLING

KIERKEGAARD, Husserl, Heidegger and Jaspers (pronounced Yaspers), whose combined names sound like a University of Wisconsin backfield, are four Teutonic-language philosophers from whose muddled musings a Frenchman named Jean-Paul Sartre has extracted a way of looking at life celebrated under the name of existentialism. The name in itself is attractive; everybody feels participating interest in existence and a competence to argue about it. A public in Paris, which could have easily refrained from talking about something called Neo-Platonism or J. K. Willis' Universal System of Picking Horses, plunged into endless café-table squabbles about Monsieur Sartre's version of the backfield's ideas. The personality of Monsieur Sartre is well-calculated to stimulate excitement about any product he pitches; besides being one of the talented writers of our generation, he is a needler. In this he resembles his compatriot Louis Aragon and also that irritating stripling Monsieur George Bernard Shaw.

Monsieur Sartre, when he spent some time in the United States last spring, had only words of praise for the New York hotel custom of chucking a guest out after he has stayed five days. "In this way," he said, "I am disembarrassed every five days of the tiresome acquaintances I have accumulated, and also by leaving no forwarding address I avoid the necessity to answer many letters." The only English words he admitted knowing how to say were "Scotch and sodah." This saved him from having to answer a lot of questions and met most of the requirements of his New York life. He understands and reads English quite well, however.

Existentialism caught on in France during the years of German occupation, when the day-to-day outlook was so bleak that people turned to abstract preoccupations. Sartre's play *Huis Clos*, finally presented and published in New York this season under the title of *No Exit* (Knopf), was the reigning hit of Paris in 1943 and in 1944, when the liberating Armies reached the city. It had been preceded by one called *Les Mouches* (*The Flies*), a treatment of the theme of vengeance which the German censor completely misunderstood. *The Flies* is included in the Knopf volume. While his philosophy and his plays kept him before the public, Sartre, a stubby, apple-cheeked little man with a bad eye and a bundled-up way of dressing, as if he were continually afraid of catching cold, was playing an active underground role in the Resistance.

Sartre's existentialism is less an original philosophy than an attitude with a philosophical basis, or perhaps an attitude for which he has borrowed a philosophical basis. Man is compelled to exist, which is disgusting and absurd, and to continue to exist after death, which is humiliating. He exists in the same involuntary way as a flat stone or a chestnut tree, and yet must assume full responsibility for his absurd, disgusting, humiliating, involuntary existence, which however includes a few palliatives (Scotch and sodah, for example). Kierkegaard, I have it on pure hearsay, argued that there must be a Supreme Being, because if there weren't, this absurdity would have no meaning. Albert Camus, a friend and intellectual sparring partner of Sartre's, rejects this conclusion. "That is precisely what makes it so perfectly absurd," he says. "It has no meaning at all." He refuses to be classed as an existentialist: "I am an absurdist," he proclaims. Sartre is forty-two and Camus thirty-five, and they are both very cheerful social beings. "Let us be brave," their manner seems to say as they reach for that eighth drink. "Let us be stoics."

Camus, besides being a playwright and a novelist, was for a year after the Liberation one of the most distinguished writers of newspaper editorials in France. He is a former amateur middleweight who has bad lungs and looks younger than he is, in a thin, caved-in way. He resembles the kind of kid who would be hanging around a neighborhood poolroom, looking for a handicap of 25 from a fellow he knows he can beat even. But his potentialities are tremendous. I'd like to have a dollar on him in a future book, if there were one, on who will do the best writing in the world within the next few years. At attractive odds, of course.

Having now told you all about existentialism and the absurd, I will get around to my main thesis. This is that the father, or at least the foster father, of the whole existentialist movement, lives right here in the United States, in a place called Fontana, California, which is so small that I have no idea what part of California it is in, even. I could find out from the *World Almanac* or an atlas, I suppose, but it is immaterial. It is outside the New York City limits. This foster father, or Stephen-Foster father, since he is a song writer (I am nothing if not killingly funny, when I am in the mood), is named Shelton Brooks. Mr. Brooks is part colored and part Cherokee Indian, and was born sixty-one years ago in Amesburg, Ontario, according to the autobiographical note in the files of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. His responsibility for a movement that has set French women writers to pulling hair in the Café de Flore and editors of American *avant-garde* quarterlies to biting each others' lips with *mépris* (contempt), is probably unknown to Mr. Brooks, one of the early players of a hot piano. I hope it does not come as too much of a shock.

The way I arrive at my conclusion is this—and you will have to follow me carefully step by step. Monsieur Sartre was graduated from the Ecole Normale Supérieure, the most difficult equivalent of an American graduate school in the French university system, at the age of nineteen. This instantly marked him a prodigy. Graduates of the Ecole Normale become professors in *lycées* (junior colleges) and eventually, if they are outstanding, are promoted to chairs in universities. Monsieur Sartre taught philosophy for a while in the *Lycée* at Le Havre, where he had as one of his pupils a

friend of mine who on a subsequent date set out to have a drink at every bar in Radio City in one afternoon, but that is a digression. (The fellow might have made it, but instead of having just one drink at each bar he had two at the second, three at the third, and so on. He bogged down at the fifth, sixth or seventh bar, I cannot now remember which.) Le Havre, a bustling modern city with a municipal psychology like Bridgeport, Connecticut, or Houston, Texas, got Professor Sartre down. When he got around to writing about it in a novel he called it Bouville—Mudville.

Being possessed of the cockroach, which is the French equivalent of the blues, he wrote a novel about a young man in his own psychological situation, in this Bouville which was Le Havre. The novel had the cheerful title of *La Nausée—Nausea.* This nausea was the horror that came over the hero whenever he reflected on the intolerable circumstance that he existed—and still would even if he committed suicide. This was his first novel, and while it attracted little public attention when it was published in 1938, it is still being reprinted as often as the paper supply allows, and bought whenever it appears in a book shop window. It contains all the kernel of what Sartre subsequently expanded into his "system" of existentialism, and most of the themes that he reworked in later novels like *The Age of Reason* (which Knopf intends to publish here soon) and *Suspended Sentence.* Neither *Suspended Sentence* nor *Nausea* is yet listed for American publication.

BURLESQUE
60
GIRLS
GIRLS
GIRLS
WILD WEST
REVUE!
NEXT SHOW 7
Angelo

Antoine Roquentin, the protagonist of *Nausea,* which is written in the form of a diary, is a young scholar who has come to Bouville to be near material for a biography of the Marquis de Rollebon, an enigmatic minor figure of eighteenth-century history whose papers are in the municipal library. He never finishes the biography, of course. (The device of an unfinished piece of research as an index of the hero's gradual loss of interest in life is becoming a minor tradition of the modern novel. Pierre, the hero of Aragon's *The Century Was Young,* is always meaning to get back to work on his monograph on John Law, the Mississippi Bubble financier; Jack Burden in Robert Penn Warren's *All The King's Men* spends parts of several years trying to get himself to finish a study of a fictional Civil War soldier named Cass Mattern; Major Wyatt, the hero of a number of Edward Newhouse's short stories, finds that the work on Lewis and Clark, which he had begun before the war, means nothing to him on his return.)

The mood he calls nausea (he doesn't actually vomit, just feels like it) comes over him more and more frequently. He meets his former mistress, Anny, and they agree that it is all over for them—they are both "dead." His casual relationship with Françoise, the proprietress of the Railwaymen's Café, ceases to have even a casual interest. A dreadful scene in which a library attendant beats up a pitiful little homosexual for touching a boy's hand completes Antoine's overwhelming disgust with Mudville in particular and the world in general. The best antidote he has found, when the nausea becomes acute, is to ask Françoise, or Madeleine, the waitress in the Railwaymen's Café, to play an old American jazz record that by some chance happens to be in the house—an early-twenties recording of a number Sophie Tucker is probably still singing—*Some of These Days.*

In the final chapter of the book, when Roquentin, having witnessed the scene at the library, is at his very lowest, waiting for a train to take him to Paris where he intends to vegetate, simply exist and await the death that he thinks will be inconclusive, he has Madeleine play the record once again. Thus neatly encumbered by his despondency, he begins to think about the man who must have written the song.

"I think of a clean-shaven American with heavy black eyebrows, smothering in the heat of a twentieth-floor apartment in New York," Roquentin (who is Sartre) writes. "Above New York the sky is burning, the blue of the sky is on fire, enormous yellow flames lick at the roofs; the kids of Brooklyn, in swimming trunks, huddle in the spray of the fire hoses." (This was something Sartre, who had not yet been in America, had seen in the newsreels.) "The darkened room on the twentieth floor cooks on a high flame. The black-browed American sighs, pants, and sweat rolls down his cheeks. He is in shirt-sleeves, seated before his piano; there is a taste of smoke in his mouth and, vaguely, the ghost of a tune in his head. *Some of These Days.*—It happened like that. Like that or some other way, it doesn't matter much. It's like that that the song was born. It chose the weary body of that Jew with coal-black brows to be born in.—I think of that guy.—He did that. He had beefs of his own—bills to pay, probably, and there must have been a woman somewhere who didn't think as well of him as he would have wished—and then that heat wave.—He had luck. Probably he didn't know it. He just thought, 'With luck that tune will get me fifty bucks.'—

"I'd like to know more about that guy—it would interest me to know what kind of troubles he had; if he had a wife or if he lived alone.—Just to be able to think of him, now and then, listening to this record.—But maybe he's dead. Me, I'd be happy to be in his place.—Maybe one can justify one's existence? A little bit, perhaps?"

So Roquentin (read Sartre) finds his solution, and goes out into the world to write a novel that will be as good as the song *Some of These Days* ("You're going to miss me, honey"). However sanguine Sartre's own feelings about the matter may be, Camus and I agree that it is only a temporary solution at the very best: after Roquentin had written the novel, he wouldn't be able to tell how good it was, but it kept him going.

I don't know if Sartre ever did find out anything about the man who wrote *Some of These Days,* words and music. If he did, the awakening must certainly have been rude. Brooks obviously isn't the kind of composer Roquentin visualized, and he couldn't have lived in a twentieth-floor New York apartment because Jim Crow landlords wouldn't have rented him one. He's a slender, small-featured colored man. I once saw him playing the piano in Murray Bennett's saloon on Eighth Avenue, but that was some time ago and I assume that now he is retired. He was twenty-four when he wrote *Some of These Days,* in 1910, and when he put lyrics and tune together he was playing a vaudeville house in Cincinnati. He had had the tune in his head for weeks and had used it on the piano, but he hadn't been able to think of words, he told an interviewer years ago, until he heard a man and woman wrangling right in the theatre alley. "Some of these days, you're going to miss me!" the dame shrilled. And just like that, he had it. Anyway that's the way Shelton told the story when they asked him about it. He was a comedian as well as a pianist (probably he danced a little, too, although I haven't heard about that).

Once he did an imitation of Bert Williams, the great Negro comic, while Williams was in the house. Williams came backstage still laughing and said, "If I am like your imitation, I am the funniest man I ever saw." In 1917 he wrote another great song, *Darktown Strutters Ball* ("I'll be down to get you in a taxi, honey"). That was out in San Francisco, and the ball he meant was an annual event on the Barbary Coast, to which procurers invited their favorite girls. It was a mighty gaudy fixture. Brooks, like Villon, took his inspiration where he could find it. He wrote a great many other songs, but none whose titles start me humming or tapping reminiscently. I hasten to explain that I am anything but a connoisseur, however. As a matter of fact, it proves to me how good *Some of These Days* and *Darktown Strutters* must be because even I know them.

Also, Sartre might like to know that Brooks got a lot more than fifty dollars out of *Some of These Days.* It was a real hit when it was new, and with *Darktown Strutters* and the rest it has entitled him to a fair rating in ASCAP, which collects large payments on all public performances for profit of all its members' music and distributes the money according to the musician's classification. So he gets what ASCAP says is a pretty snug income (they won't quote figures).

Only for Shelton, there might never have been any existentialism. ⧺

Sharks

Negresco assured his unhappy companions in the longboat that a violent end was infinitely better than dying of thirst

by GERALD KERSH

"Wonder what it feels like to be eaten by a shark?" I asked.

Negresco, a man of imagination, replied: "I should think almost painless. Consider the force with which they bite. It is like a bullet wound. You feel nothing at first. And by the time sensation comes back, you are gone—half-digested. Look at them, nuzzling around the boat. They are designed for a quick bite—snap, and finished! Nature is like that. He who can gulp most at a mouthful, he survives. Hence there are so many sharks. When all is said and done, they are magnificent animals. See how fast they move! Like machines. Swish, through the water! What chance would a man stand?"

"I was only wondering," I said. "A shark bite would be quicker than dying of thirst."

"It is only a matter of making up your mind," said Negresco. "Things like this, in themselves, are not painful. Anticipation, only, is painful. I think it was Mark Twain who said that, in the course of his lifetime, he had many troubles, only most of them never happened. This is the same kind of thing. Mark my words, friend, death is not painful. Only that which precedes death is painful. And the worst things of all happen in your imagination. A shark bite. Foo! What is a shark bite? You can last no longer than a few seconds. Whereas dying of thirst is infinitely more painful. Every cell in your body shrieks for water. You dry up while still alive. Your tongue curls back and swells. You want to tear yourself apart and drink yourself."

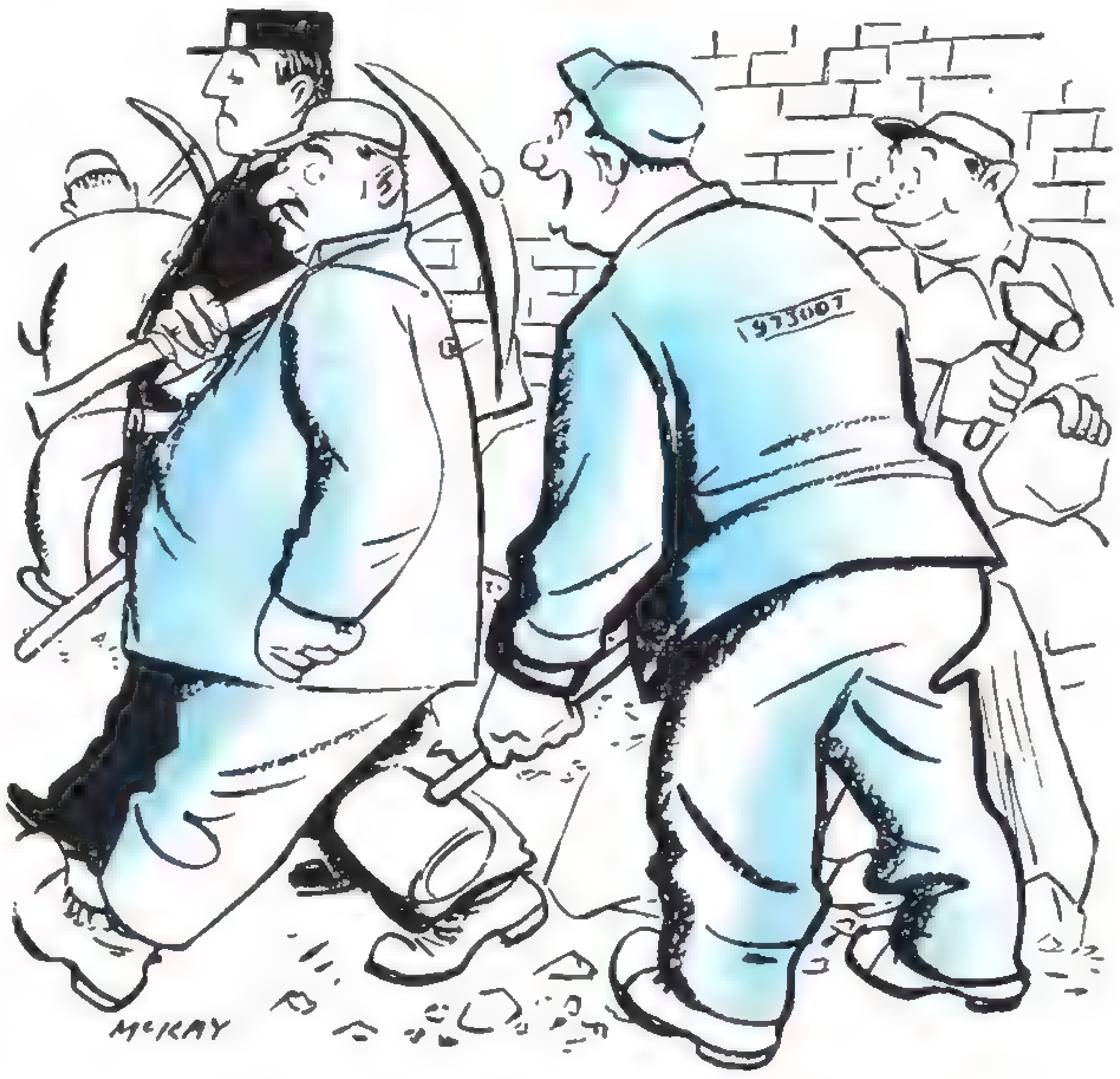
He smiled. I wondered, then, how he could possibly smile, as he sat there, his arms about his knees and his back to the locker. And even as I looked at him, his smile faded. He looked at Captain Hammer, who was lying between us.

"I thought he was finished," said Negresco.

Captain Hammer groaned and sat up, groping at his head. He was a little man, strongly built. He looked like a giant pressed down. The Americans would call him "chunky." He was all breadth and depth, with light brown hair and a mustache like copper wire, an indestructible little man.

"It would take more than a bang on the head to finish Hammer," I told Negresco. He nodded.

Negresco was a handsome man—tall, swarthy, with white teeth. We took him aboard at Papeete. If I had been superstitious I might have said he had brought us bad luck. Since we left Papeete nothing had gone right. We had lost three men. Our ship, the *Varvara*, was difficult at the best of times. There had been trouble. The hands said: "Go back. Madness to go on." Hammer had produced a Luger pistol; said there were eleven or twelve bullets in the handle; and swore to blow the head off the next man to argue. John the Finn protested, and Hammer shot him in the thigh. After that the men went back to work, but the heart was knocked out of them. They felt everything was lost. So it was. When the storm came, it tore us to pieces. There was nothing to be done. The men got at the gin in the hold and drowned their fears. We left them there to sing and to die, and flew into the teeth of the wind and the storm and the face of providence in the longboat.



"Ah, Judge . . . we meet again"

The storm had passed. Dawn came and I found myself blinking up into the eyes of Negresco; and it was then that I felt thirst. But there was no water. As the sun rose higher, I thought of death from thirst and wondered what it felt like to be eaten by sharks. The sea was alive with them, but my thirst was becoming unbearable.

"It was an unlucky voyage," said Captain Hammer, holding his head. Then he flicked his lips, upon which there was a white crust of salt and said: "Water."

"No water," said Negresco.

"Eh?" said Hammer. "You're lying. Come on, mister. In that locker, there, behind you. There's two kegs. Come on, I tell you."

"No," said Negresco.

We looked at him. I saw Hammer's hand creep round to the back of his coat.

"No use," said Negresco. "I took it off while you were unconscious during the night." And he drew Captain Hammer's Luger, a much used, evil-looking weapon, with a foresight like the dorsal fin of a shark and a narrow, cold muzzle.

"The idea?" asked Hammer, quietly.

"Listen, you fools," said Negresco, "just sit still and listen to me. Hammer, there's no use fumbling for that knife. I pitched it overboard when I took your gun. Now listen. I've got the gun, see? That means to say I've got the whip hand. Now sit still. There aren't two kegs in the locker. There is only one. And that one is not very full. See? We are about seven days from land. Oh, it's all right, my friends. I watched the course, and I kept an eye on the direction of the storm. I calculate seven days."

"What the hell do you know about it?" asked Hammer.

"Enough," said Negresco. "I calculate seven days. All right. We will call it ten. So. There is one keg of water. And that one is less than two-thirds full. *Bon.* Let us assume, for sake of argument, that it will take this boat ten days to reach land, and that there are, at most, four gallons of water. *Bon? Bon!* Three into four goes one and one third. Yes? Yes. That leaves only one and one-third gallons for each of us, then, to last ten days. Is that not so? You must agree that this is correct. It is mathematics.

"So what are we to do, my friends? I will tell you. It is regrettable, but necessary. I will have the water. You shall have none. It is a matter of self-preservation."

"We could last out," said Hammer.

"Perhaps," said Negresco, "but it would be a very terrible thing. A few teaspoonfuls of water a day? Ah, no, then."

"So what?" said Hammer.

"So what? I will tell you what," said Negresco. "I am going to kill you."

"You can't kill me," said Hammer. Then he changed his tone and said: "Listen, Negresco. Put that gun away and I'll tell you something. Something good."

"No," said Negresco, smiling. "I am too old a bird to be caught that way."

"For God's sake, Negresco," I said. "Either shoot or don't shoot, and have done with it. But don't keep pointing that gun!"

"So you wonder how it feels to be *(Continued in center of page 128)*

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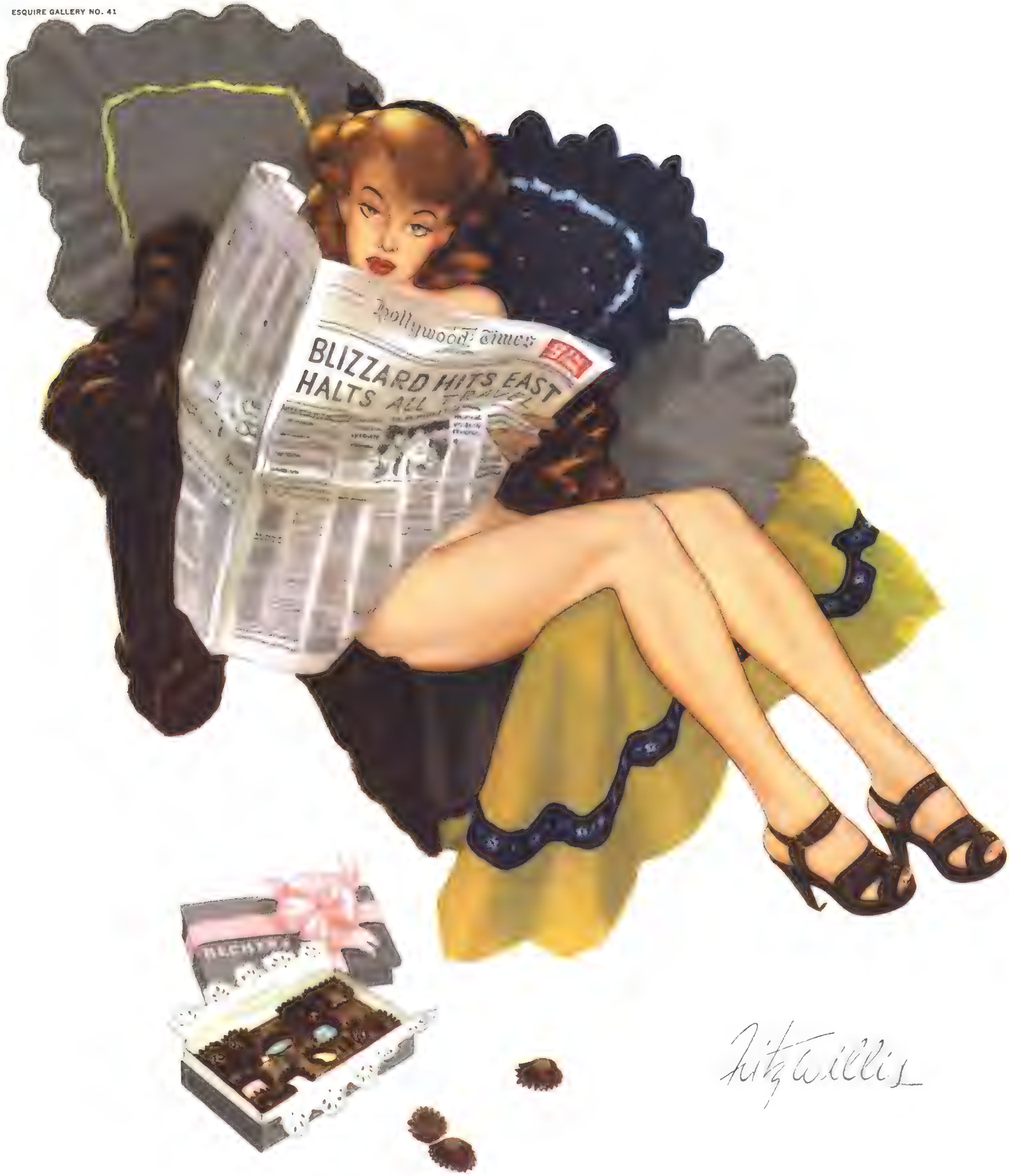
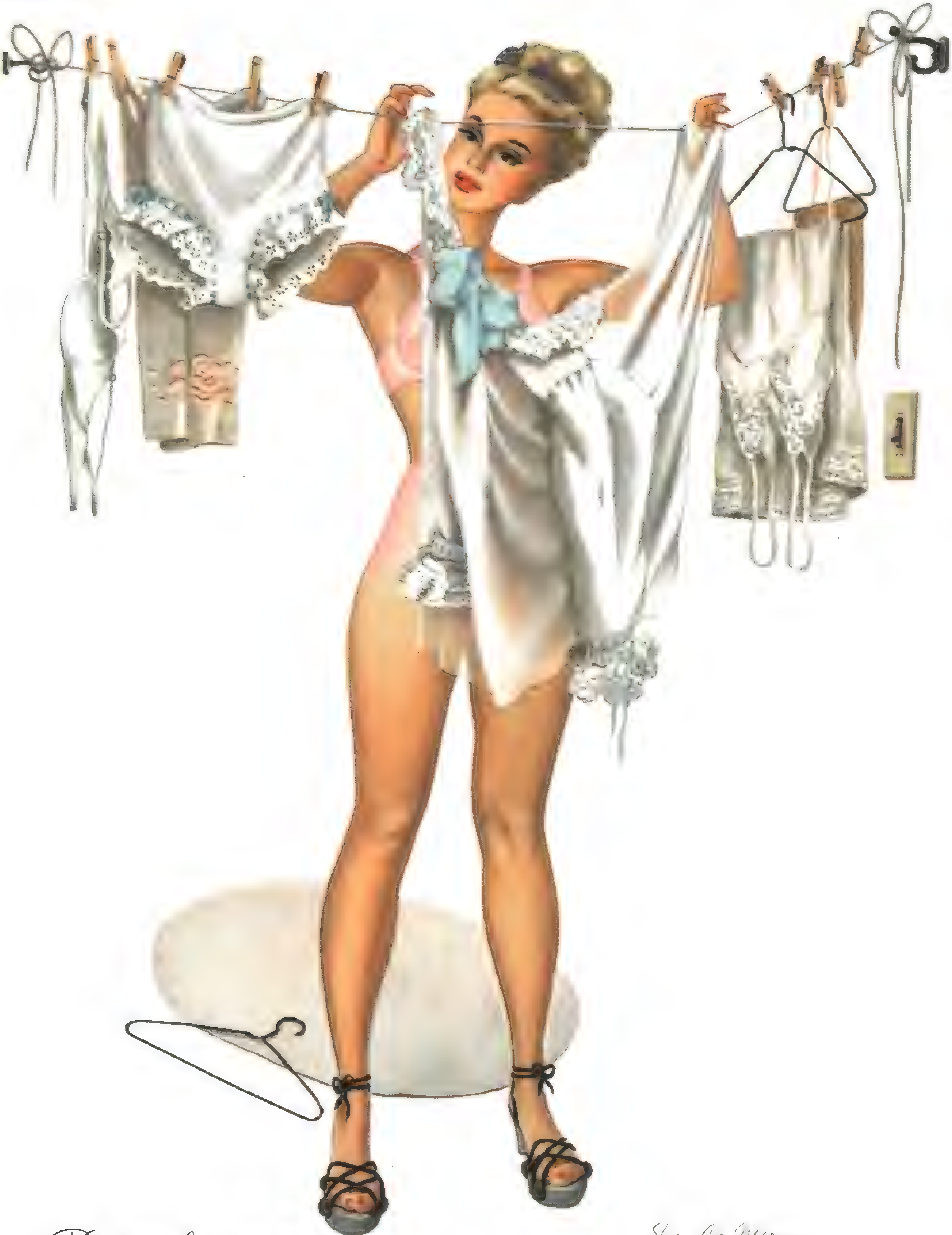


Relaxation by FRITZ WILLIS

At her complete comfort and surrounded by her own warmth, our Esquire Girl of the Golden West has just settled down for a long quiet night's ease. A model of that something the California Chamber of Commerce is forever extolling but can never do justice by, she is Fritz Willis' happy offering to those unhappy males still snowbound to the North and East, a promise that however blustery the blizzard, spring will soon be serenely arriving. Shrug off that unseasonable mood, gentlemen, no matter how pressing the circumstance. Those Pacific zephyrs are even now being toasted in sunshine and wafted your way.



Ritual by JOE DE MERS

Secretary, model, executive, sales clerk—she who lives alone out of devotion to a career must be a self-sufficient maid. In proof of which the artist presents this portrait of an Esquire Girl going through live-alone-and-like-it motions familiar to lasses from Washington, D. C. to Puget Sound. Gentlemen who bemoan such single living as criminal waste may take assurance from history. Even as so many thousands of her once independent sisters have done and are doing, our wonderful blonde will inevitably shake off the phony blessedness of her solitary way in favor of the more savory satisfactions which come only from sharing.

First-Night Jitters

Choice samples of unwitting comedy that has amused some playwrights, actors and producers and driven others to madness

by KEN MILLER

No genius in the theatrical trade who's ever reached for his bromo or ulcer tablet can explain the neurological storm which assails him and reduces him to a babbling wreck at curtain time, be the show a virginal unveiling in a whistle-stop tryout town, or a tinsel and Tiffany glittering New York first night.

In those last frantic moments before the house lights darken and the audience simmers nervously down to a faint, restless stirring in the seats, playwright, producer and manager—all, except the performers who have to stand and take it—tumble through psychiatric capers which make one wonder if the better show is not going on behind the scenes.

For instance, the join-the-pilgrimage-to-the-men's-room group, of which playwright Moss Hart is charter nomad, flock to that glistening emporium on openings regularly, as though monastic asylum could be found within its tile and porcelain calm. Quite often so huge is the throng of dyspeptic fellow pilgrims, legitimate trade is turned away, which brings up an interesting theory as to why supposedly whiz-bang shows are rapped mercilessly. Drama critics may have been among those denied entrance to that sacrosanct smoker.

And speaking of first-night literary carrions, they tell the story of the tipsy drama scribe who staggered into an opening with his cute, but equally lit, blonde jolly. They lolled through the first act and at its conclusion, the critic nudged his lady friend and said, "Lesh get a drink."

Outside, the gay companions wandered into a bar near by. They drank for awhile, long past the beginning of the second act. Suddenly remembering that an eager public awaited his happily confused knifings of shows, the writer, with his cutie, decided to return to the play, a rather dreary drama.

Directions slightly fogged by now with their heavy absorption of good bourbon, they selected the nearest theatre and lurched inside.

Onstage were several mikes, and a large all-girl orchestra and all-girl choir were nauseatingly moaning out a cathedral effect to *Mairzy Doats*.

"Migod," hiccoughed the critic. "They've changed the play. It's a revival meeting now!"

Of course they'd been snared into one of the radio broadcast theatres in the forties.

Among the theatrical gentry there is the must-get-out-of-town-can't-bear-to-see-anyone fraternity who refuse to be near a theatre on opening night. They go to Atlantic City or Baffin Bay, or spear eel by electric torch in the Bronx River at night—just to put distance between themselves and an audience.

Others pace back and forth in front of the theatre talking to taxi drivers, citizens, panhandlers—anyone who'll divert them from thinking of their child onstage, which they are certain is already being torn to shreds by a wolf pack of drama reviewers.

Probably the jumpiest case of nerves among the better playwrights afflicts George S. Kaufman. In one of his shows, he paced back and forth in the rear of the house, groaning audibly each time a performer loused up his lines, to the annoyance of the people seated in the rear. Finally one bejeweled matron turned and froze Kaufman with a hard glance. "Young man," the lady from the lifted pinky set demanded, "if you don't like the play, you can get out!"

S. N. Behrman, the bleeding heart of the drawing room, who, from a sofa, has remade the world six times, without the atomic bomb, runs hot and cold on his opening ventures. Sometimes he'll burrow into a closetlike hotel room in midtown, or attend the noisiest musicals. He has been known to attend the theatre on the road, especially the openings of his former colleagues in the Playwrights' Company.

At an out of town première of Maxwell Anderson's *Knickerbocker Holiday*, Behrman suddenly developed a terrific sense of responsibility and decided to circulate among the audience and find out how things were going. Down to the washroom, a favorite testing ground, strode Behrman. Leaning over a washbowl was a young man. Behrman tapped him on the shoulder. "How do you like the show?" Behrman inquired breezily.

Startled, the young man studied Behrman. "I think it's good," he said finally.

Behrman beamed. "Glad to hear it. I'll tell the author what you said."

"Would you?" the lad questioned. "He's my father."

As a rule, the members of the Playwrights' Company lock themselves in solemn conclave before and after the openings of their respective shows. When the *Talley Method* bowed in New York, Elmer Rice kept telling Behrman, "Make me laugh, Sam. Make me laugh." Behrman was in no mood for laughter, having rewritten his piece so many times even the practiced Ina Claire, the star of the show, fluffed her lines more than once, reverting back to previously rehearsed bits of business cut before the opening.

Often the mental hernia of the manager makes itself felt among the performers and stagehands and you find curtains going up instead of down on murder scenes, with supposed corpses blithely rising in full view of the audience. Naturally, the illusory mood is destroyed and with an audience howling like a convention of Milton Berle mothers at THE SCENE, heavy-browed playwrights wish they'd stuck to pants pressing or selling brassières. This extemporaneous insertion makes or breaks a bowing show. Mostly breaks.

Generally, first-night nervousness strikes newcomers more often than the conditioned artisans. It is not expected of a veteran performer to be less than perfect when his show debuts in New York. How the beaucoup double-eagle boys backing the piece wish it were so!

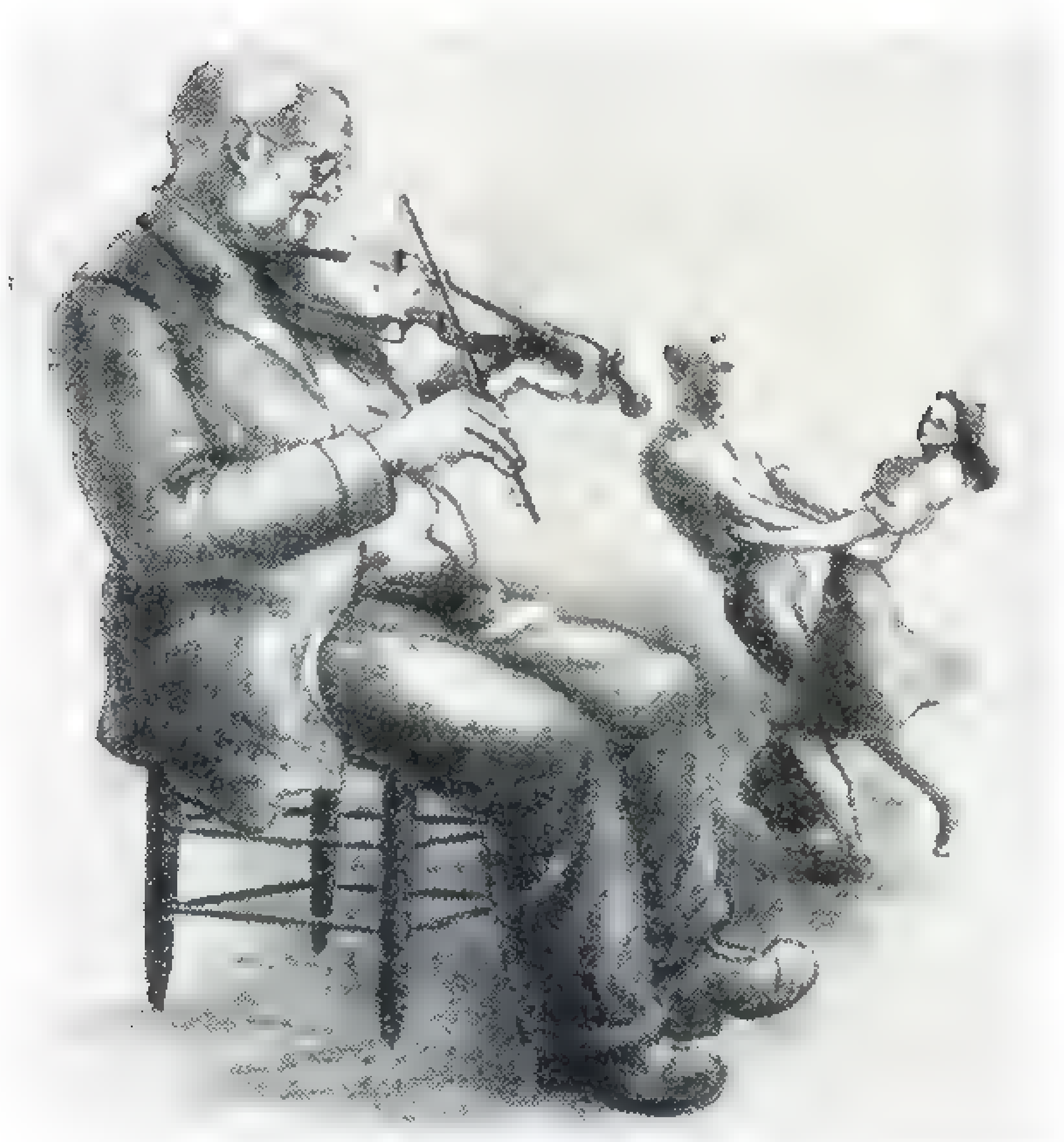
Many a time an experienced actor or actress unwittingly pulls a stunt straight out of a high-school repertoire.

In *Night in the House*, starring Josephine Hull, which folded quicker than a headwaiter's brush-off at the Stork Club, a vicious old gypsy (Nance O'Neil) was to scare Mildred Natwick to death to collect a carved amber statuette. On a two-level set designed by Aline Bernstein, Miss O'Neil arrived at (*Continued on page 221*)

The shanty-boat fisherman was no fool, and in truth there wasn't enough money in the world to buy his precious vi'lin

Fiddler with a Strad

by HARRY HAMILTON



HUNTLEY

Common sense told me it couldn't possibly be a genuine Stradivarius. How could a Strad have come into the hands of a hillbilly fiddler on a Mississippi River shanty boat? However, when I held it in my hands and felt it throbbing like something alive, I knew even before I saw the inscription on the back that, incredible though it was, there could be no mistake.

At least I had sense enough not to let him know how excited I was at the discovery. "Where'd you get the violin?" I asked, trying to make the question sound casual.

"Vi'lin? Fella I bought it from said it was a fiddle," the old man answered. "Gave a dollar fer it twenty years ago." His shaggy eyebrows almost hid the deep-set, neutral-colored eyes which studied me shrewdly. "Play 'er yourself?"

I nodded, still trying to seem offhand. "Little." Even if I'd told him my name, it wouldn't have meant anything to him, but there was no point in taking a chance on tipping him off.

The fiddler smiled politely, revealing stumps of tobacco-blackened teeth, and handed me the bow. "Want to try 'er?" His smile broadened as I tucked the violin under my chin instead of resting it on my chest, as he had done. The bow was a cheap one, but a low tone vibrated richly as I drew it across the strings of the instrument. "Reckon it's a vi'lin when you clamp your chin down on it an' a fiddle when you hold it the way I do."

Apparently the man wasn't ignorant. His name was Amos Tilson and I had heard about him from a young *Commercial Appeal* reporter who interviewed me just before a concert in Memphis. I'd happened to say that sometimes the Tennessee mountaineers had valuable old violins; a friend of mine had bought a Cremona from an old woman near Nashville for $100, although later his conscience bothered him and he went back to give her $5,000. This reporter told me about Amos Tilson's fiddle, which he'd heard was an old one. The shanty boat was moored over on the Arkansas side of the river, about twenty miles above Memphis, so I rented a car and drove up there alone the afternoon after my concert. The old man was dressing fish when I got there, with swift flashes of his long knife slashing them open, gutting them, then tossing them into a box for shipping. His helper, a young man about twenty-one, named Luther, seemed clumsy by comparison. I told Amos I'd heard he was a good fiddler, and he replied with no show of false modesty that he reckoned that was about the size of it. After he had finished dressing the day's catch and Luther had put the box into his skiff to go somewhere for ice, Amos washed his hands in the Mississippi, wiped them on the legs of his pants and nodded hospitably toward the shanty-boat door.

He went inside for his fiddle and brought it out, wrapped in a pillowcase. Before he unwrapped it, he insisted that I take the one straight-backed chair, and he sat down on an old box which had once contained canned tomatoes. Then I saw the violin for the first time. It was tawny-colored, the shade of well-aged honeycomb with a rich patina on it. He placed it against his chest and began to play. He was good, I'll say that for him. Even if his fiddle had had a less distinguished origin, his music would have been worth listening to. He played tunes I had never heard, but which he said he hadn't made up himself; he'd heard his father play them, and he didn't know how his father learned them. Most of them had such names as *Gal on a Log, Frog in the Corn Jug, Root Hawg er Die.* Folk songs have become so commonplace lately that I hesitate to call them that; neither were they strictly hillbilly tunes. There was something individual about them, and I felt a sudden rush of envy that this untrained fisherman, whose shirt had been washed but not ironed, could create such sounds from a wooden box; of course it probably made a difference that the wooden box had been made by one Stradivarius at a time when catfish were reasonably safe from capture by white men in the Mississippi River.

I don't remember what it was I played on the violin, but it was a simple melody like *Home Sweet Home* or *Old Black Joe.* There is something in the soul of a fine violin which transcends the medium it voices, so I soon forgot the inferior bow and the coarse strings. I knew, before I had played a dozen measures, that I had to own it.

I tried to decide what to offer him for it. I remembered the old woman near Nashville, but Amos Tilson was a different proposition. Offering him $100, then coming back later with a conscience fund, wouldn't go with him. "What do you want for it?" I asked idly.

"'Tain't fer sale," Amos said promptly.

"I know, but you would sell it, wouldn't you, if I offer you enough money?"

He shook his head decisively. "Nope. Folks round here gits right smart o' pleasure out o' hearin' me play my fiddle. Reckon I git right smart out o' playin' fer 'em, too."

"Maybe I'll give you enough that you can buy a new violin and have money left over to spend."

"Then why don't you buy yourself the new 'un?"

"I like yours better."

"So do I," Amos replied amiably.

I had decided to offer him a thousand dollars, but I realized it would be a mistake. "I like it ten thousand dollars' worth." I had dropped my air of casualness and leaned forward tensely.

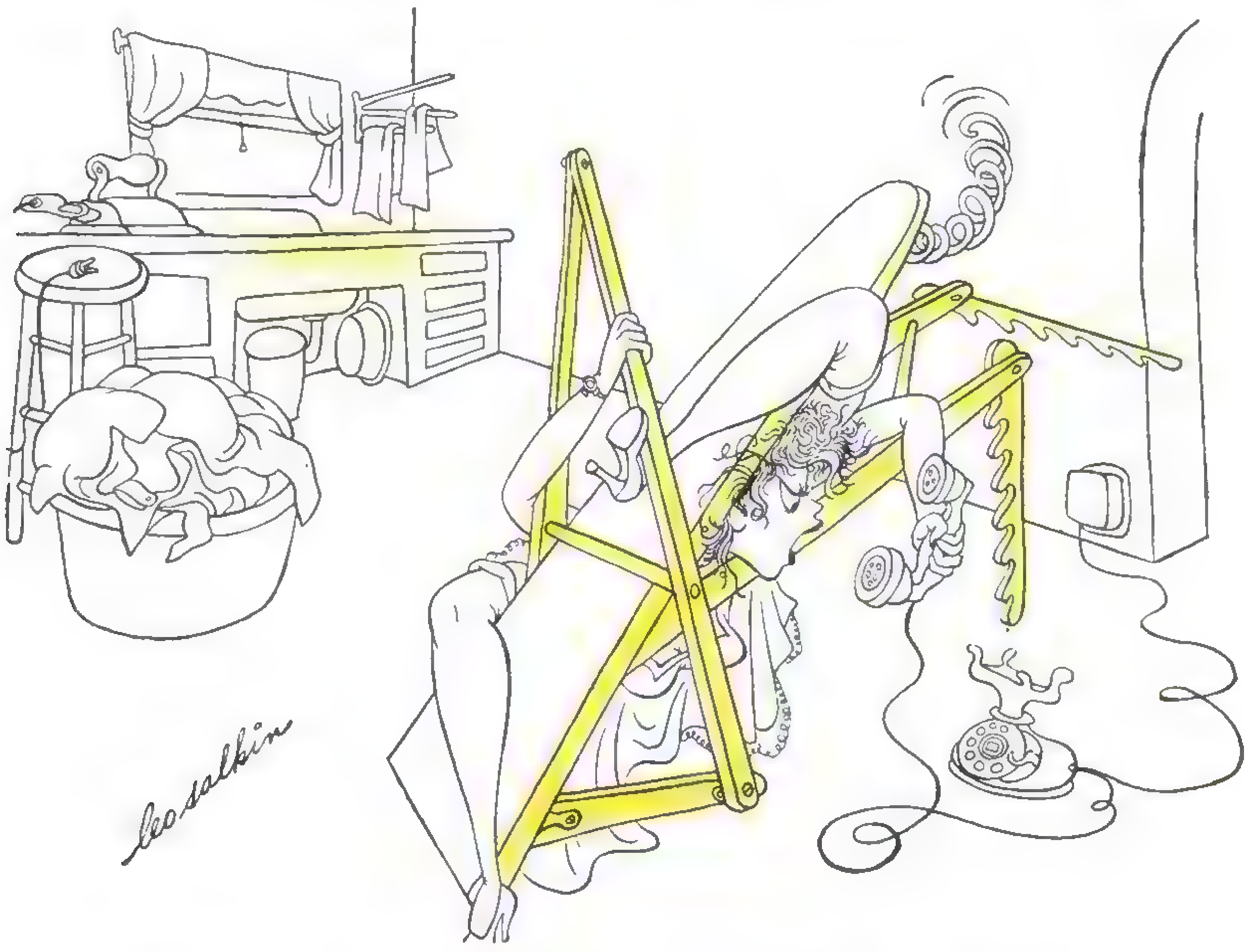
He was startled. "Ten thousand dollars?"

"Ten thousand," I repeated impressively, "*and* a new violin."

"Hear that?" Amos asked someone in the shanty boat. I glanced over my shoulder and saw a girl looking out through the tiny window. She had light brown hair, cut short and brushed away from her face, but not artificially curled. She laughed indulgently.

"He's kiddin' you," she told him; her voice was low-pitched, almost husky, but strangely musical.

"No, I'm not," I insisted. "I'm a violinist and it's



"Hello! Is this the E-Z Self-erecting Simple Adjustable Ironing Board Company?"

worth that much to me. Of course," I added hastily, "it wouldn't be worth as much as that to anybody else."

"Excep' me," Amos Tilson observed.

"Now *you're* kidding," I said, but I had a premonition that he wasn't.

He wasn't, either. "Reckon it's worth as much to me as it is to you. Nope, 'tain't fer sale."

I tried the facetious angle. "Ever see ten thousand dollars? Change it into silver dollars and do you know how high it would stack?"

"Purty high," he conceded.

"Even after you take off enough for a fine suit of clothes for yourself and the prettiest dress in Memphis for the young lady . . .!" I paused suggestively. "Is this your granddaughter?"

"Yep, she's my son Gurtha's girl. Bonnie, her name is."

"How do you do, Bonnie."

"Howdy," Bonnie said heartily.

"The young fella that helps me fish is Luther," Amos explained. "Him an' Bonnie got married just a week ago, when Luther got back from bein' in the Navy all through the war."

"Well," I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "so you're on your honeymoon!"

"Reckon so," Bonnie readily agreed. "Anyhow, Luther moved over from his boat to our'n."

I told them what my name was, since I'd already given myself away to some extent. Naturally neither of them gave any indication of having heard it. "Wouldn't you like your grandfather to have $10,000?"

"If he wants it," Bonnie said.

"Anybody'd like to have $10,000!"

"*You'd* rather have gran'pap's fiddle," she reminded me.

At least two of the Tilsons, it seemed, were nobody's fools. I gave Amos a card with my agent's New York address on it. "If you change your mind about selling, drop me a line to this address."

"Sure will," Amos promised, and held out his hand for the Strad. When I gave it back to him, I felt a distinct sense of loss, as if something which had already become my own were being taken from me by force.

Before I started the rented car, I glanced back at the half-dozen shanty boats tied to the bank of the Mississippi. All the material in them could have been bought for a few hundred dollars, probably less; when Amos Tilson and his pretty granddaughter talked over the $10,000 offer without me around to listen, undoubtedly they would realize they were turning down a fortune and they wouldn't lose much time writing me that letter. To tell the truth, the value of the Stradivarius was probably closer to $50,000 than it was to $10,000, but I could not possibly have raised so fantastic a sum myself, and my desire was not to make money on the violin; it was to own it, to play on it!

As time passed, the desire became more than that; it became an obsession. I played concerts in Nashville, in Knoxville, then in Richmond, Washington and Baltimore. I had wired my agent from Memphis to let me know the instant the letter came from Amos Tilson; several times I telephoned to him, but no word had come from Arkansas. I had come to dislike my own violin, a Stainer which cost me $5,000; it had meant a great sacrifice to buy it early in my career, and for many years my affection for it had combined pride with tenderness. After having held the Strad in my hands for a few minutes, however, my attitude toward my own instrument changed to something very close to contempt. After my spring concert tour, nothing was booked for me until a guest appearance in Hollywood Bowl late in July, at which I was to play Tchaikovsky's popular *Violin Concerto.* I determined to play it on the Stradivarius.

I bought an excellent violin for $150, with the finest bow in the shop, then I went to the bank for $10,000, in stacks of ten-dollar bills, so that it would look like quite a sum. It did. It was in a brief case on the front seat of the automobile when I drew up to the shanty-boat colony one warm sunny afternoon last May.

Macy's
COMPLAINT DESK
McKAY

"I bought this at Gimbel's but they have such a grouch over there"

"Gran'pap's gone to Turrell to ship some fish," Bonnie told me before I had a chance to ask where Amos was.

"That letter he wrote to me must have gone astray."

Bonnie's laugh was deep-throated, like her speaking voice. "Reckon that's because he never wrote you no letter."

"Think he'll mind if I play his fiddle while I wait for him?"

"Sure he won't," she said warmly, and went inside the boat for the Strad. I got the case from the car and took out the new bow. I sat down on the upturned box on the narrow front porch and drew the bow across the strings; before I knew what I was doing, I was into the Tchaikovsky. My God, I'd had no idea I could make it sound like that! I sat on that wooden box and played the whole *Concerto*, and I knew I wouldn't be able to make it sound any better in the Bowl, with the Philharmonic behind me! On my Stainer, that is. On the Strad, I'd make the music critics start wondering if Heifetz, Kreisler and Menuhin were as good as they thought they were!

Bonnie had put the Strad back into its pillowcase when Amos Tilson came home, and I'd put the bow back in the case with the new violin. "Howdy," he called when he saw me sitting on his porch.

"Hello." I put out my hand as he crossed the plank from the riverbank to the boat, and he took it in his gnarled, work-hardened paw. I decided not to waste any time on preliminaries. "I figured your letter went astray, so I brought the $10,000 to you—in cash. Want to see it?"

Amos nodded politely. "I ain't got no objection to lookin' at it."

I got the brief case and opened it, displaying ten stacks of ten-dollar bills, a thousand dollars in each stack, with rubber bands about them. Bonnie came outside to look, too, and just about that time Bonnie's young husband came across the plank; he gave a low whistle of astonishment when he saw the money. I couldn't tell whether Bonnie and the old man were as impressed as he was or not, as they both remained outwardly impassive. Finally Amos nodded. "Right smart o' money," he remarked.

"Sure is," Bonnie agreed.

"Damn right!" said Luther.

"Is it a trade?" I tried not to sound too eager, but I was no match for the Tilsons in inscrutability.

"Nope," Amos answered.

"Do you want more than that, for God's sake?" I demanded.

"Nope," he said again. " 'Tain't fer sale, like I been tellin' you." He turned his gaze away from the money in the brief case.

" 'Tain't a matter o' money."

"What *is* it a matter of?"

Amos considered for a moment before he knew the answer to that himself. "Reckon it's just a matter o' likin' to play on my fiddle."

"How about this one?" I opened the case and showed him the one I'd brought from New York. "Paid $150 for that, and I'll throw it in to boot. Try it," I insisted.

Amos sat down on the wooden box, placed the new violin against his chest and took the bow into his hand. He "hefted" it and shook his head. "Bow don't feel right in m' hand."

"Keep your old one," I suggested.

Bonnie got his old bow for him and I put the new one away. He cast about in his mind for something polite to say about the violin. "Got a good shine to it," he said.

"Wonderful tone, too. Just try it."

He launched into the tune called *Snake in the Cottonfield*, but after only a few bars, I saw two or three sharp creases between his eyes and I knew it was no go. When he finished, he shook his head as he handed the violin back to me. "Don't seem to want to take hold, somehow," he said regretfully.

I admitted to myself that a $150 violin wouldn't sound right after getting used to a $50,000 Stradivarius, but I wouldn't admit it to him. "That's because you aren't used to it yet," I assured him.

"Maybe so." Amos looked over his shoulder to Bonnie. "Reckon you got enough grub to feed comp'ny?"

"Sure have," Bonnie told him. "Be proud to have you take supper with us," she said to me.

"Thanks. Be glad to stay." The truth (*Continued on page 236*)

Civic Pride—Underworld

Remembering the hot-blooded and leaded days when the boys destroyed themselves on impulse and were tucked away in style

by FREDERICK FREED

When on a hot night in Chicago last June, the aging boss of a national racing news syndicate, James Ragen, was shot from ambush by gunmen crouched in a parked laundry truck, most citizens of voting age or better experienced pangs of nostalgia, dimly identified with the shingle bob and the hip flask.

Mr. Ragen's bodyguards returned the fire and, while innocent bystanders ducked for cover, State Street was spattered with twenty bullets. But the once-familiar tableau seemed an anachronism, the concept of liquidating people one at a time having become a bit of historical lavender and old lace. Mr. Ragen himself tagged the period for the very young by devoting the two months before his death to proclaiming himself a victim of the Capone mob which, he said, had been trying to move in on his tip-sheet business.

Al was then alive but unavailable for comment. His physician, however, assured the press he was a mere shell of a gangster, scarcely capable of masticating his own bubble gum. Persistent underworld gossip, however, rumored the return of the king, and morticians and florists began to dream again of those mad glad days when the Chicago story was written in blood and booze.

But sentimentalists sensed a change in the art of creating the corpus delecti and prepared to shed a tear for the departed pioneer spirit of a time when the ride was *to* and the only man who came *from* was ever afterwards called Lucky.

A Chicago torpedo named Earl Weiss, known as Hymie the Polack, is popularly supposed to have first employed the euphemism in connection with a business acquaintance's one-way passage to a roadside ditch. It certainly could have been Hymie. As chief gunsel to the eminent orchid fancier, Dion O'Banion, during that worthy's brief and violent reign over the North Side, he was involved in many such excursions.

Whoever turned the phrase, the ride bears the immutable stamp of the Golden Age of Windy City mayhem. New Yorkers, it was true, had previously shown a certain glimmer of understanding in the liquidation of Herman Rosenthal, but the saga of modern massacre really begins in Chicago with Big Jim Colosimo when the tenderloin was finally closed forever, and people seriously discussed the probability that prohibition would mean the end of drinking.

It occurred to Big Jim that there was really no necessity for alarm, and he imported Little Johnny Torrio from Brooklyn to head the infant bootleg racket. That turned out to be a mistake. When Big Jim came home from his honeymoon with beautiful Dale Winter, he left his bride at his Vernon Avenue mansion to keep an appointment at his saloon. Exactly what happened that afternoon at 22nd and Wabash will never be known. None of the principals remain to say. A waiter saw Colosimo walk past the bar to his office. There was the sound of gunfire, soon to become as familiar as the rattle of the State Street trolley, and Big Jim was lying in the proverbial pool of blood on the floor.

The shotgun dynasty had been founded. Torrio, reputed to have imported Frankie Yale from New York for the job, expressed sorrowful surprise at his chief's demise, and took over Colosimo's enterprises.

Little Johnny was a quiet guy who never smoked or drank and went home every night to his wife. He was an inveterate concert-goer and he often boasted that he had never fired a gun. But the presence of numerous hard citizens along State Street who begrudged him his illicit prosperity made him nervous, and he sent for another Brooklyn boy to be his bodyguard, a twenty-three-year-old torpedo with two long scars down the left side of his face. The boy was Al Capone. The cast was complete and the stage set for the bloody decade.

In New York, hardheaded businessmen found little romance and no profit in sudden death, and began to think in terms of supply and demand. A veteran cop said that he thought many boys had been saved from a career of serious crime by going into the liquor business.

But in Chicago there was war. Pious Spike O'Donnell and his brothers hijacked a Torrio truck, and at Little Johnny's nod seven of the O'Donnell gang found their way to the city morgue.

Five of the slayings were credited to Frank McErlane, the rest to fifty-six-year-old Walter Stevens, dean of the Windy City gunmen. An educated man, devoted to Burns and Stevenson, he spent his off hours inveighing against the sins of the jazz age. He was fond of urging his fellow gunsels to return to the old ideals—and for fifty dollars, according to chroniclers, he would kill a man.

The O'Donnells fled Chicago and Torrio moved in on Eddie Tancl in Cicero. Eddie proclaimed a state of hostility. He would, he announced, leave Cicero only in a coffin. A few days later he did.

Torrio went to Europe for a vacation, leaving Scarface Al, now his chief lieutenant, in charge. On April 1, 1924, election day, Al took over the government of Cicero. Armed gangsters roamed the streets. Guns blazed and four men died. Seventy cops arrived from Chicago and the suburb became a bloody battlefield. As night fell, Al fled through the streets, a smoking .45 in either hand. But the next day his slate was in, and people began to say you could tell when you crossed into Cicero by the smell of gunpowder.

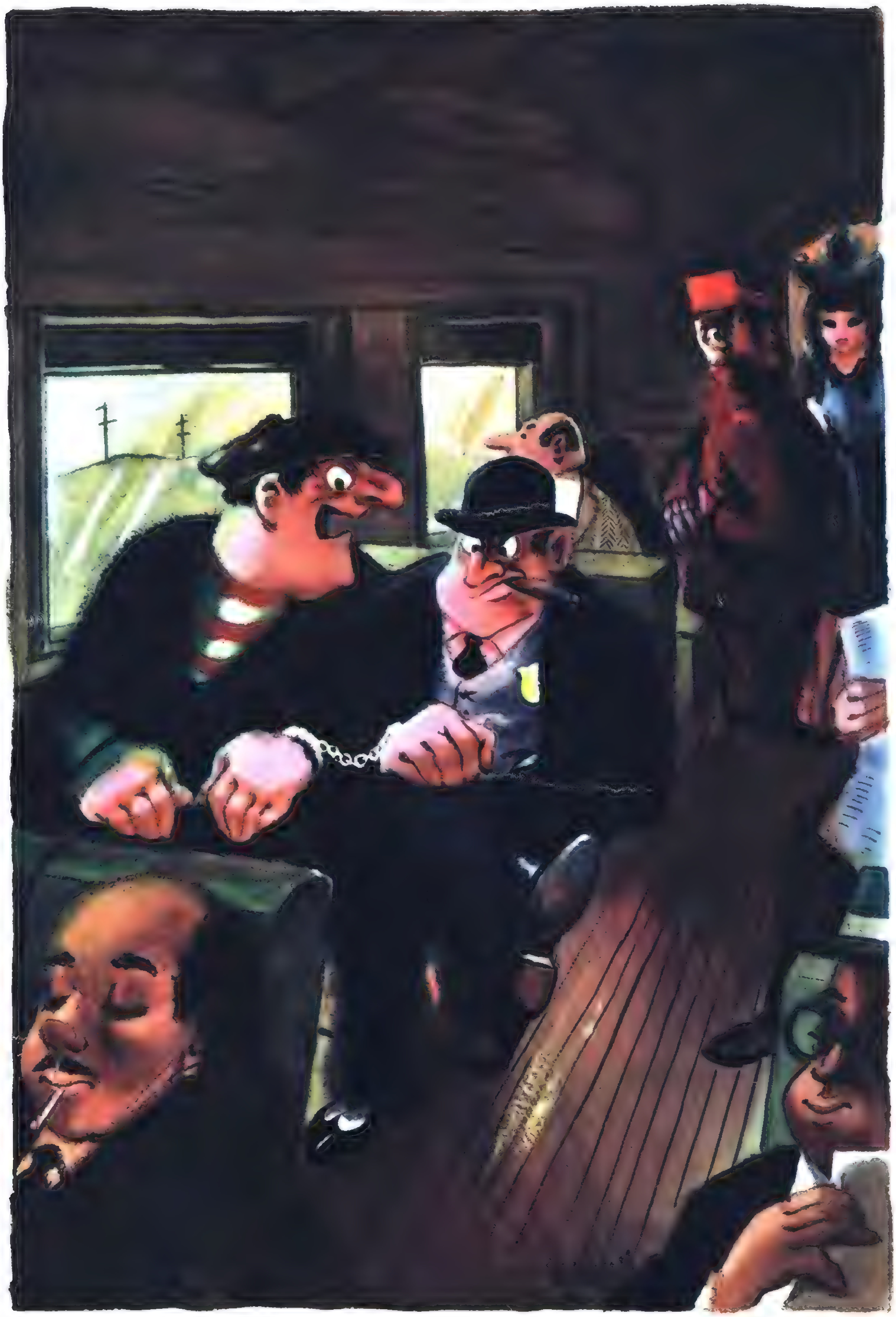
By 1924, Torrio, with Al as junior partner, controlled twenty-five brothels, fifty gambling houses, sixty-five breweries supplying more than 15,000 speak-easies, and operated on a gross basis of $70,000,000 a year.

The rackets were paying off, but no one lived to enjoy his roll. To retire was to sign the death warrant. Each gangster lived alone with imminent destruction twenty-four hours a day. Capone wore a bulletproof vest and traveled in an armored car, and when he crossed the street two gunmen walked in front of him and two behind. The touch of a beer glass or a handshake signaled a hail of lead, and every alley, ditch and doorway was a potential coffin.

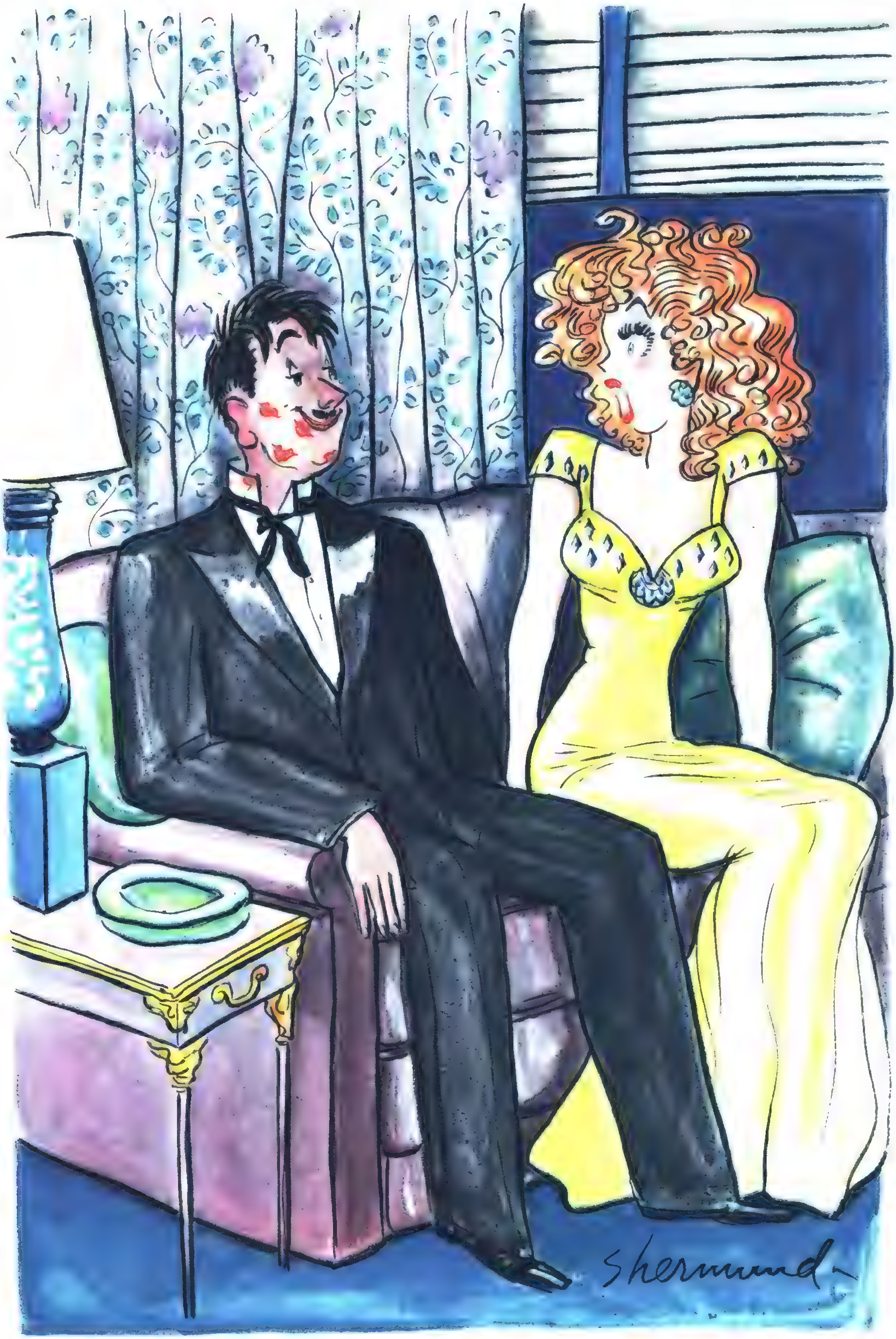
And there was no sanctu- (*Continued on page 152*)

NIGHT COURT
DEDINI

"I don't feel like no common criminal tonight"

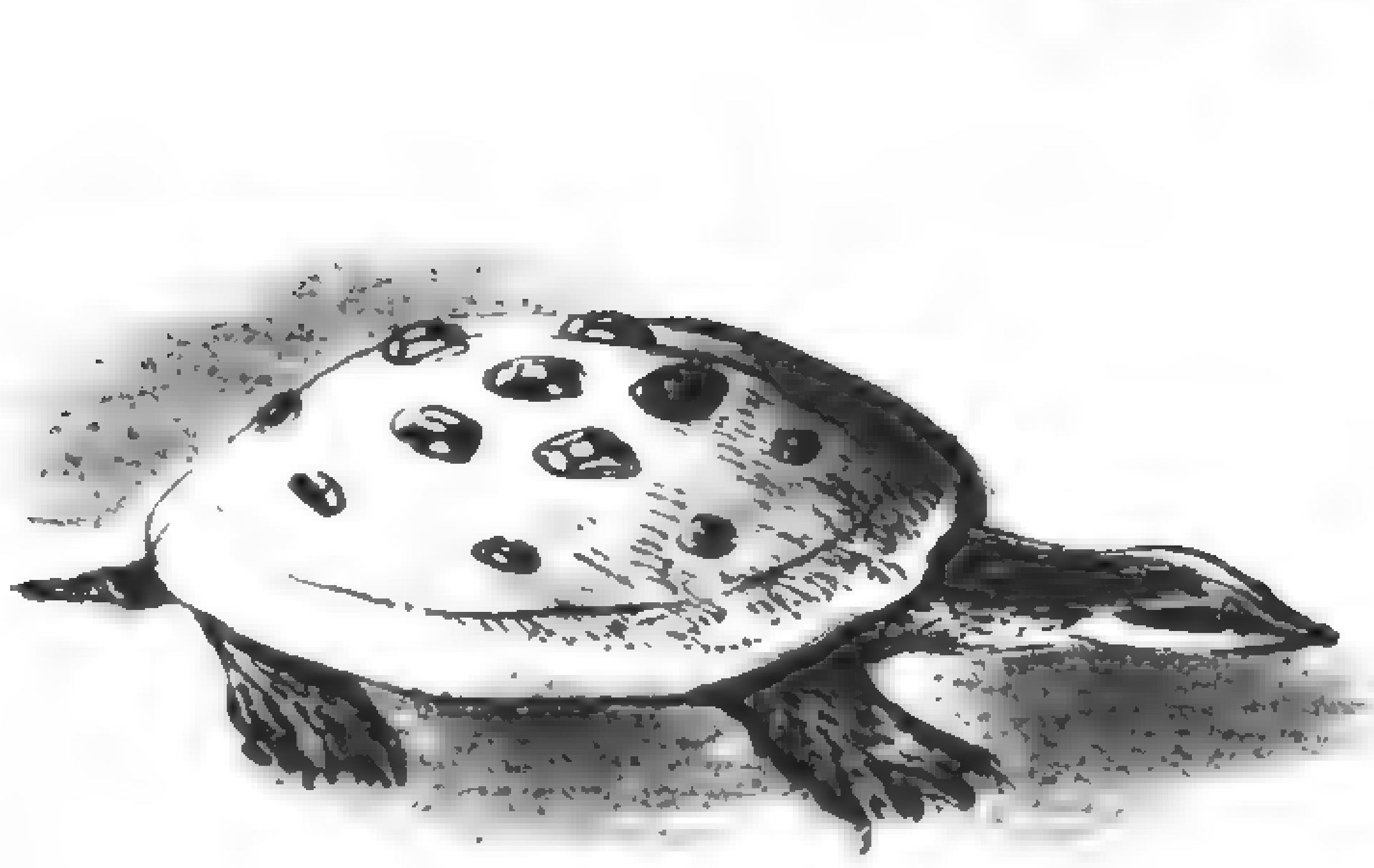


"The trip seems so much shorter when you have someone to talk to. As I was saying: My Aunt Harriet, she's on my mother's side, married my Uncle Dan after a whirlwind courtship of twelve years; they had three of the cutest kids, two boys and..."



"You mean you're not Clarence R. Vanderspoon the third?"

The Conspicuous Turtle


HANSEN

Mystery novelette laid in Chicago's Gold Coast concerns a mud turtle with rubies and a thief with *savoir faire*

by MARTIN GARDNER

> *. . . in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colors whereof the Yahoos are violently fond; and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happeneth, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out, then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure. My master said he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a Yahoo . . .* —Gulliver's Travels

"HAVE you seen Reuben's latest picture?" Professor Orlando Barnes asked, handing me a copy of *Vivacity* magazine opened to a full-page color photograph. It was a magnificent portrait. Reuben was standing on a high rock, his head projecting proudly, bringing his wrinkled features into sharp profile against the clouds. His ebony eyes were shining and there was the dim suggestion of a smile around the mouth. The rubies on his back glinted in the bright sunlight.

Reuben was a mud turtle. According to *Vivacity*, he belonged to the *Kinosternon Subrubrum Subrubrum* variety. Members of the species had an average length of four inches, were dark brown, and could be recognized by two rows of yellow spots on each side of the head. They ate fish, raw meat, earthworms and snails.

I looked up to ask Professor Barnes something, but his head of white hair was buried behind an academic magazine. We were sitting in the lounge of the Quadrangle Club at the University of Chicago, waiting for our stomachs to settle after a heavy evening meal. I was not a member of the University faculty, but I lived in the area and frequently dined at the club as a guest of Dr. Barnes. Years ago, when I was a student on the Midway, I studied economics under him. We had since become good friends. He had recently passed the retirement age and was now professor emeritus. I had discovered I could make an honest living scribbling mystery stories. The professor liked mystery stories. I had forgotten my economics. We got along fine.

I returned to the magazine article and read it through carefully. There had been a lot about Reuben in the Chicago papers, but *Vivacity* had gone into the story in greater detail.

Reuben was owned by Mrs. Cornelius Giskin, young and handsome wife of Chicago's multimillionaire gasket manufacturer. There was a picture of Mrs. Giskin bending over to put Reuben into his open-air pond on the Giskin lawn. She looked like someone a man with several million dollars would be able to marry.

Vivacity didn't make too clear what a gasket was, but I gathered it was any kind of device that fitted in or around a joint of pipes to protect it or make it watertight. The Giskin Gasket Company, founded forty years ago, now carried a line of three thousand types of gaskets, all sizes and patterns, made of rubber, steel, asbestos, paper, fiber, felt, copper, leather and cork.

Thirty years ago it occurred to Mr. Giskin that the armored plating of a turtle was simply an external gasket protecting the tender joints of the reptile inside. From that day forward the picture of a turtle served as the Giskin Company trade-mark.

The first Mrs. Giskin had divorced her husband several years ago and was now hibernating in Hoboken on the alimony. Last year Mr. Giskin married his stenographer, formerly Miss Mona Stumpf from Gary, Indiana. On their first anniversary he presented her with Reuben. Reuben's back (or "carapace" as *Vivacity* called it in a picture caption) was set with twelve flawless two-carat rubies—one for each month of Mr. Giskin's current connubial bliss.

Some bright researcher on the *Vivacity* staff had run across the fourth chapter of Huysmans' novel, *Against the Grain*, in which Des Esseintes, the book's decadent hero, inlays the back of a large turtle with precious gems. *Vivacity* pointed out that Des Esseintes had carefully avoided rubies because they reminded him of the red lights on Parisian busses.

Mr. Giskin had no such aversions. Reuben's gems were hexagonal prisms of genuine transparent corundum known as "pigeon's-blood" rubies. They are found principally in mines near Mandalay and have none of the milky patches that mar so many inferior stones. *Vivacity* estimated Reuben's value as $500,000. I whistled the way sailors do when they whistle at a woman. Dr. Barnes put down his journal and looked at me over the rims of his glasses.

"A half-million smackers!" I said. "On top of a common little mud turtle!"

We stared at each other a few seconds. Then in unison we spoke the same words: "The Veb!"

I'll have to digress a moment to explain about the Veb.

For two decades Chicago police have been baffled by a series of recurring major thefts executed by someone using the initials V.E.B. In every case the thefts involved items of enormous value owned by members of Chicago's upper class, and in every case the

RINKER

A Penny Saved and etc.

Our frugal forebears were a canny lot who sensed that thrift was no commodity to promote casually. They innoculated their offspring with the saving vaccine via performing penny banks which gave a penny's worth of entertainment for every copper deposited. These typical cast iron penny-grabbers were popular during the heyday of the one-cent thrift movement (roughly 1869-1910). Here's what six cents will get you with these gimcracks: William Tell knocks the apple off his son's head; the girl skips rope; a monkey pops out of the house, falls forward and so does your penny; the clown swallows your coin; the next clown rotates on the globe; and the trick dog jumps through the hoop and deposits your penny in the barrel. (Banks from collection of Seamen's Bank for Savings. New York.)

object stolen had some odd or outlandish character. For example, there was the celebrated case in 1934 of Mrs. Heppelwaite's furs. A wardrobe of priceless ermine had been tailored for her Afghan hound, a prize-winning thoroughbred who needed protection from Chicago's wintry blasts. Mrs. Heppelwaite had been out of the city and a new maid had thoughtlessly permitted a firm of fur cleaners to call one afternoon for the entire wardrobe. That was the last anyone heard of the fur cleaners or the furs. The carbon of a receipt left by the truck driver bore the initials V.E.B.

Another typical theft that created a press sensation in 1938 involved a wealthy widow in Winnetka who had spent a lifetime amassing the world's largest (and probably only) collection of toothbrushes. Her prize item, a sapphire-studded toothbrush from Tibet, was found missing one day and in its place a cheap ten-cent-store brush with V.E.B. burned into the handle.

The closest the police had come to a capture of the Veb was in 1931 when a Chicago foundry worker named Victor Emanuel Bisc was arrested for stealing a monkey wrench. After a month in the city jail he admitted he was the Veb, but the State court of appeals ruled that the confession had been made under considerable "duress."

Dr. Barnes and I had often discussed the Veb's exploits, and at one time seriously considered setting a trap for him. We planned to obtain some sort of ridiculous object, inlay it with spurious gems, give it widespread publicity, then wait for the Veb to strike.

We couldn't have devised a better trap than Reuben.

"Look here, Monte," the professor said, leaning his short, stocky body forward and tapping me on the knee, "the Giskins are holding open house this Sunday afternoon. I understand that Reuben will be on display for the first time to anyone outside their most intimate circle of friends. There'll be police protection, of course, but all the same it would be an ideal time for the Veb to act."

"Have you been invited?" I asked.

He nodded. "As a matter of fact, I know Mr. Giskin fairly well. Several years ago I did some research on raw material markets for his company."

"Can you get me in?" I said.

Dr. Barnes ran his pudgy fingers through his snow-white hair. "I'm sure I can," he said. "Of course it's unlikely anything will happen, but at least we'll have the pleasure of seeing Reuben."

"And Mrs. Giskin," I added.

My invitation came through without any difficulty. I met Dr. Barnes at the Quadrangle Club Sunday afternoon and we took a taxi to the Giskin home—a large brownstone house on Chicago's Gold Coast. It was a freezing midwinter day, with a powdery snow swirling in the air. My feet were hunks of ice by the time we got there. A man in a heavy overcoat, probably a plain-clothes man, was standing by the entrance looking cold and miserable.

My feet began to warm up after I had downed two Old-fashioneds and met Mrs. Giskin. She looked even better than her pictures. A cream-colored satin dress, with a bare midriff, made it clear she had spent part of the winter in Florida and that her bathing suit also had been broken in the center. The dark bronze was spread evenly over all visible segments of her anatomy. I wondered what sort of pattern the white spots made.

"I enjoyed your last book so much, Mr. Featherstone," she said. Her voice was pleasant, but it had the exaggerated accents of a girl who has spent a year at dramatic school.

I bowed slightly. "I'm deeply honored, Mrs. Giskin," I said. Wealthy women always put me in a gallant mood.

"Your detective is such a wonderful character," she said. "He reminds me of you."

"He's a projection," I said. "The guy I'd like to be, but can't. It's all in Freud."

Mrs. Giskin clapped her hands in delight. "Oh, do you read Freud?" she asked, moving a little closer and glancing up at me. "I'd love to talk to you sometime about Freud." A wave of subtle perfume wafted into my nostrils. I was trying to think of what to say next when Professor Barnes came up and grabbed my elbow.

"Have you seen Reuben yet?" he said. "Oh, pardon me, Mrs. Giskin, I didn't mean to interrupt."

"No harm, Professor," she said. "You two boys run along and see Reuben." She poked me in the solar plexus with her finger. "I want to talk to you again before you go."

I nodded and smiled, and she turned to speak to a cluster of people that had been standing behind her.

"Well, what do you think of her?" Dr. Barnes asked as we walked toward the living room.

"A beautiful tan," I said.

"Ah yes," he said. "In the Victorian age a white skin was a mark of aristocracy. Only peasants were tanned. In our metropolitan age the poor are kept under roofs. Only the wealthy have time to lie on beaches."

"Especially in the winter," I said.

Reuben's aquarium had been built into the wall above the fireplace. It was a long narrow tank of glass, open at the top and filled with clear water that borrowed an emerald hue from the green tiling in the back and on the bottom. Several small islands of grey rock projected above the surface. Reuben waddled down the side of an island, shoved himself nose first into the water, and swam haphazardly about below the surface, waving his legs slowly. The rubies gleamed brightly through the green water, the shade of red changing as the light struck the gems from various angles.

Standing at one end of the fireplace, chewing on a cigar, was a large, square-jawed man. He was trying hard not to look like a policeman. You could see the bulge under his coat where he carried a gun.

Mr. Giskin came over to the aquarium to show Reuben to a group of guests. He was a tall, loose-limbed character with deep furrows in his face and purple bags under his eyes. He looked like he wouldn't know one gasket from another.

"Does Reuben bite if you pick him up?" a lady wanted to know.

"Never," said Mr. Giskin. "In fact he's so shy he tries to hide."

He pulled up his coat sleeve, turned his shirt back to the elbow, then plunged a hairy arm into the water. Reuben was easy to catch. As soon as his shell was touched he stopped swimming and jerked his head and feet into his case.

Mr. Giskin shook him a few times above the water, to dry him off, then placed him on the lady's outstretched palm. She gave a timid little squeal, then ran her fingers back and forth over the jeweled back.

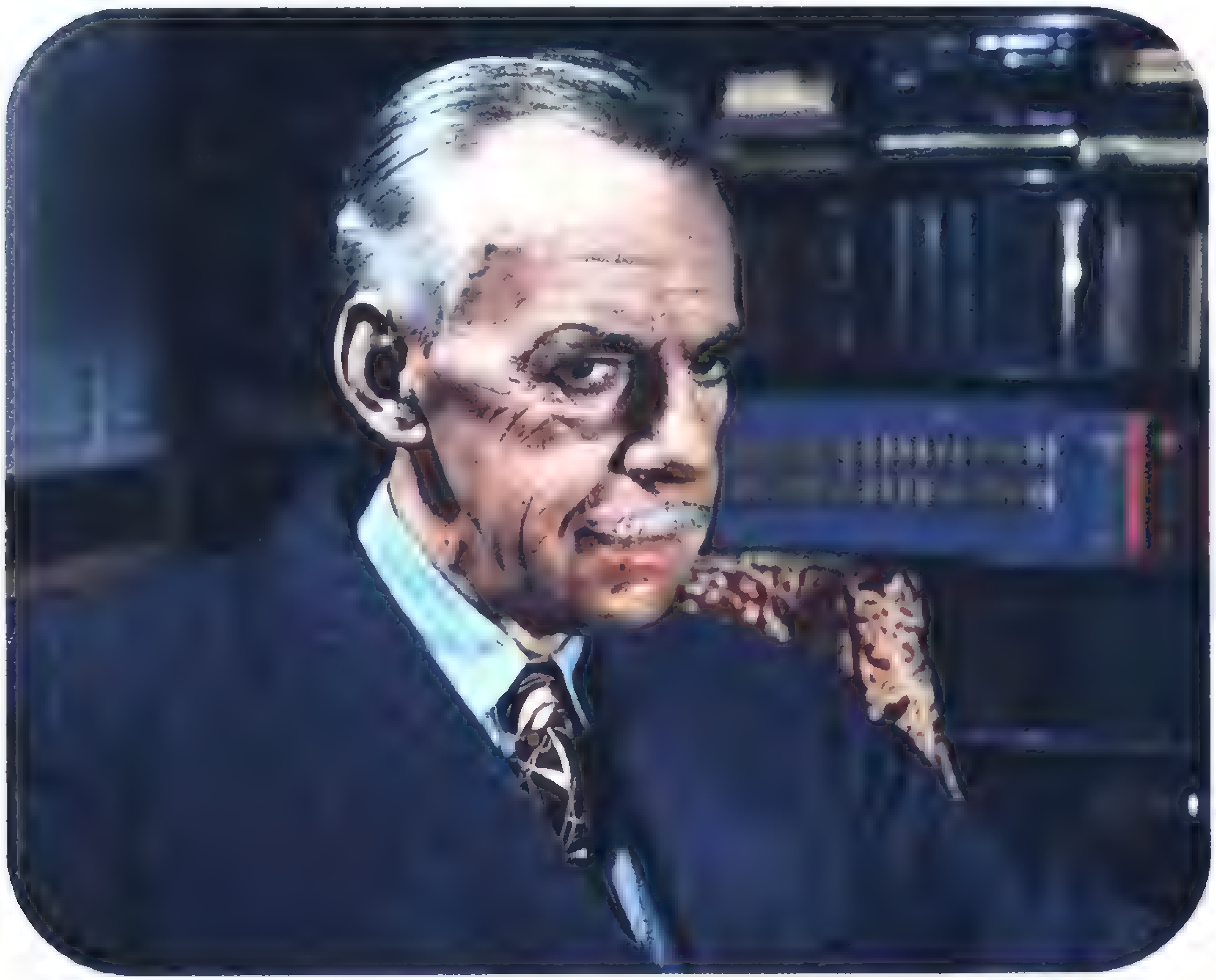
"You're so cute," she said.

The turtle was passed from hand to hand around the circle of guests and finally turned over to Dr. Barnes. He held him up so I could look through the crack that separated the upper and lower shells. In the dark interior I could see Reuben's beady eyes watching me.

Mrs. Giskin came over to join us. The center of attention shifted from Reuben to Mrs. Giskin's midriff.

"Finding any material for your stories?" she asked me, smiling.

I nodded gravely. "My next book," I said,



GLANTZ

America's First Playwright: Eugene O'Neill

Eugene O'Neill was warmly welcomed on Broadway when he arrived last fall after a dozen years' absence with four new plays, including The Iceman Cometh, *and* A Moon for the Misbegotten. *As everyone must know,* The Iceman *has both Rabelaisian and serious connotations; in the latter sense he represents Death. Scheduled for rehearsal at this writing,* A Moon for the Misbegotten *is a love story with an Irish farm girl as the main character and a mother theme in the background. Holder of the Nobel prize and thrice-blest by Pulitzer, Eugene O'Neill has become a legendary figure, whose every statement, including the exhortation that we (1) follow the Golden Rule or (2) give the world back to the ants, is reverently heard by critics and common people alike. So far, the ants have made no comment.*

STONE

Emcee for Sore Eyes

At twenty-five Helen Parrish can call herself an old trouper, having entered the movies when she was two in the Babe Ruth film, When Babe Comes Home. *Her early conquests include winning a Better Baby contest and numerous child roles in motion pictures, among them the memorable* Cimarron. *After time out for the awkward age, she acted minor roles in musicals and plays, before returning to pictures. She was Deanna Durbin's sister in* Mad About Music, *and successive sister parts followed, during which Helen wearied of playing everybody's sister and nobody's gal. As a radio actress she clicked and looked so well that Standard Brands executives agreed Miss Parrish's public should not only hear, but see her. So she became mistress of ceremonies on their Thursday night television show.*

"will be called *The Case of the Terrified Tortoise.*"

The professor carefully deposited Reuben on one of the rock islands, then dried his hands on his handkerchief.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'd like to wash my hands."

Mrs. Giskin pointed over her shoulder. "Through that door, into the hall, and to your right," she said, giving me a wink. Then she caught sight of a couple that had just arrived and rushed over to see them.

An hour or so went by. Groups broke up and re-formed as people circulated through the rooms, chattering and helping themselves to cocktails. It was early and guests were still arriving. I detached myself from two elderly ladies who wanted to talk about Raymond Chandler, and rejoined Professor Barnes near the fireplace.

"Looks as if the Veb is going to disappoint us," I said. The words couldn't have been better timed.

Mrs. Giskin had suddenly screamed and was pointing a carmine-tipped finger toward the glass tank above the mantel. Everybody stopped talking and turned to look.

Reuben was paddling lazily through the water with his yellow plastron (underside) facing us. Across the plastron, in large letters, were the initials V.E.B.!

Mr. Giskin plunged his hand into the tank, without rolling up his sleeve, and we all crowded around to look. He held Reuben in his hand, turning him about for inspection.

Only it wasn't Reuben.

The species of turtle was the same—there were the same yellow spots on the side of the head—but the stones on the back were crudely cut and probably made of glass. The initials on the plastron were formed by smaller red stones.

There is no need to go into detail in describing the enormous confusion that followed. Everybody talked at once. The plain-clothes man called out the window to the man at the gate with orders not to let anyone leave the grounds. A police lieutenant and two detectives arrived from headquarters. Everybody was searched. There were long, chaotic questionings. Mr. Giskin admitted he had taken Reuben out of the tank on at least five separate occasions, and each time a group of five to twenty people had handled him. Approximately thirty people had already left the party. Plans were made to get in touch with them right away. It seemed likely that the turtle had been stolen earlier in the afternoon by one of the departed guests. Mr. Giskin looked pale and haggard. Mrs. Giskin didn't.

While the questionings were going on, Dr. Barnes pulled me into a corner and spoke in a low whisper. "I've discovered Reuben!"

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Follow me," he said, gesturing with his head.

He led me down the hallway to a door near the rear entrance of the house. We went inside, closed and locked the door. It was a small downstairs washroom with black tiling on the floor and a rose-colored toilet and washbasin.

"It was a triumph of deduction, it really was," the professor said, his blue eyes dancing behind his glasses.

"What was?" I said.

"My discovery. You see, I tried to put myself in the position of the Veb. Obviously he came as one of the guests. Obviously he brought a duplicate of Reuben. He managed to switch turtles, God knows how, but he couldn't run the risk of being caught with Reuben in his pocket. He had no way of knowing how soon the theft would be discovered, but it was likely it would be noticed very soon because the initials on the underside were so easy to see. Therefore it was necessary to hide Reuben as quickly as possible."

"He could have killed the turtle and tossed it out a window," I suggested.

"Then get caught snooping around in the snow? Don't be absurd. He had to hide Reuben in a spot where he would remain alive for several days, and at the same time be easily accessible when he returned to pick him up."

"But where?" I said.

"Ah, we're coming to that," Dr. Barnes continued. "Where. That was what I asked myself. Where would I hide the turtle if I were the Veb?"

"And where did you decide?" I said impatiently.

"Here," he said, waving his short arms like windmills.

I looked at him and frowned. Then I let my eyes move slowly around the tiny room. They came to rest finally on the little square flush box behind the toilet seat.

"Exactly," said the professor, as he moved toward the pink box. I walked over and carefully lifted off the pink porcelain top. Reuben was sitting unperturbed on the globular float, his jeweled back shooting little crimson flashes out over the water.

I whistled softly.

It was a wonderful place for a turtle. There would be constant changes of water, he could ride up and down on the float, and there were complicated fixtures (including, no doubt, several Giskin gaskets) to explore.

I started to reach for Reuben but the professor caught my sleeve.

"No, no, Featherstone, let him stay there," he whispered excitedly. "Don't you see? It's our only chance to find the Veb!"

I was beginning to get the idea.

"He can't recover Reuben today," the professor explained, "because we'll probably all be searched again before we leave. So he'll wait and visit the Giskins a few days later. And after four or five days we'll visit the Giskins ourselves. It should be a simple matter to find out who called on them in the meantime and under some pretext spent a moment in this washroom."

"Don't you think we ought to tell the police?" I said.

Dr. Barnes' grey eyebrows went up. "Are you mad?"

I thought about it for a minute and agreed.

We replaced the lid carefully, flushed the bowl to give Reuben a ride, and rejoined the weary crowd outside.

It was almost midnight before the police permitted us to leave. The black notebooks were crammed with data, but nothing had been accomplished. I came in for considerable ribbing for not applying my vast criminal knowledge to the case and solving it brilliantly after the manner of my fictional sleuth. Everyone was carefully searched before leaving. A detective searched the men, Mrs. Giskin searched the women.

At the doorway I shook hands with Mrs. Giskin and told her how sorry I was all this had happened. She didn't seem sorry at all. I think the excitement stimulated her.

"Do come over some afternoon, Mr. Featherstone," she said, "when we can talk about Freud. It's too bad you don't write ordinary novels. I could give you *so* much material."

I joined the professor who had been waiting for me outside. It had stopped snowing, but seemed to be getting colder. We turned up our overcoat collars and walked to Lake Shore Drive where we hailed a taxi. On the ride south we went over the guests we had met, speculating as to whom the Veb might be. Dr. Barnes was suspicious of a man named Murray who wore a bow tie and said he came from Oklahoma. He and his red-haired wife had played with Reuben longer than any of the other

(Continued on page 161)

When Death Valley Scotty Rode High

The Santa Fe made an historic record to oblige a whimsical Westerner who enjoyed traveling when he could lease a train

One summer day in 1905, a vigorous, sharp-eyed prospector strode into the Los Angeles office of the Santa Fe railroad and slapped $5,500 on the passenger agent's desk. "I want you to put me in Chicago on one of your trains inside of forty-six hours," he said. "Can you do it?"

John J. Byrne, who was General Passenger Agent of the line west of Albuquerque, studied the unknown buckaroo curiously and made some rapid figures. Measuring up to the occasion in epic style, Mr. Byrne replied: "If steam and steel will hold together, we'll do it."

The prospector was Walter Scott, later to be interviewed, dined, and sniped at, according to their purposes, by reporters, society dowagers and thieves. The big-time traveler, notable for his scarlet tie and five-gallon hat, was eventually renowned as Death Valley Scotty, the fellow who owned a secret gold mine, built a fabulous castle in the desert, gabbed with tourists and evaded the gunmen who coveted his wealth. In 1905 he was comparatively unknown, but since money makes trains go, Santa Fe officials stopped all other traffic from Los Angeles to Chicago to satisfy his expensive whim.

The event created deserved publicity both for the railroad and for Scotty: the Santa Fe broke a transcontinental record, and Death Valley Scotty, as always, put on a highly colorful show.

Ascending the train before a crowd of openmouthed spectators on the afternoon of July 9, 1905, Scotty was trailed by his wife, several reporters and a yellow dog that wore a $1,000 collar.

The three-car train rocked and reeled as it sped to Barstow, arriving there twenty-six minutes ahead of its schedule. At Barstow, engines and engineers were changed and the race continued to Needles, where the Scott Special halted in the railroad yard at 7:17. In just eighty seconds the train was moving again with a fresh engine.

Twelve tortuous miles below Needles the Santa Fe crossed the Colorado River on a steel cantilever bridge—at that time a marvel of engineering—which spanned the tawny wide stream. It was sunset, and the families of Mexican track workers stood and watched the Prairie-type locomotive wheel the cars across the bridge at nearly seventy miles an hour.

A whoosh of sound, a complaining of bridge timbers and the Scott Special found Arizona soil. While the train sped on at sixty miles an hour through a mountain division, Scotty fretted over the time and feasted his guests on the following menu:

Caviar Sandwich à la Death Valley
Iced Consommé
Porterhouse Steak à la Coyote
Broiled Squab on Toast with Strips of Bacon au Scotty
Stuffed Tomatoes
Ice Cream with Colored Trimmings
Cheese Coffee Cigars

Through the night and the following day they puffed up mountain grades on the Santa Fe trail at a mile a minute. Engineers and locomotives were briskly changed, nineteen times in all. After La Junta, Colorado, it was smooth, almost level going. Switches were spiked and the track was patrolled well ahead of the Special as a safety precaution. In faraway cities, presses rolled off the incredible story of the record-smashing run.

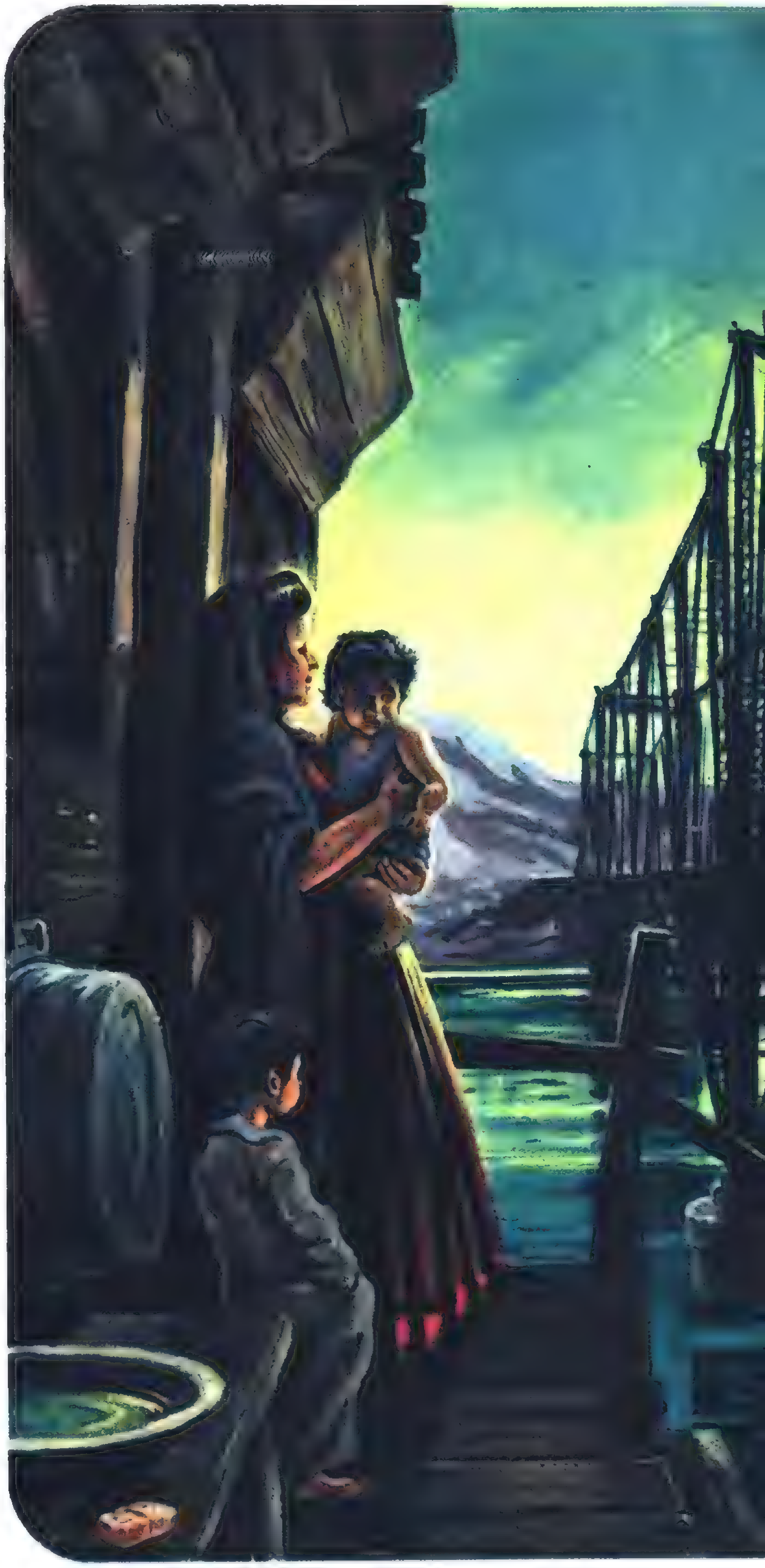
From Dodge City an exhilarated Scotty wired President Teddy Roosevelt: AN AMERICAN COWBOY IS COMING EAST ON A SPECIAL TRAIN FASTER THAN ANY COWPUNCHER EVER RODE BEFORE STOP HOW MUCH SHALL I BREAK THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RECORD

As the flying iron horse clocked a mile every fifty seconds, passengers agreed that telegraph poles looked like a fine-tooth comb.

At 11:55 on the morning of July 11th, the Scott Special came to a stop in Dearborn Station in Chicago with an elapsed time of forty-four hours and fifty-four minutes. It was a record that stood for years and is still not exceeded by many hours even by the fastest streamliners of our day.

Jumping to the platform, Death Valley Scotty waved his five-gallon hat at Chicago reporters and cameramen, grinned at the two thousand greeters, listened to the music of their cheers. With practiced nonchalance, he handed the sweating nineteenth engineer $50.

"Buy yourself a cigar," he said. ⵌ



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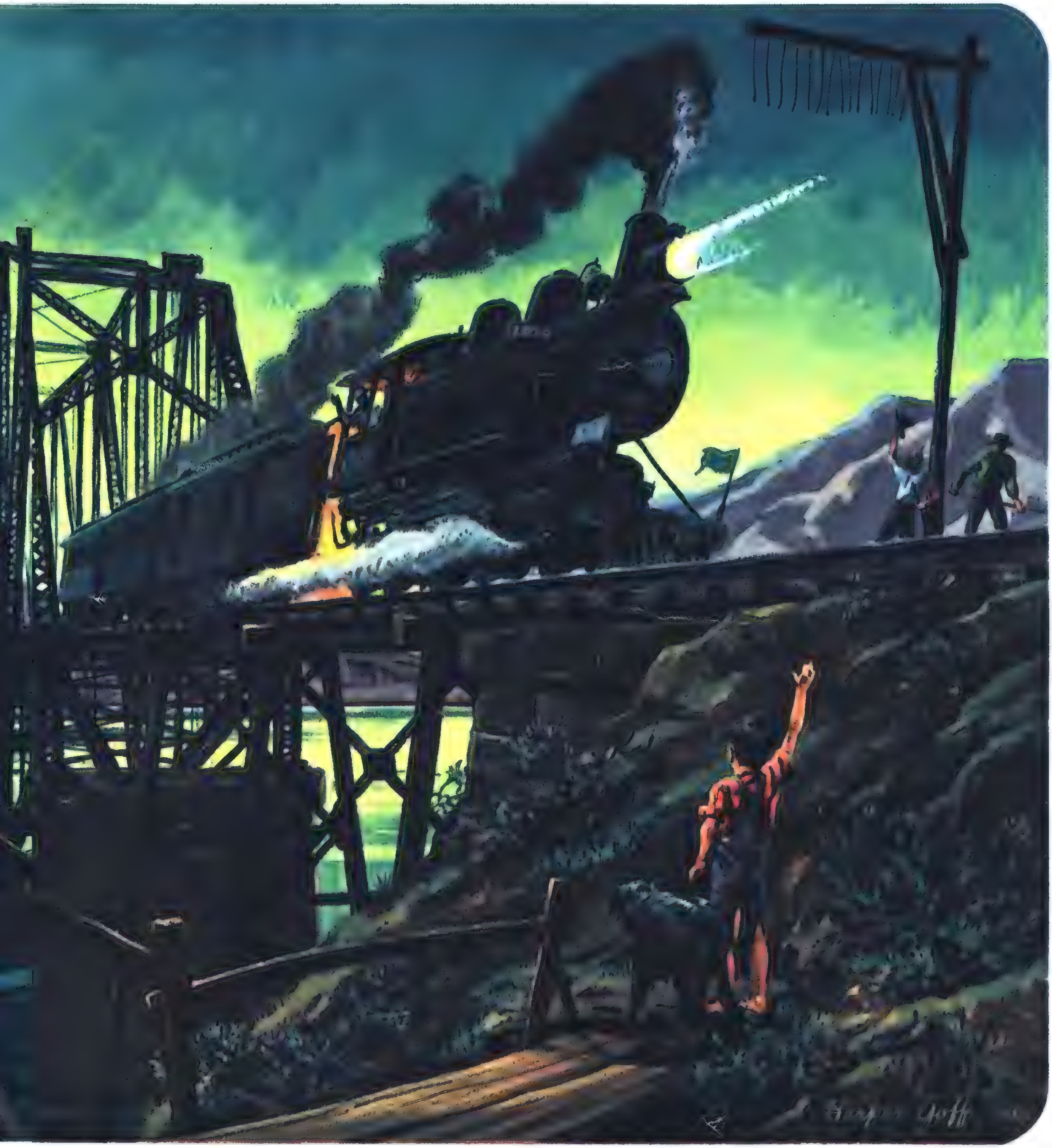

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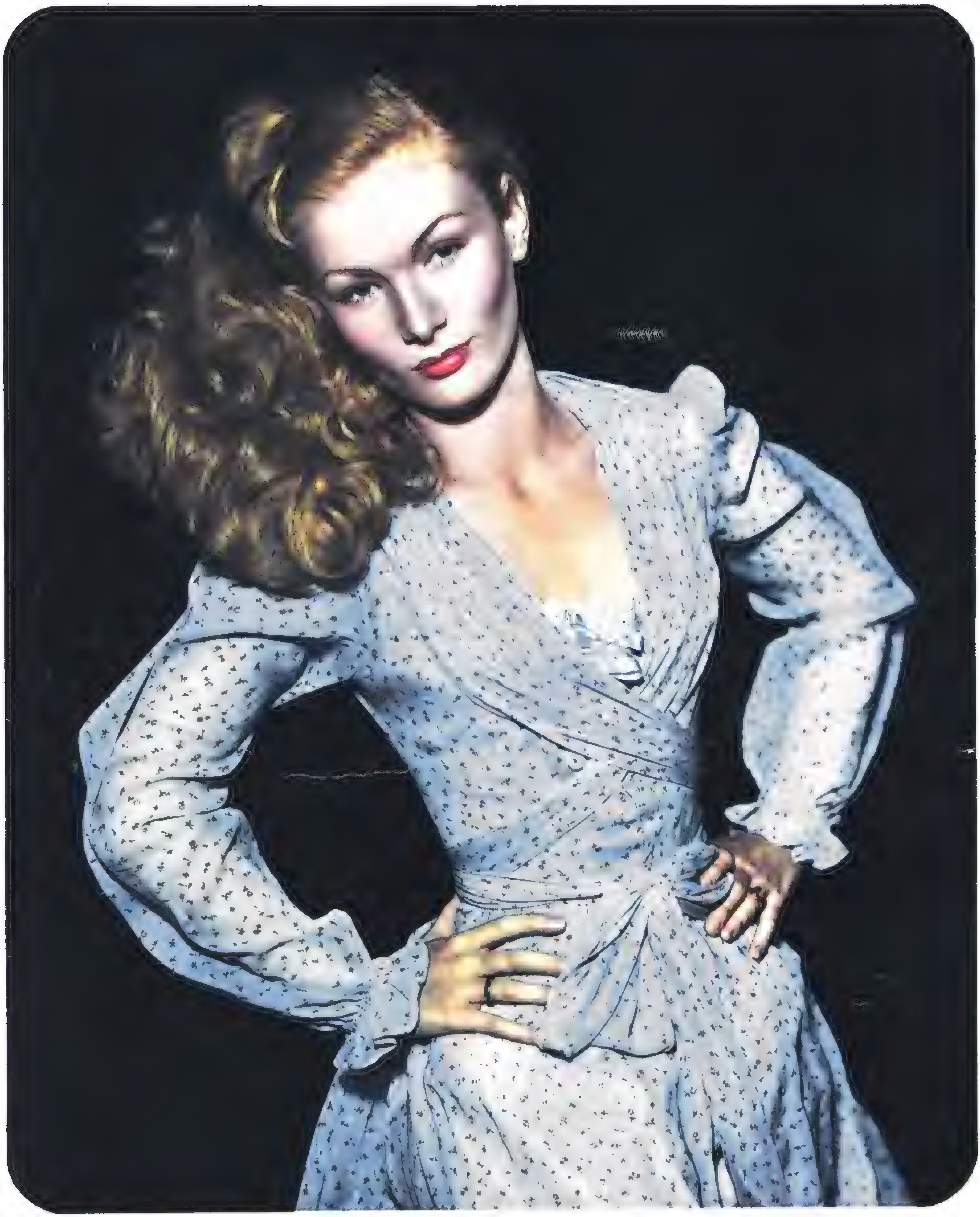
DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY'S RECORD-BREAKING RUN *by Harper Goff*
(On the Santa Fe, July, 1905)



BLONDE BLINDER UNMASKED

Photograph by Welbourne

Veronica Lake is no respecter of traditions: three of the cinema's choicest took the count when, during her formative years, she neither modeled, entered a beauty contest or acted in a school play. A pocket-sized tomboy, she swam at Miami Beach, skated at Lake Placid; and at Villa Maria school she learned to speak French better than a Montreal native. In California Veronica visited a studio just to look, was plucked for a part in *Sorority House*, typed for awhile as torrid. In *I Wanted Wings*, her carefully careless forelock set a mad style for teen-agers. *Sullivan's Travels* proved she could act with her hair in a cap and both eyes evident; she's been hitting her stride ever since. Her husband is Andre de Toth, the director.

Snobbish criticism notwithstanding, the movies still make a hit for every turkey

Hollywood Progresses with Pursued

by JACK MOFFITT

As this article goes to press, Hollywood writhes under twin blasts leveled at it by Samuel Goldwyn and Walter Wanger. These gentlemen, departing for Europe, insured themselves of a favorable press in Fleet Street by sniping at the old home town.

Mr. Wanger, the producer of a version of *The Arabian Nights* that would have caused King Shahriyar to walk out on Scheherazade, said, "Europe demands a more adult conception of life. Hollywood must get away from routine production and get down to business." Then he went on to say that American producers could best serve their country by producing films that conscientiously placed America's worst foot forward. He seemed filled with an unreasoning fear lest our movies would mislead the world into considering the United States to be a paradise of justice, plenty and wisdom. This, he argued, made Europeans discontented. They'd be happier, he felt, if the Land of Liberty was lousy. Therefore, he suggested that American theatres be filled with pictures made to please European audiences. This was broad-minded.

But unfortunately news travels in all directions. The lone Wanger's warning not only reached London. It also reached Hollywood and Vine. His words had a sour flavor in the land of orange juice and the happy ending. Some thought he was making a public confession. Darryl Zanuck remarked, somewhat testily, that Hollywood might mature much faster if Wanger made no more pictures like *Salome, Where She Danced.*

"I don't get it," muttered Zanuck as he pondered the Wanger theory of merchandising. "If America doesn't make pictures for Americans, who *is* going to make them?"

This was cleared up when *The Wicked Lady* arrived in Hollywood from London. The backward Beverly hillbillies who thronged into the Academy Theatre for a look at it found that *The Wicked Lady* contained everything that Wanger found wrong with Hollywood. Its heroine, Miss Margaret Lockwood, whose gender is about as unnoticeable as that of the Borden Company's Elsie, masqueraded as a swaggering highwayman and fooled all England into thinking she was as masculine as Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. James Mason wriggled free from the hangman's noose before a great throng at Tyburn without attracting the attention of the King's authorities. Two of the elegant leading men seemed afraid of being mistaken for tomboys. "Europeans," said Mr. Wanger, "want not Hollywood glamour, nor Hollywood's wild dreams of script material, but more true to life pictures."

Of course, *The Wicked Lady* is no more representative of British efforts than *Salome, Where She Danced* is of American. In Alexander Korda's *Vacation from Marriage* and Noel Coward's *Brief Encounter*, England gave us some of the most skillful visualized emotion seen on American screens during the past year. There'll never be too many pictures of such quality—not from all the studios in the world. The English, like ourselves, have their hits and turkeys, and it is sheer inverted snobbery to reason that everything photographed east of Greenwich is a masterpiece, while everything shot west of it is a dud.

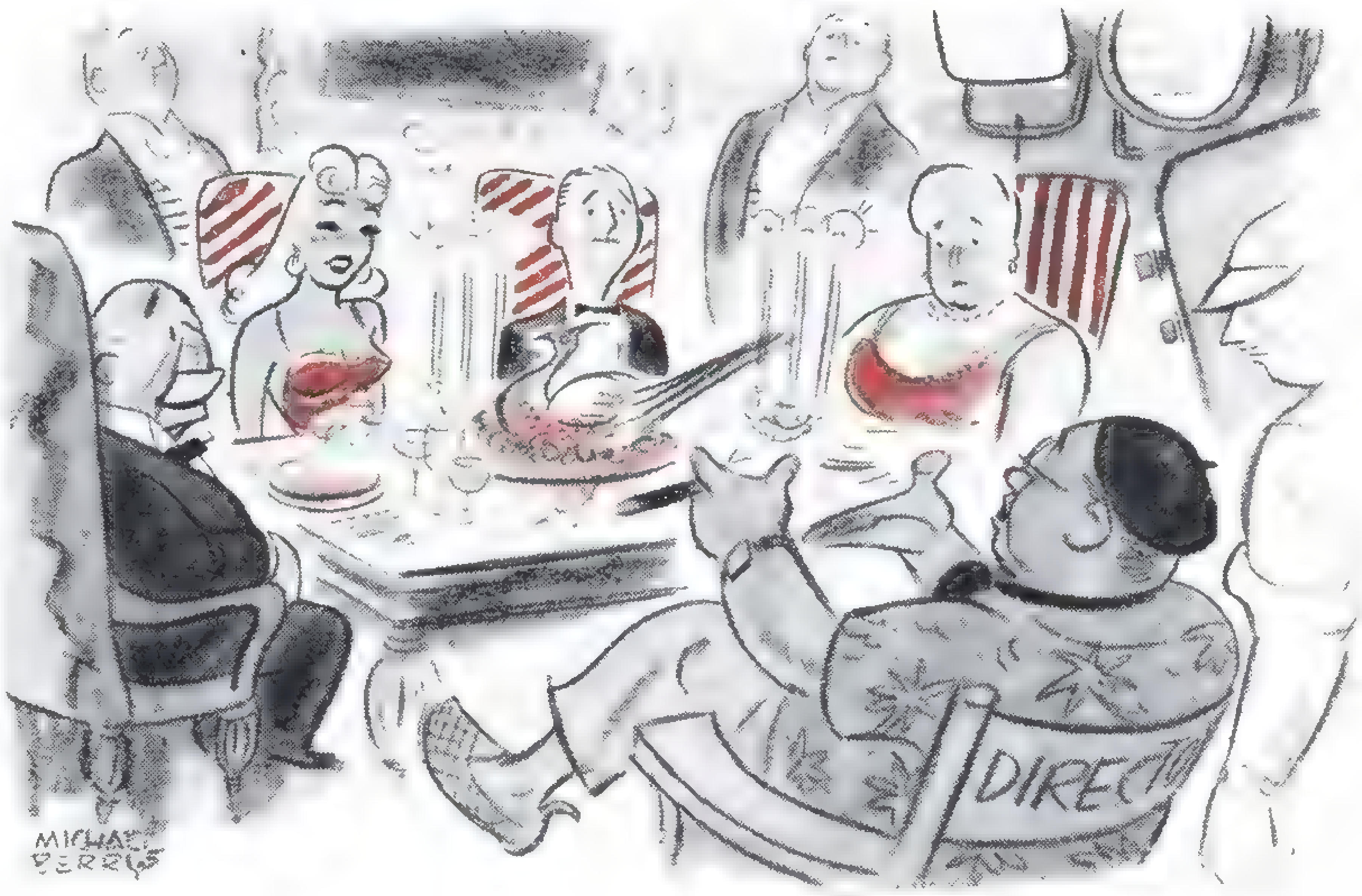
Besides, no public on either side of the Atlantic would want a steady diet of classics.

Only a publicity-famished producer or a posturing sophomore would suggest that all movies should be artistic milestones. Demanding an unrelieved succession of literary masterpieces in a movie house is like bawling out a night-club orchestra for playing *Chickery-Chick* instead of the overture from *Tosca.* Mr. Wanger has never been tempted to jump into a volcano because *The Ladies' Home Journal* prints fiction to make housework easier. Nor has Mr. Goldwyn quaffed the hemlock because *Adventure* prints hard-nosed relaxation for office workers and truck drivers. Well, the movies are intended for just such people. And they can be very worthy people. Big brains need relaxation. When Woodrow Wilson read detective stories and bought tickets to vaudeville shows, it wasn't considered a national shame. Only the nouveau-minded and the intellectually unsure find it necessary to prove their mental powers by decrying Abbott and Costello. There's no law that makes you go to the movies. They're still publishing Dr. Eliot's five-foot bookshelf and you can curl up at home with a volume of Plato any time you want to.

Mr. Goldwyn shares the misgivings of his colleague. He too speaks with a voice of self-accusation that seems to echo Wanger. After garnering a fortune out of a remake of Harold Lloyd's *The Milky Way*, he suddenly mourns as follows: "Times have changed but Hollywood hasn't. Hollywood has run dry of ideas. It's living on borrowed time and borrowed ideas from the past and that's why, with few exceptions, every picture reminds you of one hundred other pictures. That's why in film after film we have the same old boy-meets-girl, the same old chase, the same tough guy stories, the same psychological melodrama."

Well, some of that may be true. But since when did psychology hurt a melodrama? Action drama becomes mere rodeo unless it is motivated by thought. If Sam is protesting the screen's overemphasis on psychoanalysis he may have something. But even here the English may disagree with him since they used it to score a comfortable success in *The Seventh Veil.*

And if boys didn't meet girls and keep on meeting them—where would we get the next generation's audiences? Courtship and marriage are the most dramatic things that happen to most people. Humans have been preoccupied with it for several thousand years. Such a fine old custom hardly will become obsolete even if Hollywood obeys Sam and reforms. Old boy met young girl in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, wild boy met nice girl in *Henry V*, and girlish boys meet a boyish girl in *The Wicked Lady.* Even the high-toned British dramatists are limited to two sexes. It's (*Continued on page 209*)



"Now, remember, you're just ordinary everyday people enjoying your evening meal"

Down home in Indiana, basketball is an athletic hysteria and more, a statewide affliction which drives Hoosiers frantic

FAULKNER

Midwest Madness

by JOHN R. TUNIS

Banners hang from the balcony. They bear the names of the teams in the Conference and the years they won the title; Muncie Bearcats, Frankfort Hot Dogs, Lafayette Bronchos, Newcastle Trojans, Logansport Berries. Below, the ten boys pursued by the two officials charge up and down the floor. The crowd packing every inch of the stands follows them intently, restless, eager, swaying. Over everything are heat and noise; the shrill cries of the high-school kids in the bleachers, the stomp-stomp-stomp of feet on the wooden planks, the hoarse yells of the contestants, the interruptions of the umpire's whistle. And always that everlasting crowd-roar, now loud, now faint, now falling, now rising as the home team cuts down the gap in the final minutes of play.

In the front of the packed balcony is a little, grey-haired spinster clutching an umbrella in one hand. She peers through her glasses at the battle below with expert and knowledgeable eyes. Like everyone in town, young and old of both sexes, she knows each player by his first name and understands perfectly the fine points of basketball. With quick, perceptive glances she watches the electric scoreboard as it shifts with the shifting fortunes of the contestants. Two minutes to go and two points difference; one minute left and a point behind. Thirty seconds, and the teams are tied!

Pandemonium reigns. Above in the balcony and in the bleachers underneath, the crowd is on its feet, shrieking. Then a small figure darts into the mass of scrambling players and steals the ball. He's off, weaving his way down the boards as the seconds tick away. He storms under the basket, he reaches up. Now the little old lady can stand no more. She leans far out over the balcony, her umbrella waving. "Get him . . . get him . . . get him," she yells, just as the timekeeper's gun sounds and the game is over.

This will be understood by any Hoosier. Nothing that could be invented is as amazing as that Midwest madness called basketball.

Games and sports are important to an understanding of American life, something many critics and interpreters of our civilization overlook. Moreover, none are so helpful to such an understanding—because none are so completely indigenous—as basketball. Most of our sports have been borrowed or adapted from other lands. Baseball was originally rounders in England; football is an old-world pastime; hockey was "hurley" on ice in Great Britain; and even lacrosse was taken from the Indians. But basketball is our own. Invented by Dr. James A. Naismith (a Canadian, by the way) in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1891, it has spread pretty much all over the world, being played by 20,000,000—surpassed only by softball. 100,000,000 spectators watch basketball games each season.

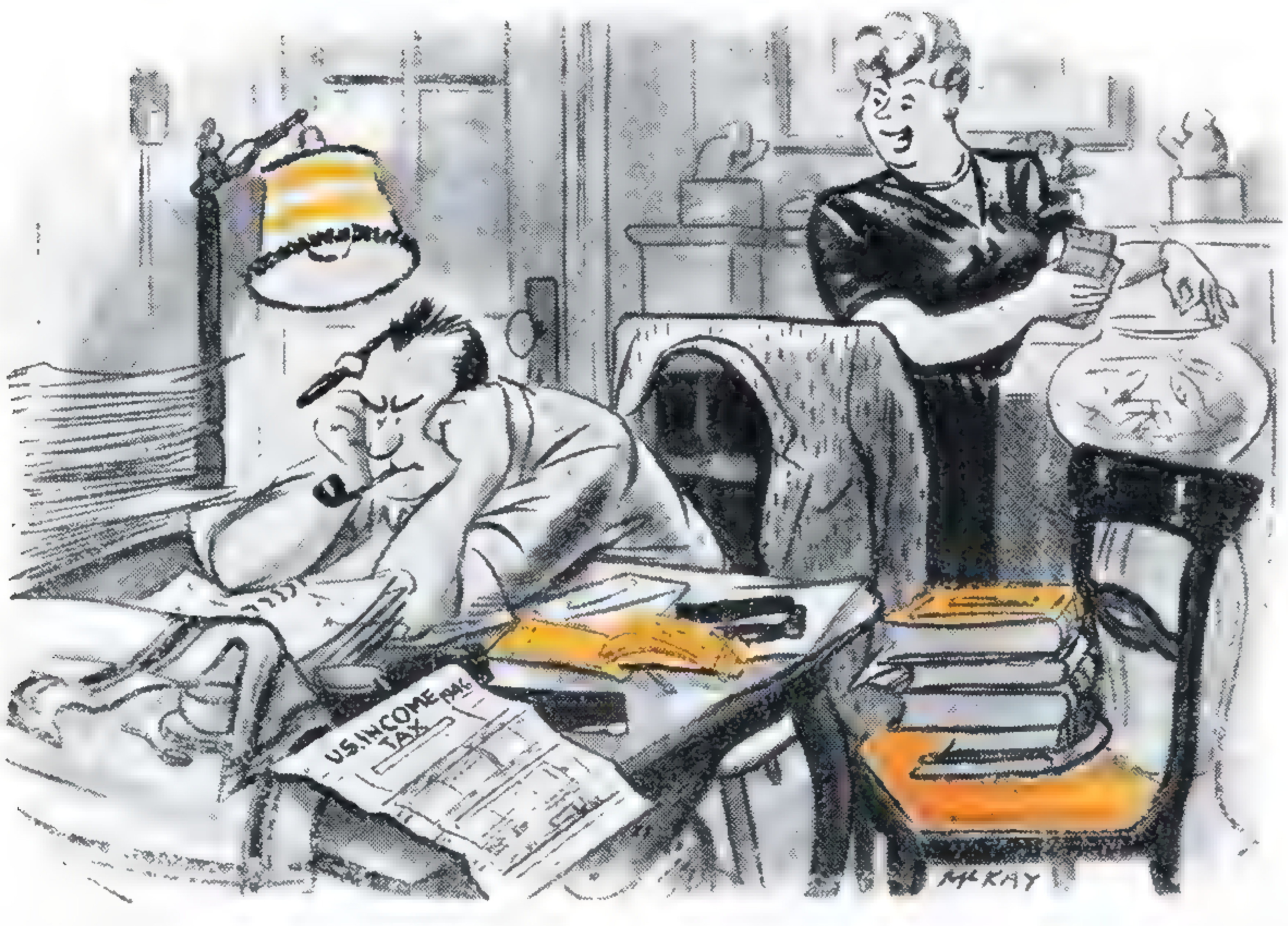
At present basketball is played in seventy-five foreign lands including China, and in every state of the Union. But only in the Middle West, and in that region of the Middle West around the Mississippi valley, and in that part known as Indiana, has it become a disease, a religion and big business combined. It is easy to suggest that basketball in 1947 is important to our way of life, or that it is as American as a cheese sandwich. These clichés explain little. What made the sport so popular? Why did this game grow so amazingly in the past fifty-five years? How did it become that fantastic super-circus which to be really appreciated must be seen and lived through in a state like Indiana?

In 1891, Luther H. Gulick, then head of the physical education department of International YMCA Training School, in Springfield, Massachusetts, asked his assistant, James A. Naismith, to invent a game that could be played indoors between the end of football and the start of the baseball season, for the eighteen students who were training to be Y secretaries. Young Naismith, then in his twenties, devised a game with the features of both soccer and lacrosse. Goals placed on the floor made the thing too easy, so he hung peach baskets ten feet from the ground at each end of the rectangular court. Hence the name; basketball. The first contest, according to Frank Menke, the sports historian, was played on January 20, 1892, in the Springfield College gymnasium. A soccer ball was used. The first feminine star of the game was a Smith girl who later married the inventor of the sport.

Basketball grew steadily with the growth of what, in this country, we call education, and the consequent increase of high-school and college gymnasia all over the nation. Originally played with seven men on a side, then nine, then eight, it is now played by five. A game is divided into two periods of twenty minutes each; in the usual school play the periods are only sixteen minutes, with eight-minute quarters.

Meanwhile, in many central states, where the winter was severe, the game caught on among the schools. In 1903, a meeting of school principals was held in Anderson, Indiana, and fifteen high schools formed what Hoosier sportswriters fondly describe as "the marvelous Empire of IHSAA." The Indiana High School Athletic Association, which has become big business, was directed from 1913 to 1944 by Arthur L. Trester, a teacher, coach and later school superintendent in Laporte. In 1911, the Indiana University Boosters Club, thanks chiefly to the energy of a young sophomore named Wendell L. Willkie, invited twelve of the leading high-school teams to compete for a state championship. The title was first won by Crawfordsville. Directly after the first war, Mr. Trester was made State Commissioner of Basketball, and the success of the tournament was assured. By this time 300 teams from all over Indiana were competing for the title. Basketball had captured the Middle Land.

Essentially basketball is a sport that appeals to Americans. It's full of sudden stops and starts, of twists and bends, a game that puts a premium not on brawn or beef as other games do, but on speed and dexterity, on height, and especially on quick reflexes. It has the delicious inconsequence of



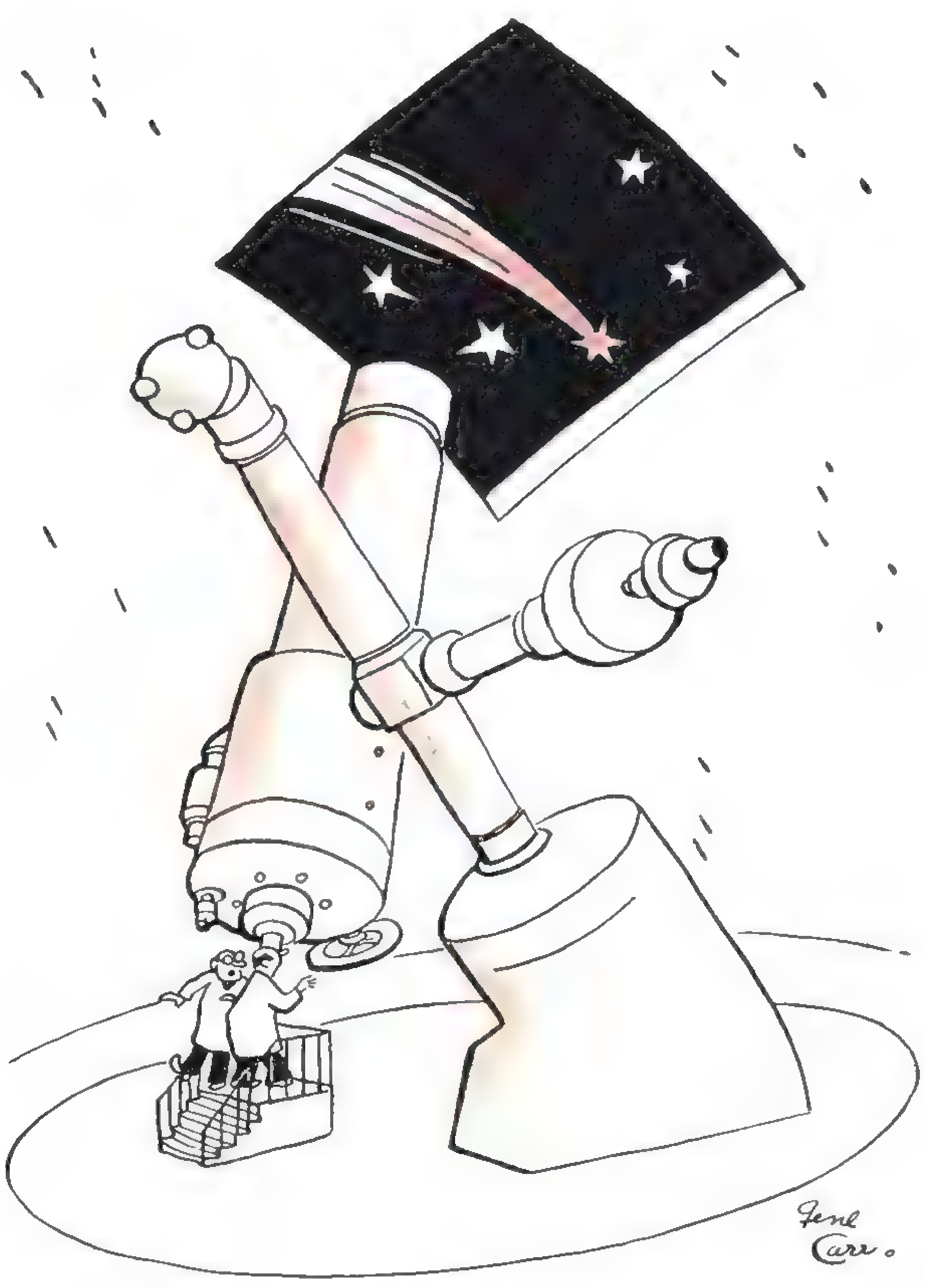
"Why don't you just think of it as a puzzle and enjoy solving it, dear?"

chance attached to every exciting contest, when the ball hovers round and round the rim of the hoop. But above all this it is an American game, invented by Americans, and especially adapted to a nervous, eager people with quick reflexes who adore speed, action and excitement in their athletics. It has everything we seek in sport: color, drama, chance, complicated rules, coaches, crowds, even the shadow of professionalism in the background. Above all, it has speed, which makes it a sport for this nervous, neurotic age.

This speed is nowhere more in evidence than in Indiana basketball. Here they play "firehouse basketball," a game of fast breaks, sudden dashes down the floor, the crowd shrieking on its feet. It means firing at the hoop from difficult angles, following in, one shot after another in rapid succession. It means dash, action, excitement.

If the game is interesting for the competitor, it is almost as much so for the spectator. Instead of watching from a grandstand seat several hundred feet distant, the Hoosier basketball fan sits close to the court where he can follow every play and mark every man. He knows who fouled whom, who is the star of the evening, who flips in the winning goal in the final minutes of play. Now Indiana is above all a state of small towns; in a small town everyone knows everyone else. For the spectators, those youngsters out there representing the team, those Muskrats on the court, are his boys, or the lads next door. He sees them riding their bikes each morning to school, he notices them drinking cokes in the afternoon at Hooks' drugstore on the corner of Buckeye and Superior, or chucking the evening newspaper upon his steps at night. Naturally his interest is more intense than that of a follower of the Giants or the Cards.

Possibly there's a more important reason for the popularity of basketball throughout Indiana. In the small, isolated towns of the Middle Land there is little drama, color or stimulation. Center Township, for instance, is a crossroads with a dozen homes, an A & P and a drugstore. The biggest structure you see is the school building, to which the children come by a dozen buses every morning from the rich farmlands of the region. And the biggest part of the school is the flat-roofed gymnasium just behind the school building. There'll be a game tonight and the folks will come in from miles around to see the boys in their final test before the State. Because no township is too small to be without a gymnasium capable of seating several hundred spectators, and a team of farm boys capable of making trouble for teams from cities of 40,000. Next week everyone will follow the Muskrats into the Sectionals, knowing that their school with 300 students has a chance against the Bearcats with 15,000.



"Quick, make a wish"

So the sport involves community participation and community excitement—almost the only drama and beauty these people have in their lives. Basketball in the Middle Land is the hoops above the garages and farm doors, the little toddlers chucking a bladder through dad's outstretched arms; it is one thing above all else that every Hoosier loves, appreciates and looks forward to every winter, the game of the small towns of the U.S.A. Their religion, their drama, their culture.

They have all played the game and understand its fine points, not just a few, but all of them, young and old, boys and girls. They nod with approval at the story, a true one, of the father of the 125-pound guard who had just won a big game. He approaches the scorer and asks for the lad's average. The scorer glances at his record. Nine goals out of thirteen tries! The father shakes his head solemnly. "Well, he just wasn't used to this here gym."

This Hoosier hysteria is far more deeply rooted in the people than the urban, exhibitionist basketball among the colleges. Several years ago the Kokomo Wildcats won their way into the Finals of the State. Tickets were on sale at seven of a Monday morning before the game, and the first customer showed up at the gymnasium sometime before 5:30 Sunday afternoon, carrying rugs and a kerosene heater. By midnight 500 fans were in line in zero weather, although everyone realized that hardly half that number of tickets were available. Soon a dozen card games were in progress round the heaters, and kids were doing a fine business carrying hot coffee and sandwiches from near-by lunch wagons. As the crowd increased the police got anxious, and routed the school authorities from bed. The ticket window was actually opened at four in the morning, and the few hundred tickets available for the public were gone in half an hour. A thousand disappointed customers had spent the night outdoors for nothing.

The State, as it is colloquially called throughout Indiana, has been played annually since 1911, and now attracts 776 entries from high schools in towns, townships and cities every season. The preliminary round, called the Sectionals, usually takes place about the end of February. The winners of the Sectionals move on to the Regionals the first or second week end in March. The Semifinals take place the following week end, and on the fourth Saturday in the month the four finalists journey to the Butler Field House at Butler University, Indianapolis, where, before 15,000 hysterical spectators, two contests are held in the afternoon, the winners meeting for the title at night.

The Sectionals, Regionals and Semifinals take place in the various high-school gymnasia and field houses throughout the state which seat from 2500 to 15,000. Tickets are only forty cents. But they are tough to obtain, for any school could easily seat ten times the number admitted to a Regional or Semifinal round. As the tournament progresses, seats become scarcer, and it is as hard to get into the Finals as into an Army-Navy football game. Last season about 1,160,000 Hoosiers spent $480,000 to watch the State, with speculators getting their cut all along the line.

To secure seats for the Finals, a Hoosier will commit almost any crime. Tickets *should* go to the students in the competing schools. Everyone admits this. But even when the school kids do get the tickets, the temptation to sell is often too great, and as a result the majority stay home and listen to the game over the air. In other words, the game has become completely removed from those for whom it was intended, the youngsters themselves. As a boy in a Muncie high school remarked: "Basketball would be okay if it weren't for the adults."

The receipts from the sale of tickets go to the local school athletic association, and more than one elegant field house and gymnasium has been erected by basketball money. There is a story, doubtless apocryphal, of one of these gymnasia. Several years ago the high school in a central Indiana town burned to the ground. There were insufficient funds on hand to rebuild both school and adjoining gymnasium. Consequently the gym was made ready for the following season, while the school construction was postponed for a little while.

Out in the Middle Land they tell a story of the basketball coach who went to Heaven. At the pearly gates, St. Peter stopped him to ask some questions. Had he ever broken any of the Ten Commandments?

Yes, the coach admitted, but it was only under provocation. Seems his team was in the Finals of the State. They were behind fifteen points at the half, but steadily caught up, and with only thirty seconds to go his club was but a point behind. Then the star forward stole the ball and went down the floor. Underneath the basket he reached up. The ball rolled round and round on the rim.

"Judas Priest," interrupted St. Peter, "don't tell me the little *dash* missed."

Now it's the fourth Saturday in March, the moment all Indiana has been waiting for since last December. It's evening, and the Indians, our Indians, are out there on the floor, cutting down the Tigers' lead in those final, feverish seconds. In the center above the playing surface hangs the big clock ticking off the seconds. From the stands several thousand voices rise together. "Yea! Indians! Yea! Indians!" Several thousand (*Continued on page 149*)

Argentina—
Up and Coming

HANSEN

Tourists who brood not on matters politic are guaranteed high times in Buenos Aires

by **RICHARD JOSEPH**

The first things to remember about going to Argentina are the things you've got to forget. You've got to forget, in the first place, all that stuff about little brown brothers snoozing in the sun with sombreros shading their squinting eyes. The Argentines aren't little, they're not brown, they don't wear sombreros, they don't take siestas in Buenos Aires, and—things being what they are—they're not exactly our brothers these days.

When you take off for Argentina you ought to forget, really, most of the notions you might have about picturesque Latin America. Certainly, the Gauchos on the pampas are picturesque enough—but chances are you'll spend most of your time in Buenos Aires, just as most South American visitors to the States go to New York City, instead of journeying out to Wyoming to look at cowboys. And Buenos Aires is no more quaint than any other world capital. It is modern, bustling, progressive, prosperous and beautiful. And, with a population well over three million, it follows New York and Chicago as the third largest city in the Western Hemisphere.

Argentina is one country no one is lukewarm about. The second largest country in South America in area and population, it's first in industrial and commercial importance. North Americans living down there are tremendously enthusiastic about the place. Those who don't like it, we gather, go home. You'll find it's the favorite Latin American country of people like Pan-American pilots, who'll grab you by the lapels and tell you that Argentina is the most enterprising, energetic and like-ourselves nation south of the border. They'll sing of its steaks, extol its industriousness, and rhapsodize over its future as a great nation.

However, we generally judge a country pretty much by the people we meet there, and maybe you're like us. Usually we like places where we've made friends—and that's the main reason why we liked Buenos Aires so much. Practically everybody we met there—once we found something in common to talk about—seemed to dedicate himself to proving to us how much Argentines really like North Americans, despite any friction between our governments. That introductory common interest, though, seemed to be the magic key that opens Buenos Aires for the visitor. Therefore, it's an extremely good idea to bring a letter of introduction from a mutual friend or business connection to a Porteño (resident of Buenos Aires) who likes the same things you do.

Suppose you're interested in jazz, for example. You'll be introduced to somebody like Lois Blue, South America's outstanding jazz singer, and from then on you'll be on a dizzy merry-go-round of jam sessions, radio broadcasts, recording dates, and more jam sessions. You might miss out a bit on your coverage of museums and historic landmarks, but you'll have a lot of fun, and by the time you leave Buenos Aires you'll be an expert on South American jazz. And, incidentally, you'll pick up a lot of information about Buenos Aires and the Argentine people that you'd never get from a guidebook.

You'll find out, in the first place, that North Americans enjoy a tremendous prestige with many of the Argentine people. You'll note that the bare fact of your being from North America—land where the hot jazz comes from—qualifies you as an authority on modern music, and entitles you to what amounts to command performances by Argentine musicians anxious to show a visiting Norteamericano that their stuff is solid.

You'll hear an Argentine singer shout "Hey-ba-ba-re-bop!" at a microphone in the best Harlem style; then when you meet him, he'll bow from the waist, extend his hand, and say "*Encantada!*" The guy doesn't speak a word of English! Or, if he does, he's likely to croon, "It's b-b-b-been a real pleasure," when you part. Pure Crosby! You'll find that many Argentine musicians learn English by listening to American phonograph records, so you'll encounter men who speak ten words of English—all ten like Louis Armstrong—and you will meet girls who talk with Ethel Waters' phrasing, Dinah Shore's intonations, or Billie Holiday's accent.

You might be introduced to a Turk from Detroit, leader of an orchestra which bears the rather striking name of Ahmed Mike Ratip and his Cotton Pickers, but which you'll be willing to have play for your money anywhere. Their vocalist is a sixteen-year-old high-school kid named "Bibi," who looks and sings like Judy Garland.

You'll meet a lawyer named Julio Hellman, who is the Hugues Panassié of Argentina, and who knows more about jazz music and American musicians than do most of the disc jockeys you hear riding our air waves during the early morning hours.

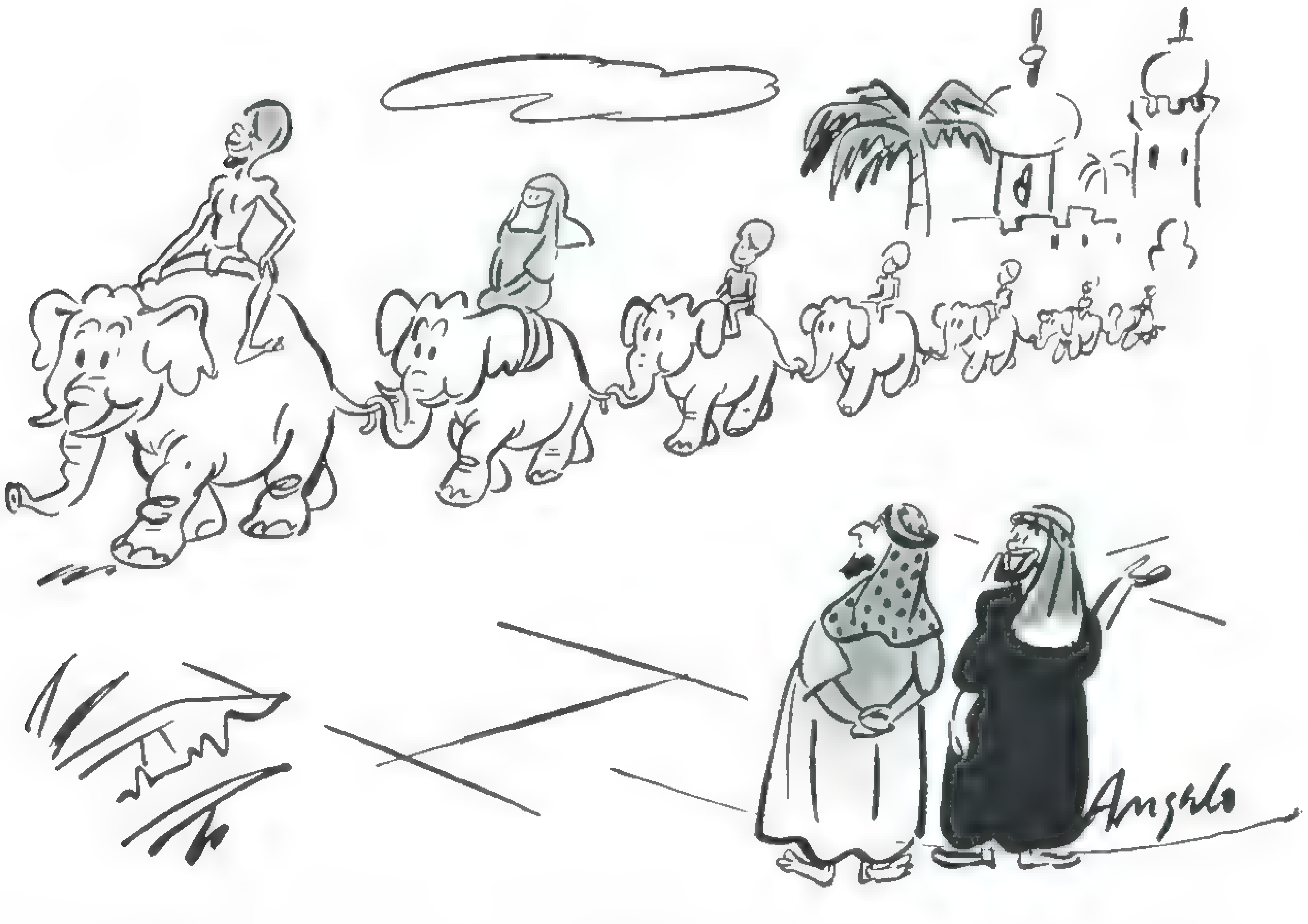
You'll think you're back on 52nd Street for awhile, then something might bring you up short, and you'll realize suddenly that you're not quite at home, after all.

Like the time early one morning when a jam session was in full swing in a little boîte near the Calle Florida. Musicians were dropping in from clubs and radio stations all over town to take a couple of choruses. Some of the best jazzmen in South America—professional and amateur—were sitting in, and the place was really rocking. Suddenly a chunk of ice came sailing across the room and hit the piano player in the ear. The music stopped as though somebody had lifted the pickup of a record player.

The ice pitcher was a man who had been sitting sourpussedly at a ringside table all evening. His party had been conspicuous by being the only one that didn't seem to be enjoying itself. In the silence that followed his throw the man bellowed, "Enough of that! This is still Argentina, isn't it? Let's have some tango music!"

Anybody trying a stunt like that in the States would have been tossed out on his ear, and we expected to see the ice thrower get similar treatment. Instead, the proprietor closed down the piano, and the musicians silently

(*Continued on page 197*)



"Nice station wagon Sabu has"

Go to	Why	How	Weather	Wear	See and Do	Stay
Savannah, Georgia	Beautiful city, historical background, year-round sports facilities, pleasant climate	Delta, Eastern, Nat'l air lines; Atlantic C. L., Central of Ga., Savannah & Atlanta, Seaboard and Southern R. R.	April mean average temp. 66.1°. Daily max. about 75°, min. 57°	Medium-weight suits in town. Sports jackets and slacks during day, formal dress for evenings at resorts	Colonial homes, historical monuments, azalea gardens, golf, fishing, swimming. Savannah Beach on Tybee Island, 18 mi. away all-year playground	Hotels among U.S. best. Rates $3.50-$6 a day single; $6-$10 double, E.P. Fine resort hotels on Savannah Beach and Wilmington I.
Atlanta, Georgia	Nationally famous for its special hospitality and wealth of Old South tradition. State Capital	Delta and Eastern air lines; Atlantic & West Point, Atlantic C. L., Cen. of Ga., L & N, Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, Seaboard and Sou. R. R.	April mean temp. of 60° means comfortable days, cool nights	Medium-weight sports and business clothes. Night is topcoat time	Abundant all-year amusement facilities. April's fine for golf, tennis, fishing, riding. At best during Annual Dogwood Festival in April.	Twenty good hotels can handle 4900 guests. Single rates start at $2.50. Reserve well in advance
Mobile, Alabama	All-year recreation center on the Gulf; charming southern air	Eastern and Nat'l air lines; Gulf, Mobile & Ohio, L & N, and Southern R. R.	Usually warm enough for all sports in April	Light- or medium-weight business suits or sports clothes	All water sports. Azaleas best in April. Moss-draped magnolia forests, picturesque bayou country	Six hotels containing 1000 rooms in city. Several tourist courts Two resort hotels, 1 inn, across bay
Biloxi, Mississippi	Popular all-year resort. Peninsular city noted for magnolia gardens, old homes, fisheries, beach drives	Illinois Central, Louisville & Nashville railroads	Average April temp. 70.4°. Average yearly temp. 67.8°	Light- or medium-weight sports clothes	Swimming, surf-bathing, boating, salt and fresh-water fishing; picturesque shrimp and oyster industries; colonial and Civil War sight-seeing attractions	Nine large hotels, many smaller ones, cottages, tourist courts and rooming houses. Rates $2.50-$6 per day single
Galveston, Texas	Miles of sandy beaches, tropical foliage make Galveston a treasure island	Braniff and Texas air lines; Missouri-Kansas-Texas, Missouri Pacific, Santa Fe, and Southern Pacific railroads	Semitropical. Annual mean min. temp. 64.9°. April average 64.3°	Light- and medium-weight sportswear. Topcoat nights early in April	Surf bathing; deep-sea, surf, bayou or bay fishing; golf; tennis; sight-seeing by foot, horse, bicycle or boat	Nineteen first-class hotels with 1534 rooms; 18 approved tourist courts with 734 apartments
Houston, Texas	Friendly boom town with romantic past. Biggest city in biggest state. America's third seaport	Braniff, Chgo & Sou., Eastern Pioneer and Texas air lines; So. Pac., Mo. Pac., Mo.-Kan.-Tex., Burlington-Rock Island and Santa Fe railroads	Mild weather in April. Annual average temp. 69.2°, spring average 69°	Medium-weight business or sports clothing. Topcoat useful some nights	All water sports, tennis, golf, year-round fishing, bayshore resorts, world's leading spot cotton market and terminal, largest cotton compresses	Twenty-two hotels with 4415 rooms, 4 apt. hotels with 390 rooms, 30 guest ranches, lodges, resorts
Corpus Christi, Texas	Year-round resort, splendid beaches, fisherman's paradise, on lovely land-locked bay	Braniff and Eastern air lines; Missouri Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads	Av. winter temp. about 60°, summer 90°. No rainy season	Lightweight sports clothes	Fishing, hunting, swimming, sailing, or just loafing along landscaped waterfront	Approx. 1500 rooms in larger hotels. 2500 beach units, mainly permanently occupied. Reserve in advance
Carlsbad, New Mexico	Carlsbad Caverns National Park, favorite tourist attraction	Continental Air Lines; Santa Fe Railway	Warm, sunny days, cool nights. Temp. in cave 56°	Sports clothes, walking shoes. Topcoat or heavy jacket and pull-over at night	Cave sight-seeing; fishing in lakes, rivers; golf, tennis, exploring canyons afoot or horseback	Two modern, comfortable hotels, 25 tourist courts. Reserve well in advance
Las Vegas, New Mexico	Cowboy and dude ranch country, Old West atmosphere	Continental Air Lines; Santa Fe Railway	April days warm, nights cool	Dude-ranching outfits. Slacks, pull-over and sports jacket at night	Riding, pack trips, fishing, hunting, camping, the outdoor life	Seven hotels, 6 tourist camps, many dude ranches in vicinity
Santa Fe, New Mexico	Capital and typical of N. M. With Taos, 70 mi. N., State's greatest tourist center	Continental Air Lines; Santa Fe Railway to Lamy, 18 miles away, then bus to Santa Fe	7,000 ft. alt. makes for sunny, warm days, cool nights	Medium-weight sports jacket and slacks. Heavy moccasin-type shoes. Pull-overs and or topcoats at night	Sight-seeing at Indian pueblos, cliff dwellings, Spanish missions, museums. Artists' colonies. Hiking and riding	Good hotels and motor courts reflect Southwest atmosphere. La Fonda Hotel of Old Santa Fe Trail rebuilt
Albuquerque, New Mexico	Heart of Spanish and Indian country. Famous health center. Guest ranches	Continental Air Lines and TWA; Santa Fe Railway	Warm days, cool nights. April av. max. 69.7°, min. 40.7°	Medium-weight business suits or sports clothes for town, ranch outfits for roughing it. Topcoats for night	Sight-seeing at Indian pueblos, Acoma, Indian "City in the Sky," Enchanted Mesa, El Morro, ice caves, Spanish missions	Best hotels have 750 rooms, many fine tourist courts, with over 1000 rooms. Reserve in advance

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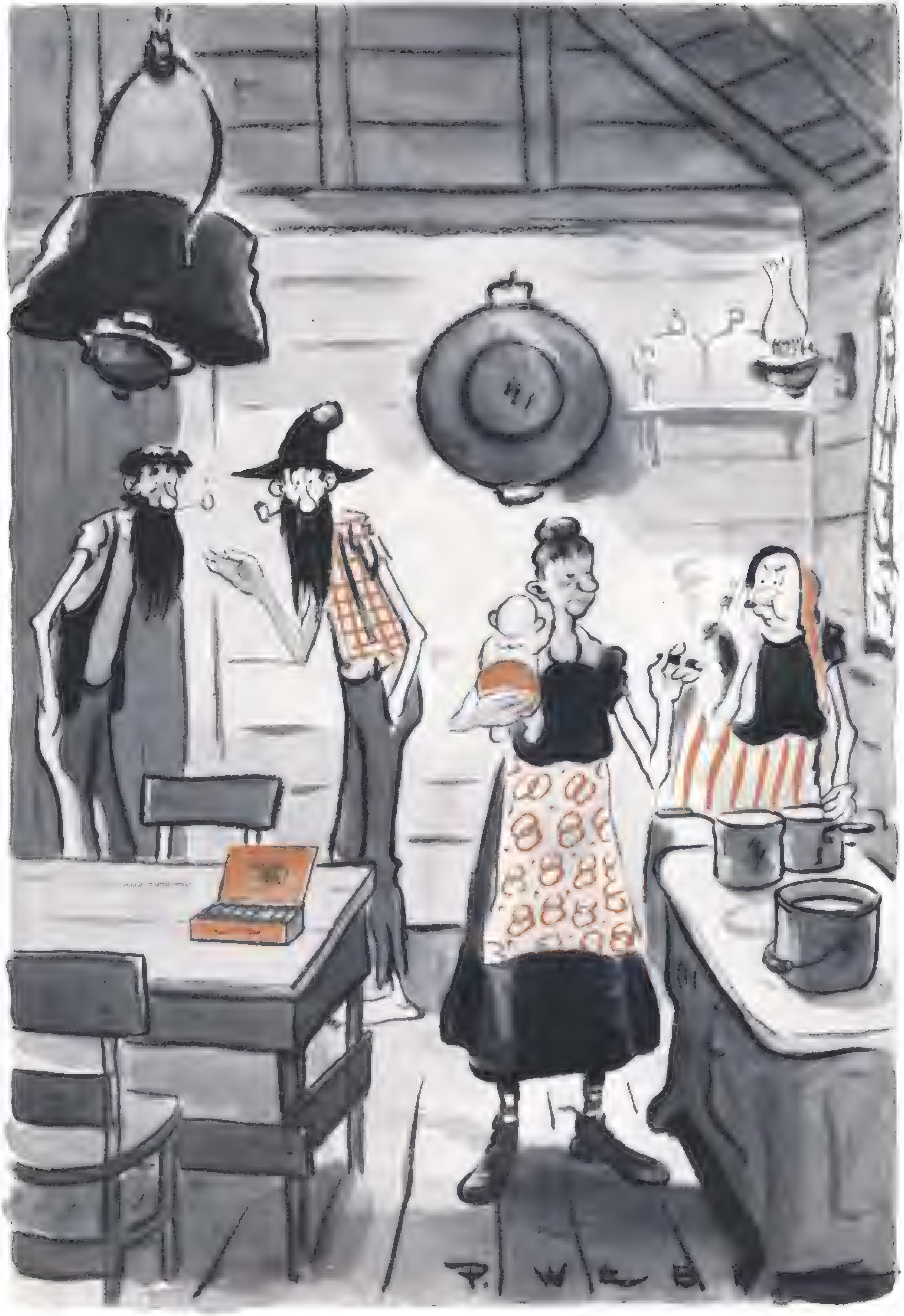
MEET SPRINGTIME HALFWAY

Up North, spring will as usual be a little late this year. And April, in truth, may strike some as quite the cruelest month. The calendar tells you spring is here, but the weather tells you it hasn't quite arrived. Below the Ohio, however, balmy weather is firmly entrenched, and the astute Northerner, exasperated by sunshiny days which never repeat on the morrow, will want to hie himself in a southerly direction in order to meet spring halfway. In Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona—in fact throughout the deeper South and Southwest—natives are now disporting in lightweight suits, shorts and sports clothes, pleasantly drenched in temperatures which seldom go above 80 or below 50.



"Maw married herself a mighty appreciative man . . . a full box o' seegars fer ev'ry new young'un"

FAULKNER

THE SPORTING SCENE:

Who'll Get the Olympics

Minneapolis and Detroit are staging a polite brawl over the Games for 1952

by **JIM CROSSETT & LOUIS SIDRAN**

With the 1948 Olympic Games already set and delivered to London, two American cities are now engaged in an old-fashioned knock-down-and-drag-out over which is to be blessed with the Olympiad of 1952. Their battle over the Olympic plum—with its reward of profits and reputation—is a spectacular preview of the contests to be staged in the games themselves. It's sport—but on a grand, expensive scale. Amateurs compete for medals. Professionals want the stuff you can deposit. The Olympics is the biggest prize the world offers in money competition. And here are the competitors: In this corner, the mill city of Minneapolis—an athletic paradise, to paraphrase its Invitational Committee's propaganda. And in this corner, the motor city of Detroit—an athletic Eden—to do ditto with the propaganda of its Invitational Committee.

The boys will tell you that Minneapolis and Detroit are at each other's throats in this Olympics competition because both cities have an abiding love for athletics. And they will tell you that their only love as abiding as that for athletics is another for profit and reputation. Both statements are indivisibly correct.

It might be noted in passing that, though Minneapolis and Detroit are out in front in the bidding for '52, they still must beat off the challenges of such other American cities as Washington, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Boston—not to mention Athens, Helsinki, Stockholm, Paris and Lausanne across the Atlantic.

At this writing, the Minneapolis-Detroit battle has already straightened into the backstretch and the jockeys are preparing to go to their whips. The Detroit Invitational Committee—long on cash but short on natural resources—has announced that they have twelve million dollars to spend on the venture. Minneapolis, short on cash but long on resources, is stressing its geographical blessings, comprised of the University of Minnesota Stadium (for track and field events), the headwaters of the Mississippi (for crew races and the like), and a swimming pool already constructed to hold water competition. Joyce Swan, a chunky human dynamo who chairs the Minneapolis Invitational Committee, maintains that these are the factors that count. Frederick Matthaei, chairman of the Detroit Committee, counters with the bromide concerning money as a factor for swinging deals. In both cases, the respective mayors and governors are actively backing their delegations.

The idea of inviting the Olympics to Minneapolis was born humbly at a luncheon of a few newspapermen in a popular Mill Town eatery back in 1944. On this score the Motor City has a decided advantage. Detroit made its first bid for the Games back in 1939 (at that time for the 1944 games).

The benefit of Detroit's past experience was displayed rather vividly a year ago when they had representatives at the U. S. Olympic Committee meeting held in New York. As a result, the Michigan delegation was awarded with a vote of assurance on the part of the U. S. body that their city could handle the event. The Minneapolis Olympic enthusiasts countered by sending a two-man delegation to Lausanne, Switzerland, in September to plead their case.

During the last A.A.U. meeting held in December in San Antonio, Texas, Detroit stepped out in front again. In the agenda packages, the delegates (state A.A.U. representatives from coast to coast) found take-off gold bonds, guaranteeing that Detroit was ready and able on bonded word to take care of the Olympics in 1952. Incidences of this type should prove to anyone interested that these two cities are playing the game for keeps.

The energetic Minneapolis committee, as one of their first acts in announcing their candidacy for the Games, sent out by air mail to Olympic and athletic officials throughout the world a beautiful and well laid out pamphlet in three different languages. In this booklet, scenes of splendor, pictures of modern athletic plants available and a general sales talk were given the recipients on "Why Minneapolis Should Have the 1952 Olympics." You can wager your gold fillings that such a gimmick cost a mound of dough.

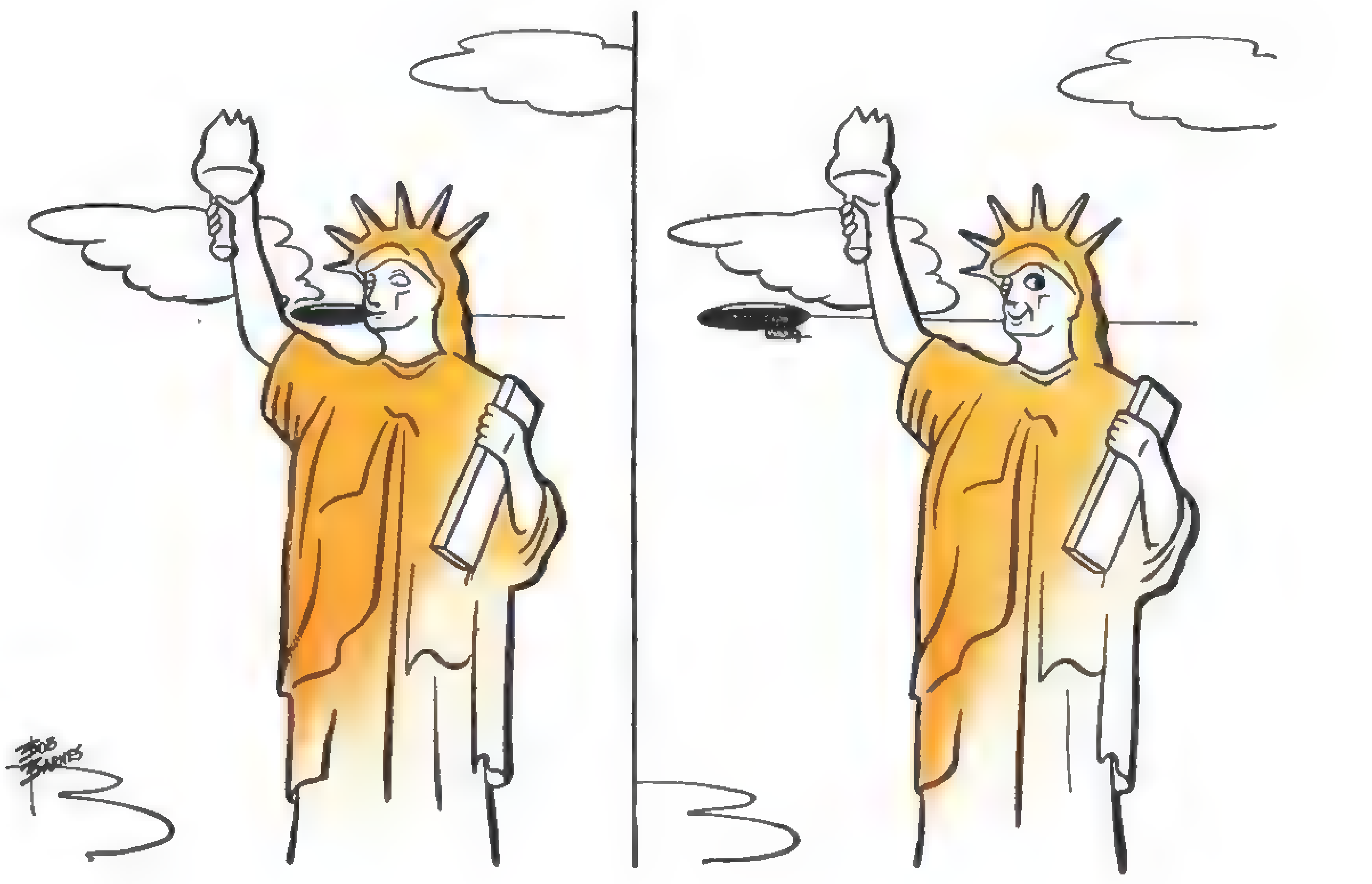
Immediately thereafter, Detroit issued a shiny bound volume for the Olympic clientele, putting their facilities and sales talk on record for posterity and the flood of the long green to come if only the "Torch of the Nations" were ignited in the Motor City.

When you're fighting over a plum like the Olympics, you throw punches wherever and whenever you can. Thus the University of Minnesota played host to the 1946 NCAA meet last spring for one big reason—to demonstrate that the cinder track surrounding the gridiron of the Gopher school as well as its field-event space could accommodate any number of athletes within full view of the paying public. As a result, quotes were secured from some of the nation's leading track coaches and officials telling the world that Minneapolis was the place for the 1952 Olympic Games.

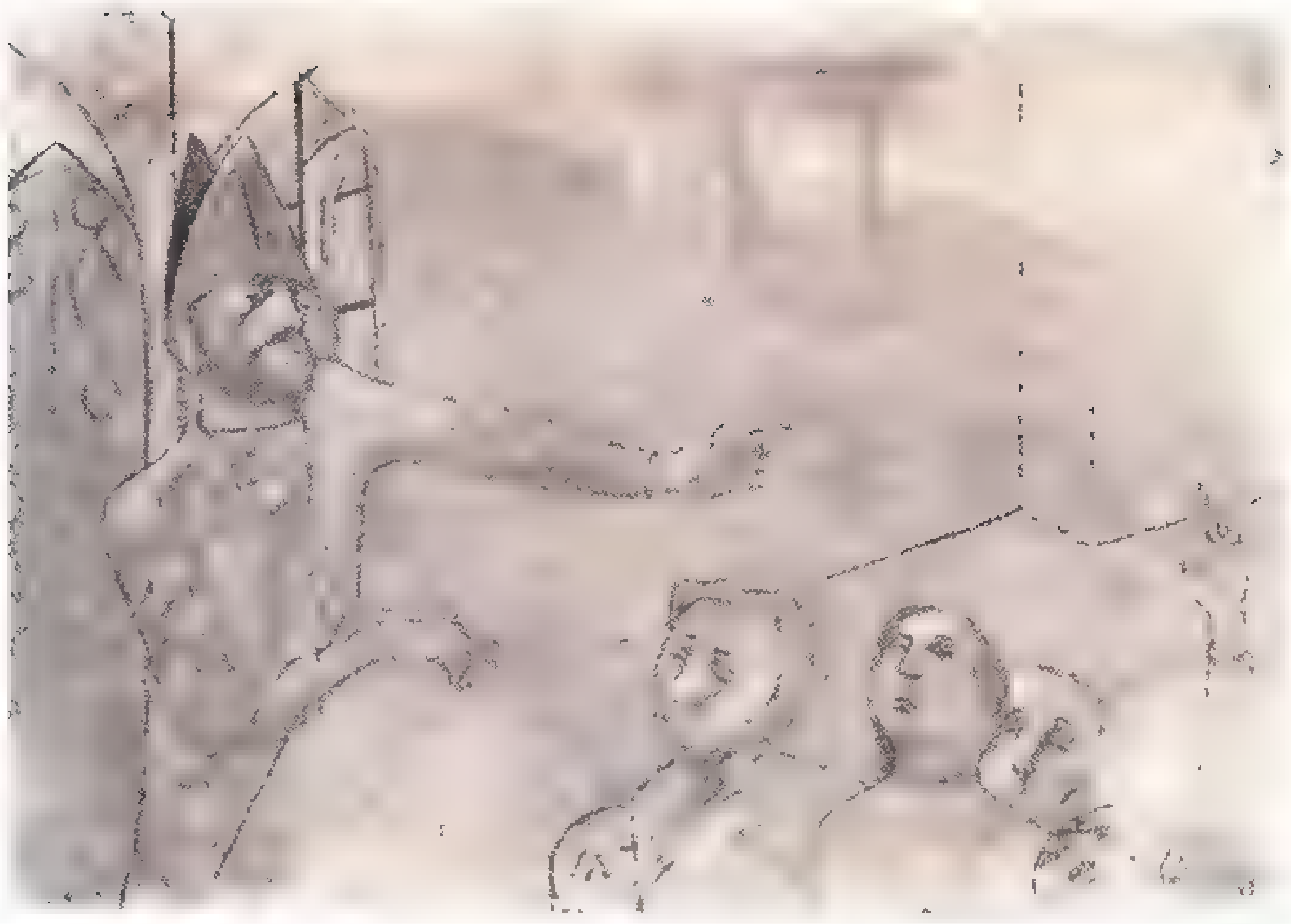
Minneapolis this past fall had the honor of entertaining Bo Eckelund, Swedish delegate to the International tribunal, who was making a tour of the U. S. at the request of J. Sigfried Edstrom, President of the IOC. After escorting this Olympic official around town in a lavish manner, the Minneapolis Committee was able to quote him as approving of their facilities in general.

This late spring both cities will send delegates to the big International meeting in Stockholm to put in the final plug for their interests. You can wager a new car that the gents who make this trip across the Atlantic will be the best salesman each can select for the job. Their duties will be comparable to that final sprint at the end of a hard-fought race. If no dark horses come thundering down the track to interfere it looks very much like a Minneapolis-Detroit blanket right down to the wire.

Regardless of which city wins the nod and the accompanying windfall of visiting currency, it's a break for the American sports fan who will gladly lay it on the line to attend the greatest sport show on earth within the confines of his own boundaries. ##



The priest offered a terrifying solution to the mystery of those monsters which roared through the village of Mognosorsk



GREENE

The Devil's Visit

by L. ROUTEN

If I dared tell this story to my son, I wonder what he would think of me. My son lives in a world of atom bombs, rockets, and expeditions to the moon. His face is protected by a studied expression of sophisticated boredom. It would shame him to discover that his own father, whose own sophistication he has always admired, had once been almost frightened to death by the devil.

It happened when I was my own son's age, in the little Russian village called Mognosorsk, in one of the valleys of the Ural Mountains. The village had nothing to boast of: no railroad, no factory, no doctor, no school, no house of pleasure. Its intellectual giant was Krazumov, the priest, who represented God's wisdom in Mognosorsk. Everybody feared him. In the eyes of the villagers, God and Krazumov were one and the same.

It happened in August, when the fields were as yellow as my grandfather's front tooth and the sun so hot the earth cracked until it looked like the old man's forehead. I was walking down the dusty road with the women. They had finished helping the men in the fields and they were now returning to prepare the evening meal.

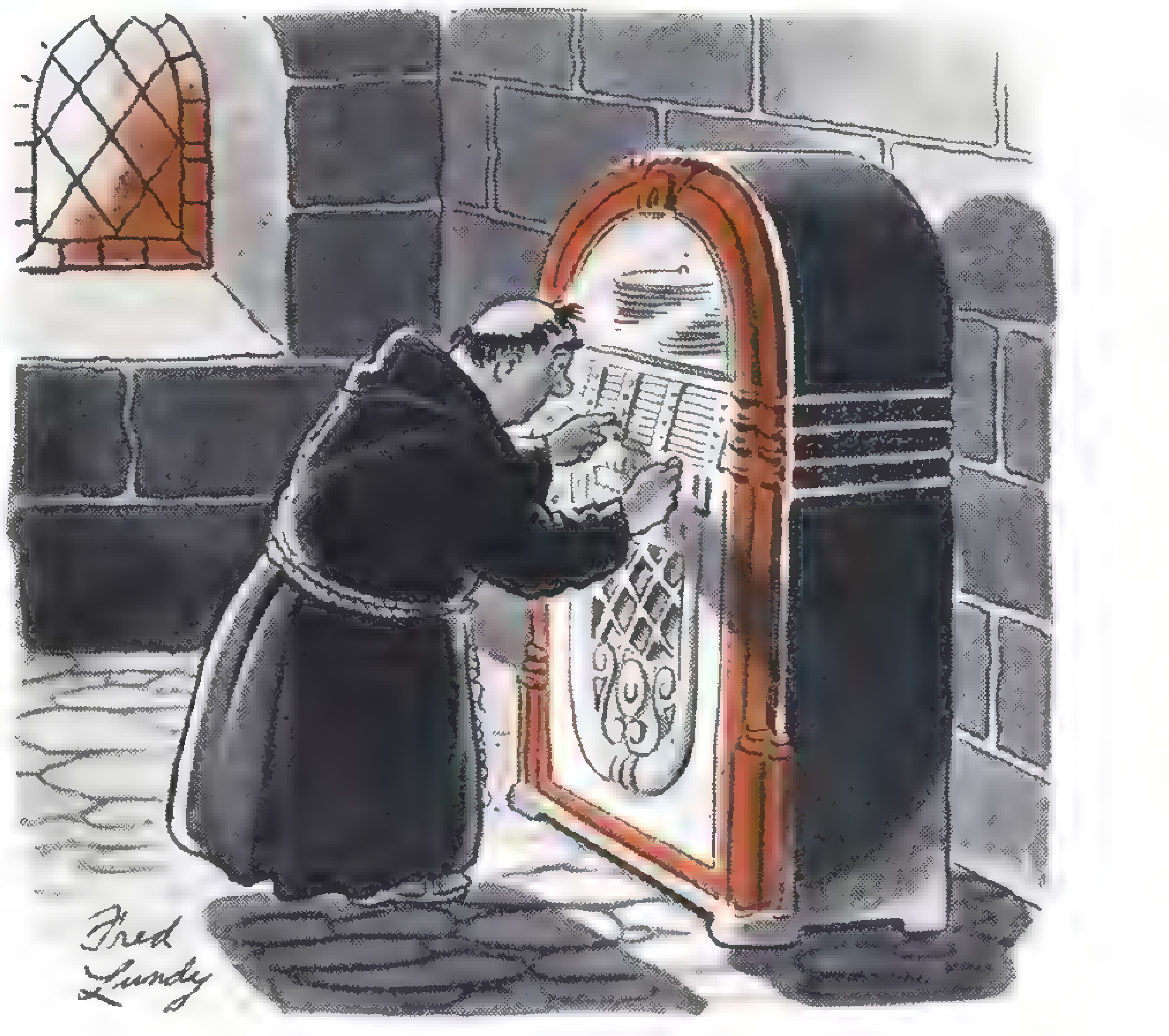
Suddenly we heard a noise like faraway thunder, and we were frightened, for the sky was blue and void of any clouds. We remained rigid, listening to the sound, waiting in suspense and fear. I watched my mother cross herself.

There, at the end of the road, appeared one black, fast-moving spot, and as it approached us with a terrifying roar we discovered that it was not just one thing but several. Although most of the women shut their eyes tightly, I dared to stare at the "things." They were the strangest beings I had ever seen: their bodies were yellow, red and blue; shiny and long. You could not see their legs but they were running faster than any horse I had ever seen and they cut the air like a whip. They had no heads, or tails. They roared as they passed us, and screamed as they sped on to the opposite horizon.

The world of apparitions, miracles, and wonders was not as remote to me as it is to a full-grown man or woman, but I was shaking. I stared at the monstrous colored bugs until they shrank to tiny dark spots at the other end of the road and dropped out of sight. I turned about and saw my mother far down the road, gesturing desperately for me to follow her. All the other women had fled far into the fields as if the very devil were after them.

When I caught up with my mother, we stumbled through the high grass until we reached the place where the men had been hauling wheat on the wagons. They, too, had ceased to work, and were standing there, scratching their heads for lack of wisdom. Two or three of them had seen the monsters from a distance and they were debating what kind of an animal it could have been, while the women made the monsters grow with their words to even more terrifying proportions. It was an excitement the like of which Mognosorsk had never witnessed. The people forgot the fields, the meals to be cooked, the steady stubborn rhythm of their lives as they hurried toward the village.

None of the tales they told each other in winter around the samovar, none of the stories they heard in church had ever mentioned these monsters. No council could be taken because everybody talked at the same time, but we all started toward the village as if by common agreement. We wanted to know what the monster was called and to what purpose it had come to Mognosorsk. Nobody could question the fact that Krazumov was the only man in the village who could know the answer.



The first thing you could see of the village was the steeple of the church. It had been the tallest landmark of Mognosorsk ever since Krazumov had ordered the big pine tree chopped down because it had dared to grow higher than his church.

When we reached Krazumov's house, Tania, his fair-haired and well-rounded housekeeper, told us that he was in church holding council with God. Her information upset the grownups greatly. How menacing had the monsters been if Krazumov were even now sacrificing, for a session of prayer, his evening session with a pitcher of vodka—a ritual he had observed with religious zeal as far back as anyone could remember?

We rushed toward the church, our footsteps echoing against the walls of the houses, and we sounded like running, panicky cattle.

It must have been the most glorious hour in Krazumov's life. Never before had he welcomed such a great number of people in his church, nor had they ever approached it so willingly. It could not be said that he did not meet the hour with the solemnity it deserved. I can still remember his tall, majestic figure prone before the crucifix inside the church, unaware of the shuffling feet, the excited whispers, the rustling skirts. The rays of the setting sun streamed through the windows and illuminated Krazumov's kneeling figure with a pink light, as if he deserved a halo. Awe-inspired, we stood there with our caps in our hands. After awhile Krazumov turned and noticed us. He faced us with apparent astonishment as if he had not known us to be there. Only in later years did I discover that he had not relied on nature alone for his effects. It was Krazumov's foresight rather than God's intention that the sun so obligingly illuminated his broad back. Nor had he been entirely ignorant of our noisy presence.

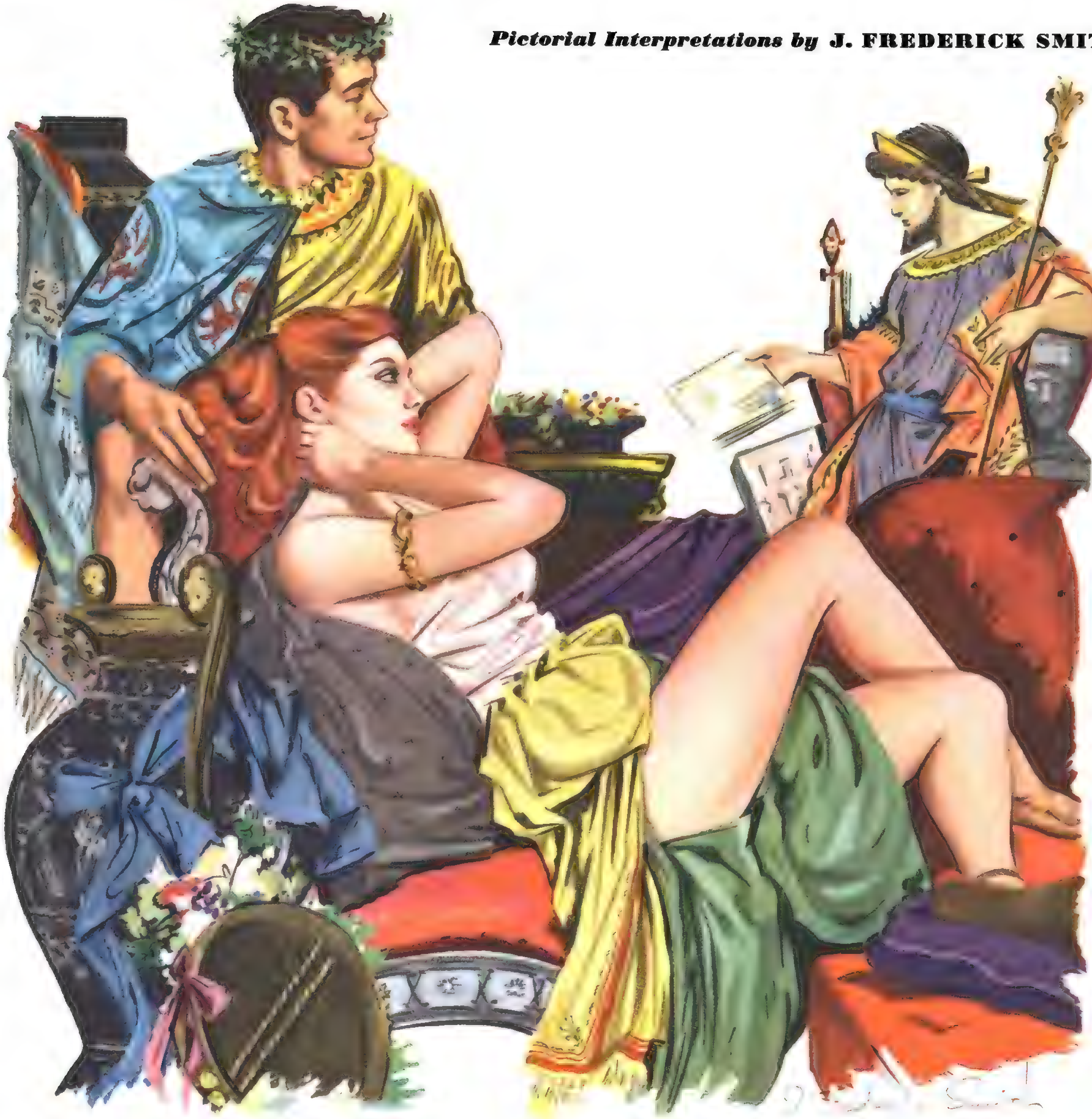
Few people ever recognize the zenith of their lives, but Krazumov was aware of his hour. It was striking now. His figure seemed to grow and expand and his eyes beneath the bushy black brows pierced through us as if he possessed divine powers. Every one of us felt that Krazumov would save us in the hour of need and that he knew everything. He would know why the monsters had come to pass through Mognosorsk.

My father rose to speak in the name of all those assembled, and he described with a tremulous voice the monsters we had seen. Their bodies had become longer, taller, and more frightening; our lips and our minds had left their traces on the facts. After my father finished his tale, Krazumov crossed himself solemnly three times and threw his head back as if to receive instructions from above.

I wonder what would have happened had Krazumov been an honest man and told us that he, like us, could not explain the appearance of the monsters. It would have been a terrible shock to discover that he, too, dwelled in ignor-

(Continued on page 176)

***Pictorial Interpretations by* J. FREDERICK SMITH**



When the husband of the most beautiful woman in the world spends his time fuddy-duddying with his stamp collection, a wolf like Paris runs amok.

Helen of Troy

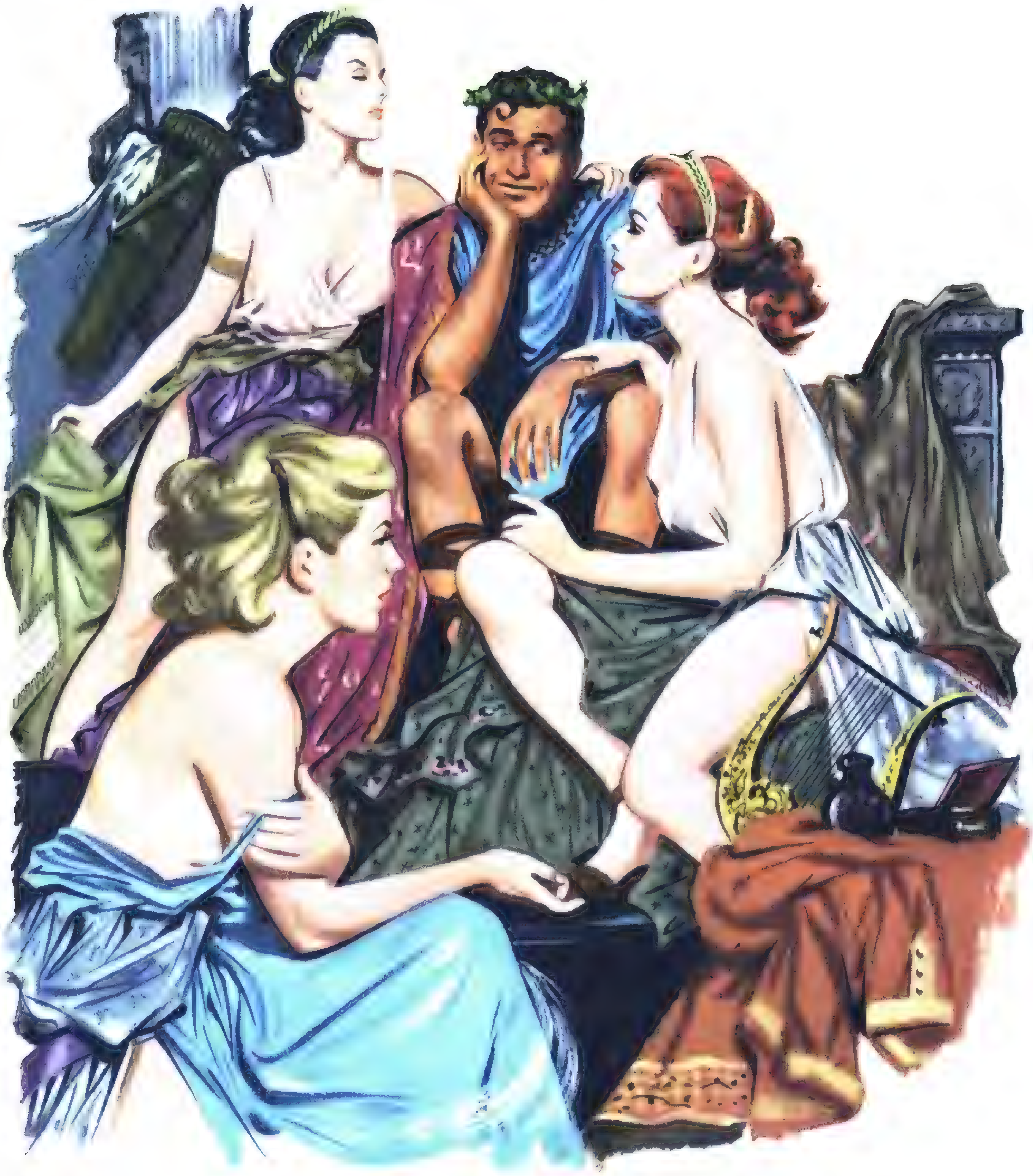
Here was a woman so exquisite the annihilation of a nation was the price paid for abducting her

PARIS stole Helen right from under Menelaus' nose, that was the fact. And the Greeks had a word for it and the word was war. And, as usual, they were good at it. When they got through avenging the Trojan's insult to Greece, Troy was a smoking ruin and all her sons were dust.

But, as Homer points out, there was more to it than an outraged husband getting his gang together and going after his flighty helpmate. Helen was no mere local belle or even a Miss Mediterranean B. C. 1200, which is about the time this unpleasantness was alleged to have taken place. She was a legend, even while she lived, for her shining beauty. And even if she was inclined to be flighty, who could censure her? After all, her father had been a swan. But that is another interesting story. Helen was, almost, the atomic bomb of her day, possessed by the Greeks, coveted by their greatest rival, the Trojans, and envied by all the lesser nations of the "civilized" world, as even the cave men probably referred to themselves. She was of such a soaring loveliness that it hardly seemed right for any one man to possess her. Thirty of them, and princes every one, sued for her hand when she was a girl. And finally, the choice was left up to Helen. But so moved were her princely retinue of suitors by her magic voice and matchless figure that all thirty swore that no matter who was the lucky guy, they would band together and bring Helen back to him, if she were ever stolen. The character of the times made this kind of hijacking seem very likely, so that when Menelaus—a good, solid, middle-of-the-road choice for such a prima donna—was elected, he could smack his lips over the allies he could whistle up at the first sign of a Dear John letter from Helen.

That was Helen's allure—a face that launched not a thousand ships, but twelve hundred, or exactly two hundred more than Marlowe could find room for in his famous lines. But the die was cast even more surely when Paris of Troy made his famous choice.

An apple, as usual, was behind it all. The goddesses were raising hell on Mt. Olympus over who was the best-looking among them and the din was so terrific that King Zeus couldn't even enjoy a cup of nectar in peace. So he proposed a judgment at which the fairest



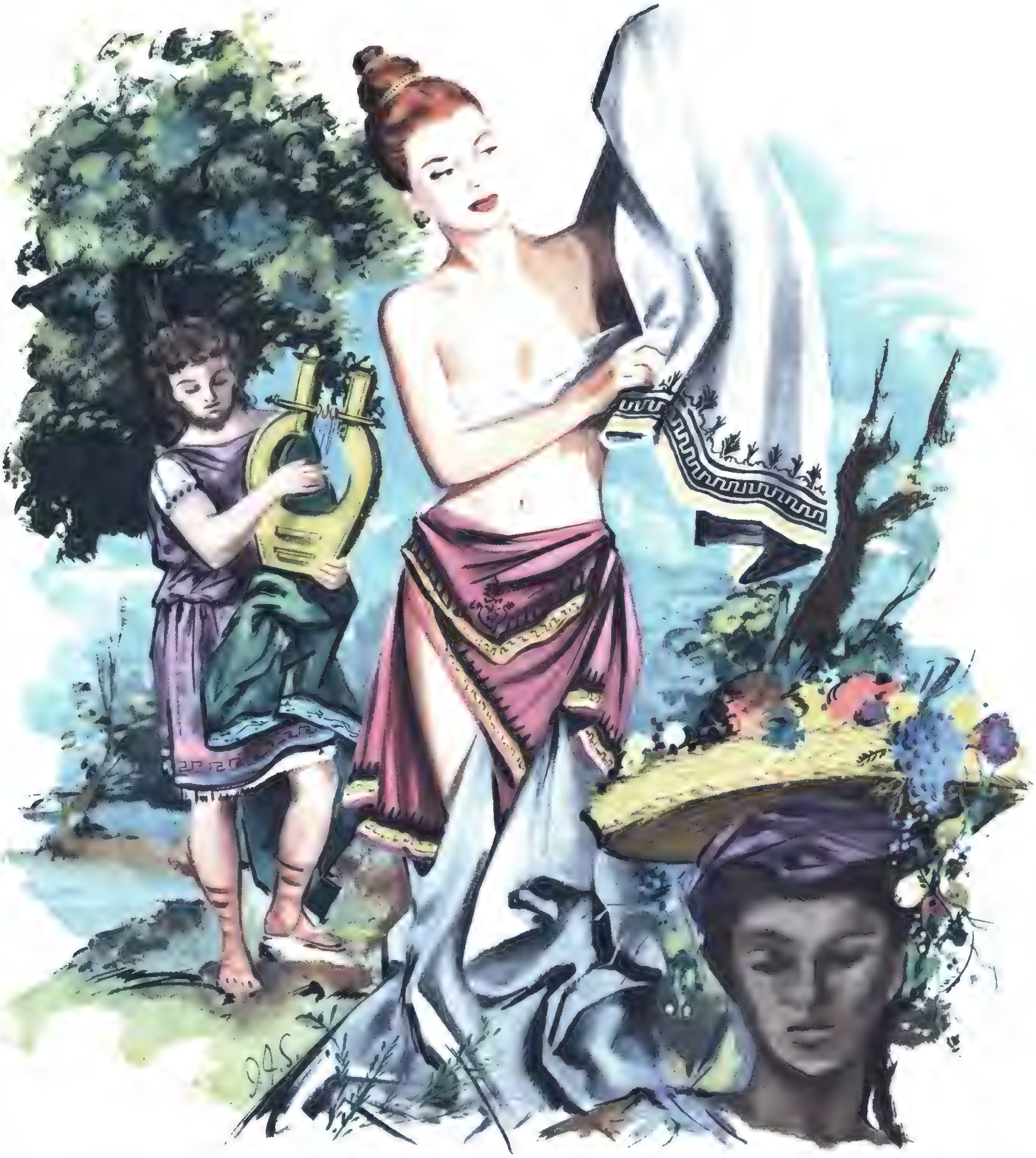
The real trouble started when Paris, a young shepherd, was asked to select the loveliest of the goddesses. He chose Venus, who promised him the most beautiful of all mortals for his own.

should be given a golden apple suitably inscribed "to the most beautiful"—only, being a smart god, he passed the buck so that Paris should do the choosing. Zeus knew that no good would come from this contest, but he didn't care. From his detached viewpoint, the world was overpopulated anyhow, and he figured a war between Greece and Troy would thin out the human race. Paris was a young prince of the Trojan race, prepping as a shepherd on Mt. Olympus, and not averse to watching the shepherdesses as well as the sheep. But the apple polishing was almost too much for him. Hera, goddess of Power, and the legal wife of Zeus; Minerva, goddess of Wisdom, and Aphrodite, goddess of Love, both Zeus' daughters and superdupers, naturally, were the finalists. Forced to choose among them, Paris rolled his eyes in delighted indecision. Hera offered him a great career, Minerva held out wisdom and martial success, but Aphrodite —with a glance at his foolish, handsome face—offered him the most beautiful woman in the world. So Paris declared Aphrodite to be the fairest of the goddesses (as she obviously was, love being her divine racket), and he gave her the golden apple. From then on, he was Destiny's kid. Zeus must have chuckled as Hera and Minerva began to sharpen their spells as a retort to this brash (and blind, to hear them tell it) young man.

For a time Paris continued, more or less bored with it all, to tend his flocks. Then Priam, his royal father, proclaimed a public contest in which young men of noble birth were to meet in athletic games. The prize for the winner of the Trojan track meet was to be the finest bull on Mount Ida. Priam hadn't planned to invite Paris to enter these games, because a couple of local soothsayers named Helenus and Cassandra had told him that no good would come from Paris. However, it happened, by one of those pat coincidences that the gods were noted for arranging, that the finest bull on Mount Ida belonged to Paris' herd. And Paris, being no fool, said he would part with the bull on only one condition: that he be allowed to enter the contest.

Outdoor life had kept Paris in excellent form and of course he won the contest, hands down. Overcome by paternal pride, Priam, against his better judgment and all the warnings of Helenus and Cassandra (who were later able to say: "I told you so"), welcomed Paris to the royal household. It was no trick at all for Paris to persuade his doting father that he needed a sea voyage.

You can't blame Paris even if he did leave a perfectly good wife —a wood nymph called Aenone. He was a prince, and an athlete, nurtured on bear's milk. He was built like a moving statue, the glamour boy of his day. A little of the pastoral life goes a long way with a fellow who has had his head turned by Aphrodite. He drifted



This was Helen, fairer than the evening air, she of the hyacinth hair and classic face, for whom men gladly died; dying, sang the praises of her deathless beauty for all the ages to hear.

with the sureness of fate to Sparta and the home of Menelaus, where Helen dwelt. His line was innocuous enough. He said piously he had come to Sparta to sacrifice at the shrine of Apollo. Whether she fell for Paris, or Aphrodite cast a spell over her in order to secure the bargain made over the apple barrel, no one has ever clearly proved. But there is no doubt that while Menelaus was away on a short expedition to Crete, Paris ran off with Helen. And according to local gossip, the happy pair carried away a considerable amount of Menelaus' treasure. Menelaus' outraged yells could be heard clear across the Aegean, and it wasn't too long before his twenty-nine fraternity brothers showed up, at first clashing their arms in warlike glee and wondering, when they had a moment for sober second thought, why in hell they had ever given Menelaus such a foolish promise of assistance.

It was a tough fight, and they didn't come right home. The Trojans had some good men on their side, and after all, Paris was their prince. They had Hector, and there were those aplenty to claim the Trojan as a better man then Achilles the Greek, even though they had never met in single combat. And Troy was a walled city. A few ships on the beach needn't interfere with the communal life within, and sallying out to kill a few starving Greeks every day could keep the young men of Troy in good condition, with the exception of the few who were hacked up permanently in course of these squabbles.

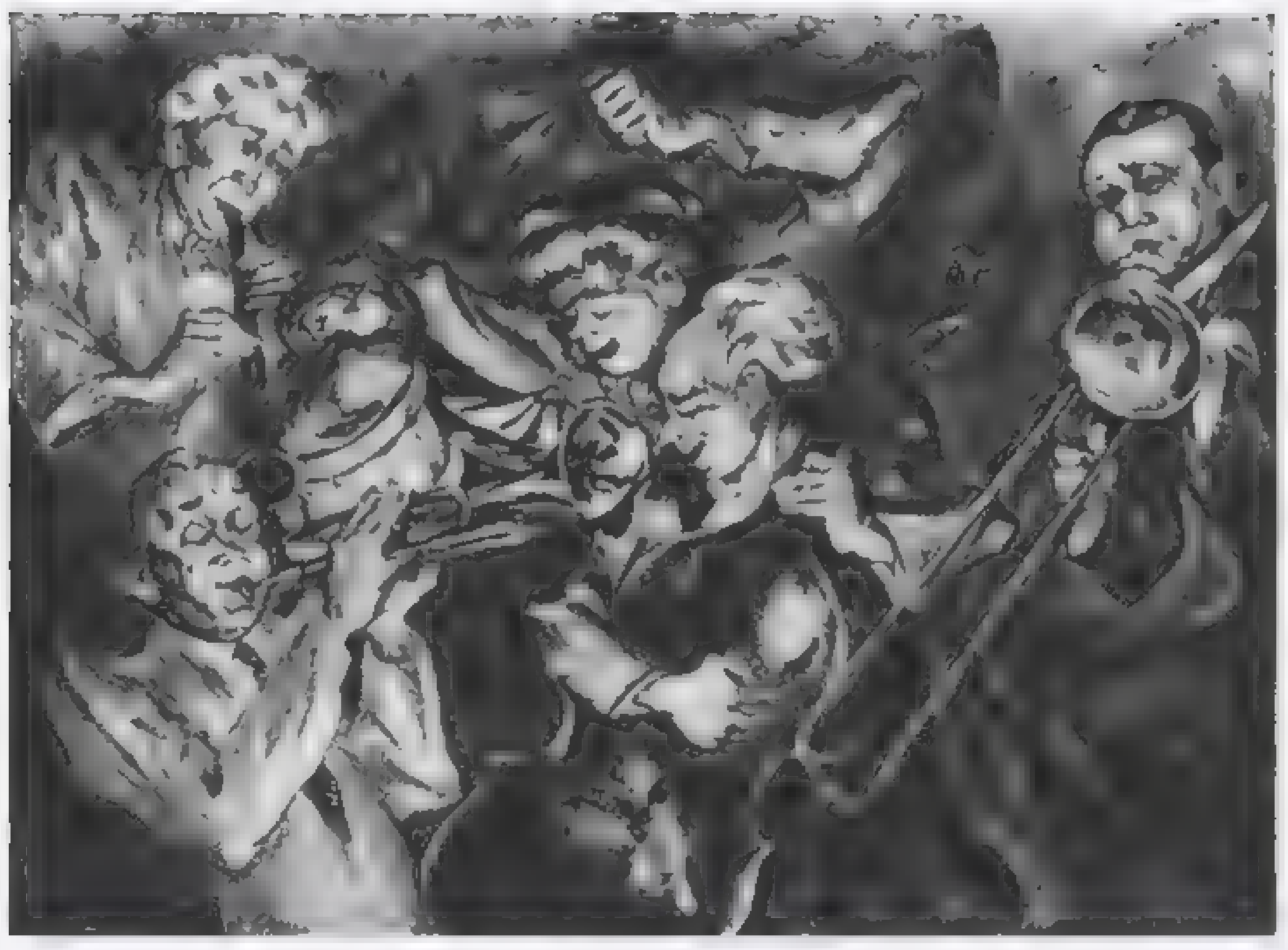
But the Trojan Horse finally turned the tide. Ulysses figured that one out. One hundred champion Greeks hid in a huge wooden figure of a horse, while the Greek host sailed away. The joyous Trojans who had never heard the warning, "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts," came out dancing. Hauling the great prize inside the city, these naïve warriors dropped their arms to celebrate. That was enough for the 100 characters with the short swords, waiting inside the horse, to start swinging. When they were through, and the gates had been opened, and the rest of the team returned to hit the line, the brawl was over. Achilles had conquered Hector. Paris was killed. Troy was leveled. And Menelaus bore Helen and her tragic beauty back to his island home.

The legend grows dim after that. But the tale of Helen's beauty shines brighter. They tell how the Trojans once started to stone her, as the cause of all their sorrow, but "When they beheld her, they cast their stones on the ground." Well could old Faust, centuries later, seeing the vision of Helen conjured for him by the devil, cry: "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium! Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss" . . . For such was Helen, a dream of beauty for all time. ⌗

This character was laced up but snug, and he blew a trom that was strictly inspired

Concerning the Brush

by RIFF CHARLES



JULES

Here I am in a closet. The door's closed and there's no window and it's dark except for the dim, weird light comin' from the blue bulb hangin' naked from the ceilin'.

I've got a card table set up with a quart bottle of whiskey and a typewriter on it. On the floor over in the corner I've got my portable phonograph hooked up and I'm playin' Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul.* Jack, I am in the mood to bat out the story of The Brush. The Brush is a character I met last night and I wanta write about how it was.

The place is The Three Deuces on 52nd Street, New York. I'm workin' in this eight-piece combo and tonight the trombone has failed to show. It wouldn't make much difference to the squares out front, but the manager starts blowin' his bonnet and nothin' will do but we haveta call the union and tell 'em to send us up a boneman, but quick.

Well, just as we finish the third set . . . I think it's *Rose Room* we end up on . . . yeah. Well, just as we're leavin', movin' off the stand to go back and have a couple, I look up and see this character to end all characters standin' straight in front of the stand and lookin' at us through horn-rimmed glasses so thick they make each eye look like a head in itself.

His face is thin and pale with a big, black, long-ended mustache hangin' down on it. And on top of his head is stacked about five pounds of hair. He is thin and stooped and . . . man, I know this is a funny thing to say, but . . . he looks like a willow twig with a big ball of hair on one end, sorta bent under its own weight.

He's standin' there in an old overcoat so big it almost drags the floor and he's carryin' a trombone case in one hand and a thing that looks like a tool chest in the other. He don't say a word, just stands there in front of the stand starin' with those eyes big as headlights.

Finally I says to him, "Are you the guy from the union?" He ignores the question, blinks a couple times and blurts out, "Are there any squares in this outfit?"

Naturally by this time everybody's lookin' at the character. I'm pretty well stunned myself but I manage to break it up and get things goin' with, "No, man, we're all hipped. Come on back to the band room and get organized."

The cat follows us all back into the room, sets his two cases down, pulls up a chair and proceeds to take out his horn. The horn turns out to be the second shock of the evenin'.

What he pulls outa that case is an old beat-up, nickel-plated valve trombone. It's fulla dents and rust spots and he's even got pieces of string wrapped around a couple of the joints to hold 'em together. But he handles that thing like you'd handle a million-dollar bill, like a mother handles her baby. He fits the pieces together, leans back in his chair and starts blowin' into the mouthpiece.

What comes outa that bell is surprise number three. I mean sixteen bars of the mellowest, sharpest, cleanest trombone you ever dreamed of in your whole life. He cuts it off short with a rebop, jiggles with one of the valves and lays the horn back on top of the case.

All this time everybody's standin' round watchin' him close. But he's actin' like they're not there at all, like no one's in the room but himself.

Next thing he does is pull the other case over to him. The one that looks like a tool chest or somethin'. And we see it's got a big iron padlock on the outside. He unbuttons a couple buttons on his overcoat, and then he fumbles around inside for a minute, then brings out a long watch chain with a big key ring with all kinds of keys on the end of it. He selects one of the bigger keys and opens the padlock with it. Then very slowly and carefully, as though he's about to gaze upon the eighth wonder of the world, he lifts up the lid.

Well, Jack, I told you what big eyes this character had, but man they weren't nothin' to what they are when he looks into this chest. They start growin' and gettin' bigger and more wild lookin' and pretty soon they're stuck out so far they're touchin' the lenses in his glasses. And about this time they start vibratin', quiverin', and throbbin'.

Naturally all of us is strainin' our guts to see what's in the box.

The inside of the box is all broken up into a lotta compartments of different sizes. And layin' in each compartment is different objects. For instance, in one corner is a bottle of grain alcohol. No need to elaborate on what that's for. Same goes for the large economy-size box of Benzedrine tablets in the next compartment.

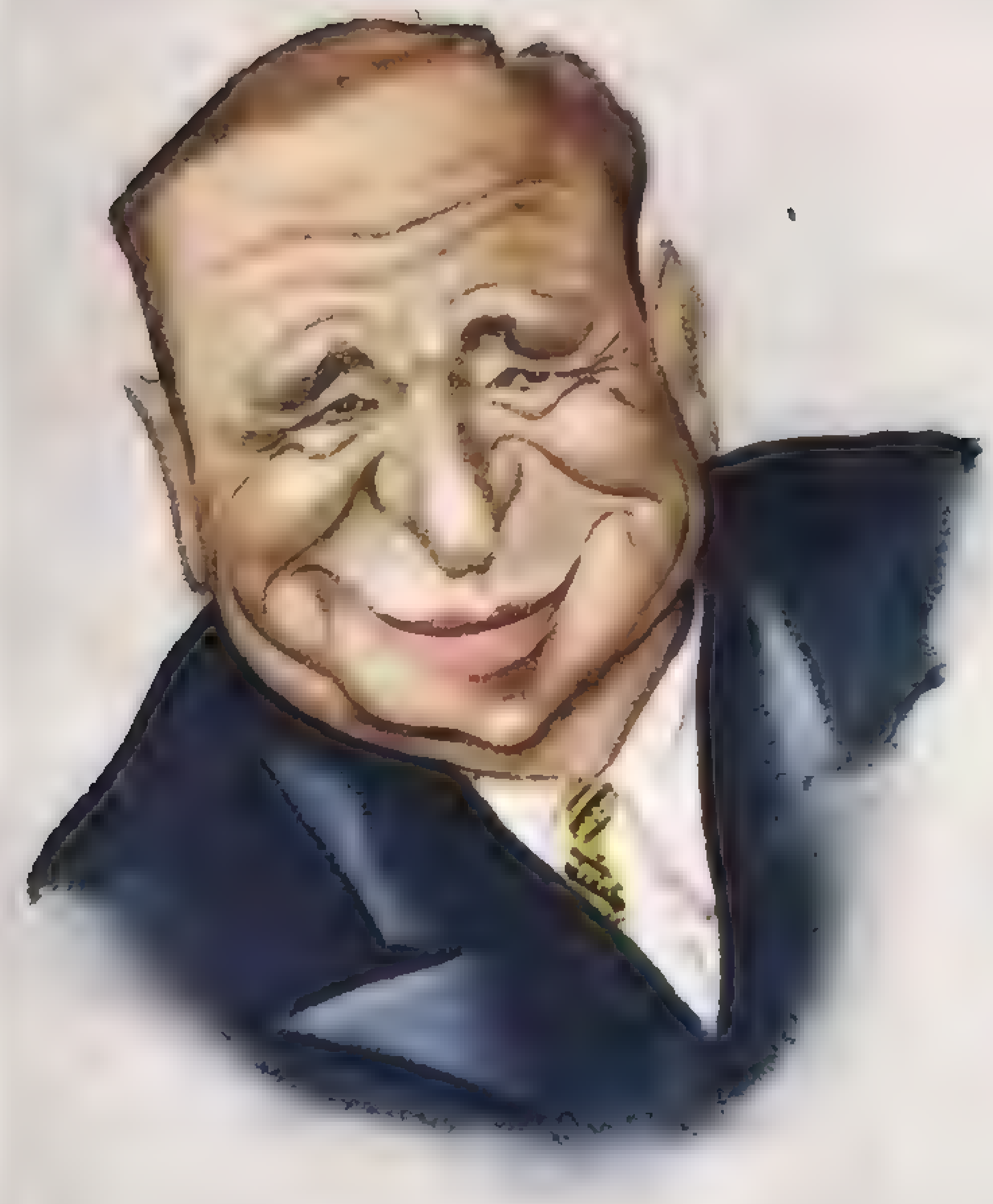
In the rest of the compartments he has his feelers. These feelers is a collection of objects like a rabbit's foot, a rattail file, a couple pine cones of different shapes, some pieces of rough-grained wood and, oh, a whole lot of other objects, all of a different texture.

He calls this box a feeler (*Continued on page 137*)

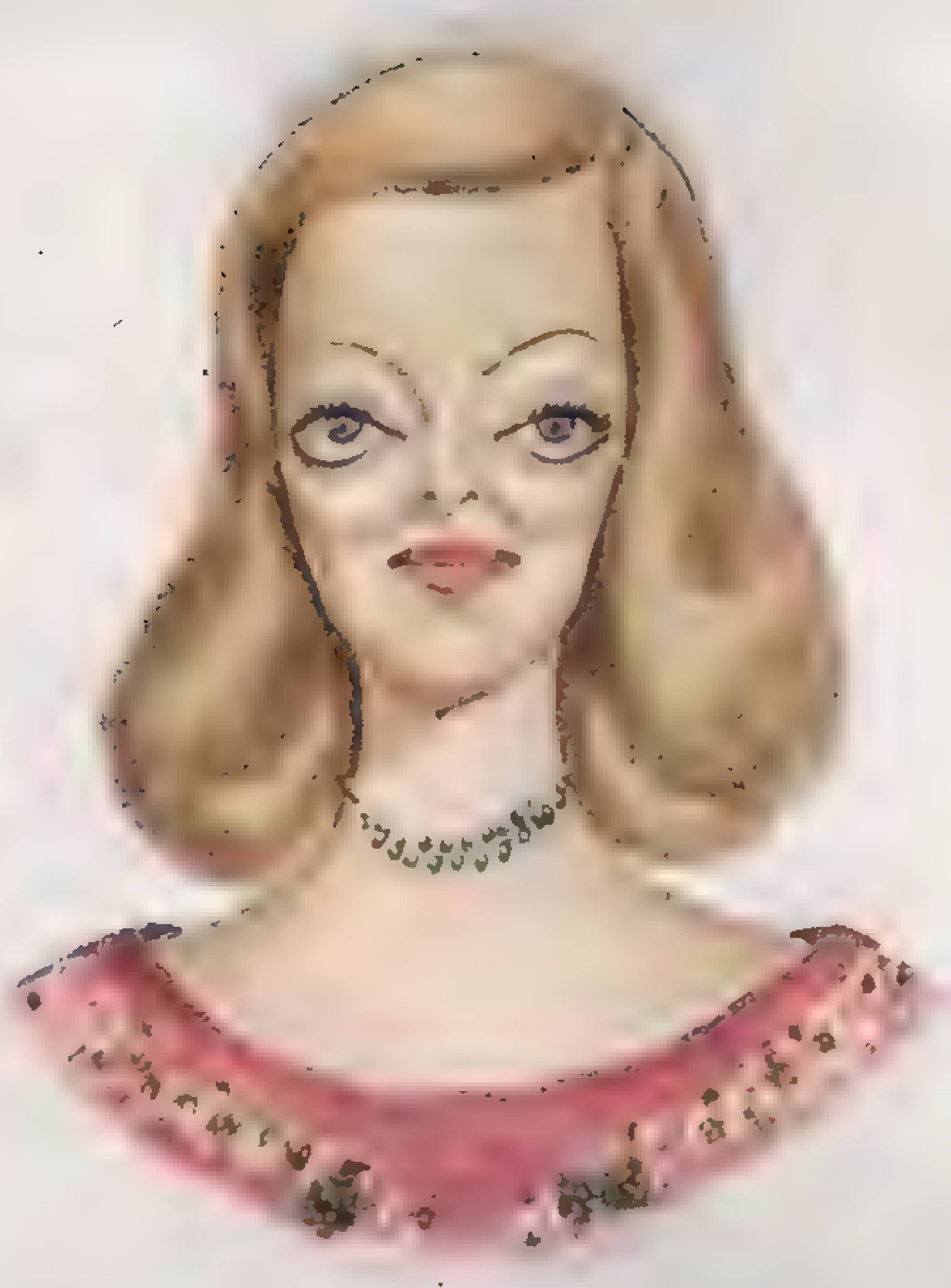
STONE

Hailing Joe Mooney's Jazz Quartet

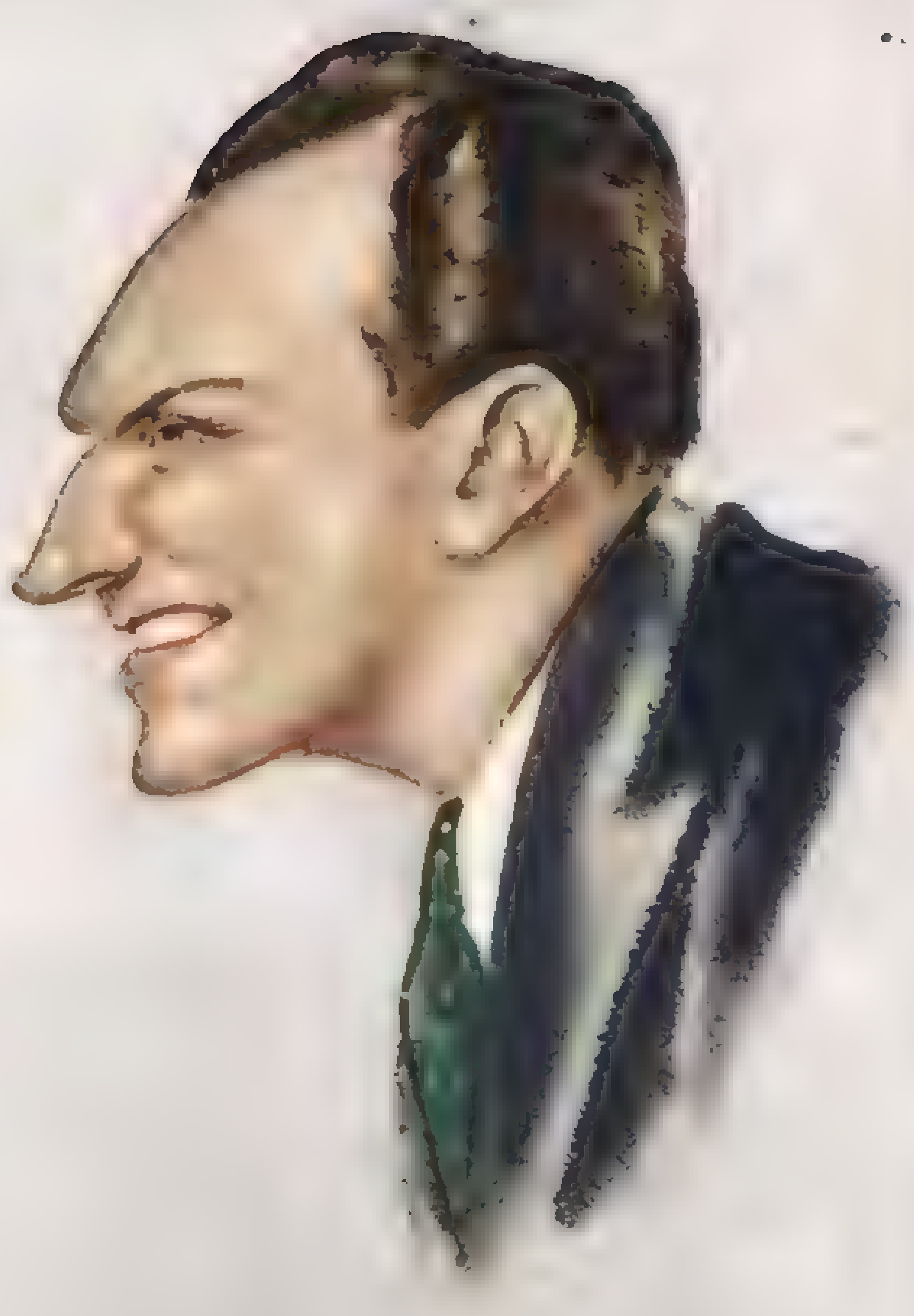
When Joe Mooney, hot accordionist, singer, arranger and composer, assembled his quartet in Paterson, New Jersey, and taught them to play as a perfectly integrated unit, he modestly said he thought he had achieved a new sound. Down Beat's *editor rated the hot quartet the most exciting musical unit of the day. Mooney's musicians (Jack Hotop, guitarist; Gate Frega, bass; Andy Fitzgerald, clarinet and sax), admiring his Bachlike arrangements and converted to his idea, call the leader a genius. Big news about the four, now at Dixon's on 52nd Street, New York, is a take-it-easy-and-don't-push technique. As each man solos, he remains part of a precisely balanced team. The boys make new music of old favorites like* September Song *and of Mooney's slick ballad,* Have Another One, Not Me.



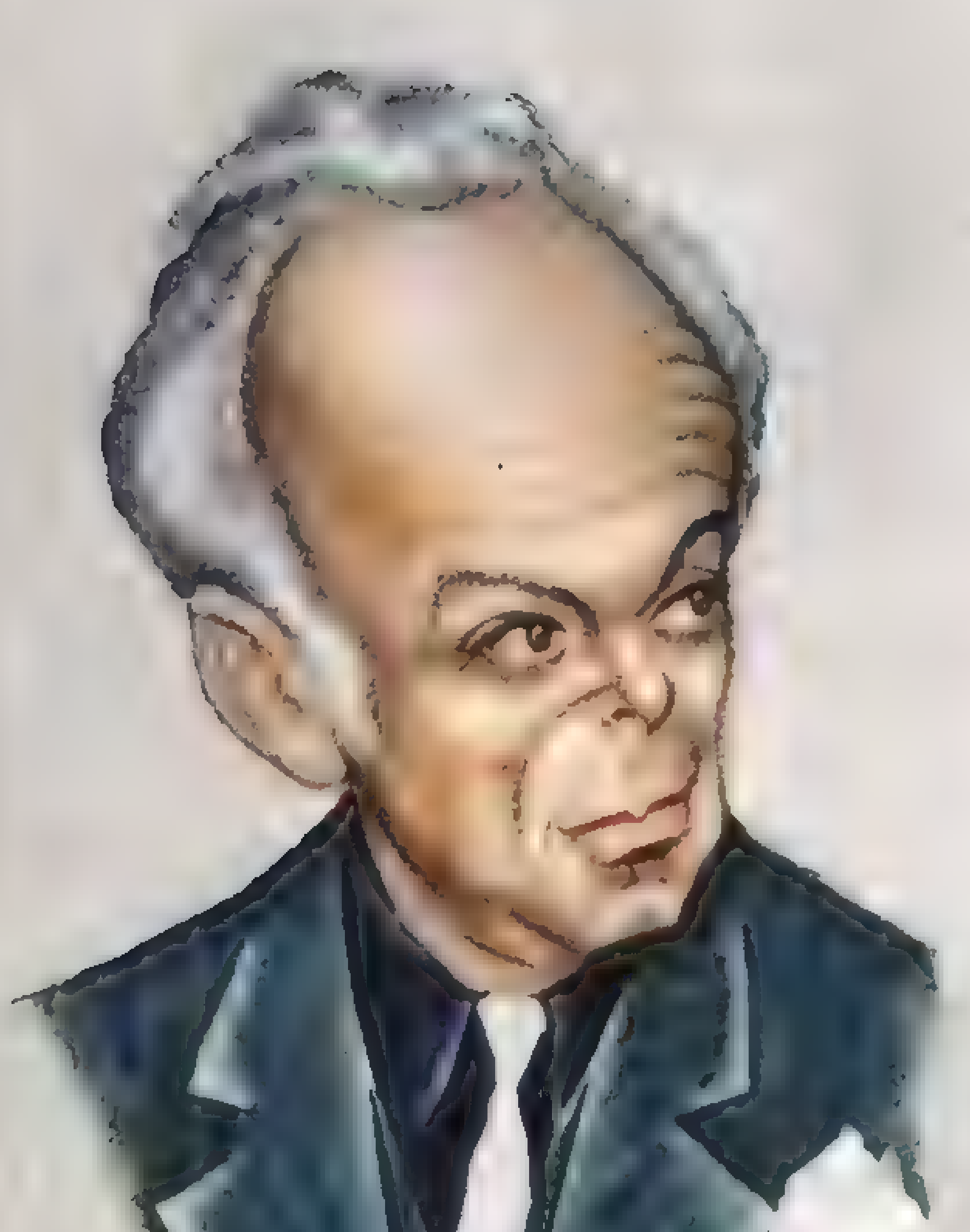
1. *Viva the Champ*
(APRIL 1)



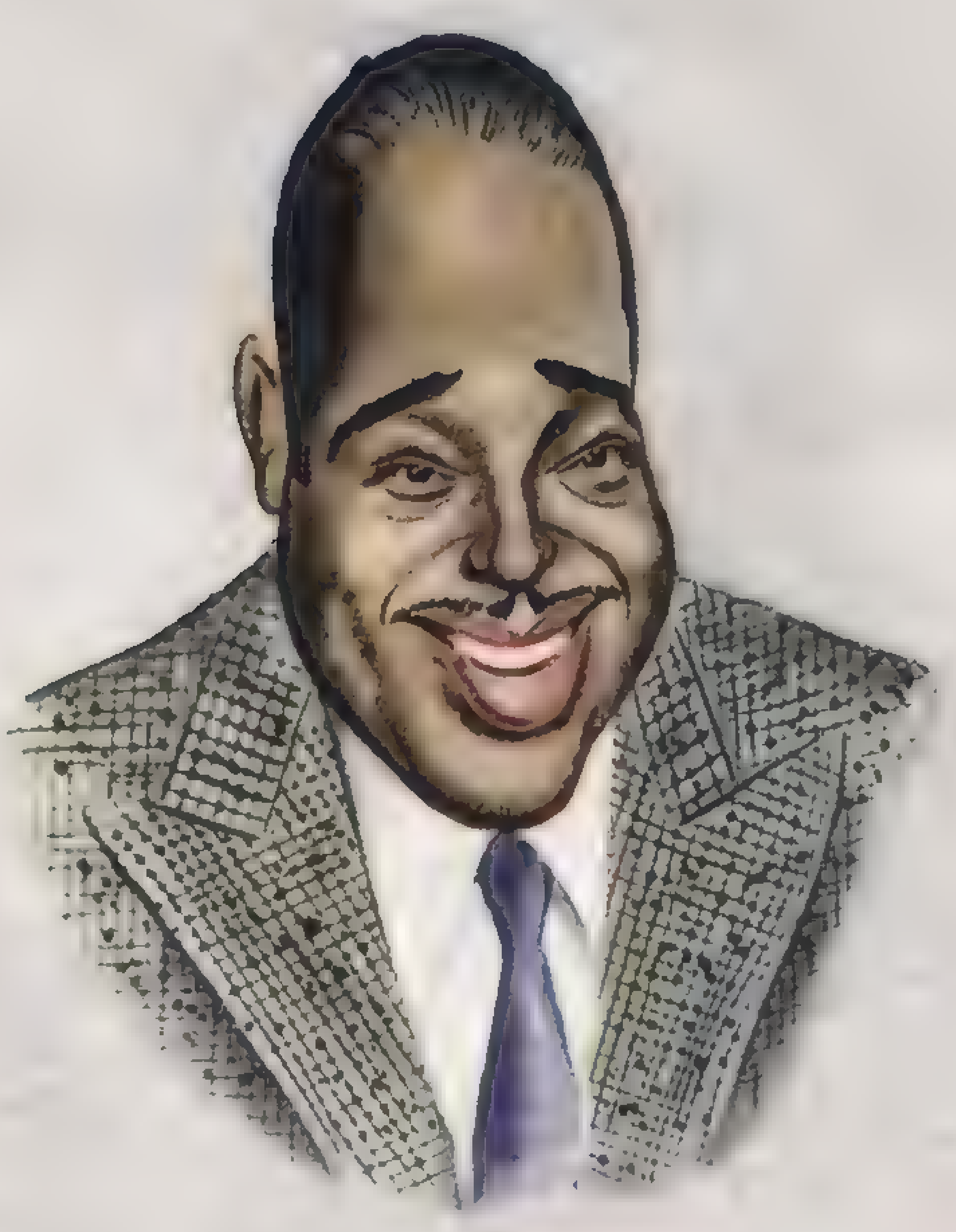
2. *Twice-kissed by Oscar*
(APRIL 5)



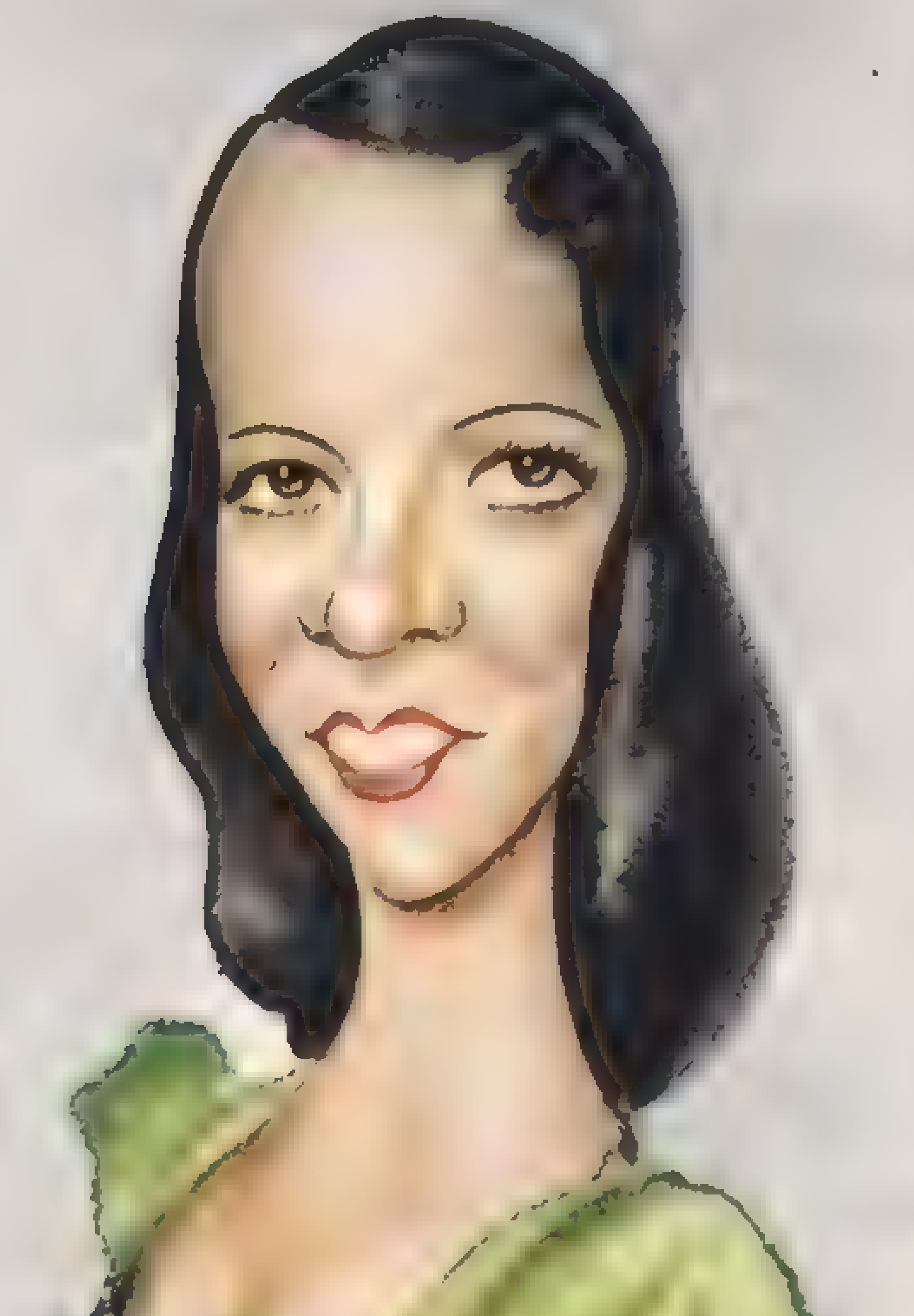
3. *Tall, dark and magic-fingered*
(APRIL 1)



4. *Just looking*
(APRIL 9)



5. *He's got it bad, but it's good*
(APRIL 29)

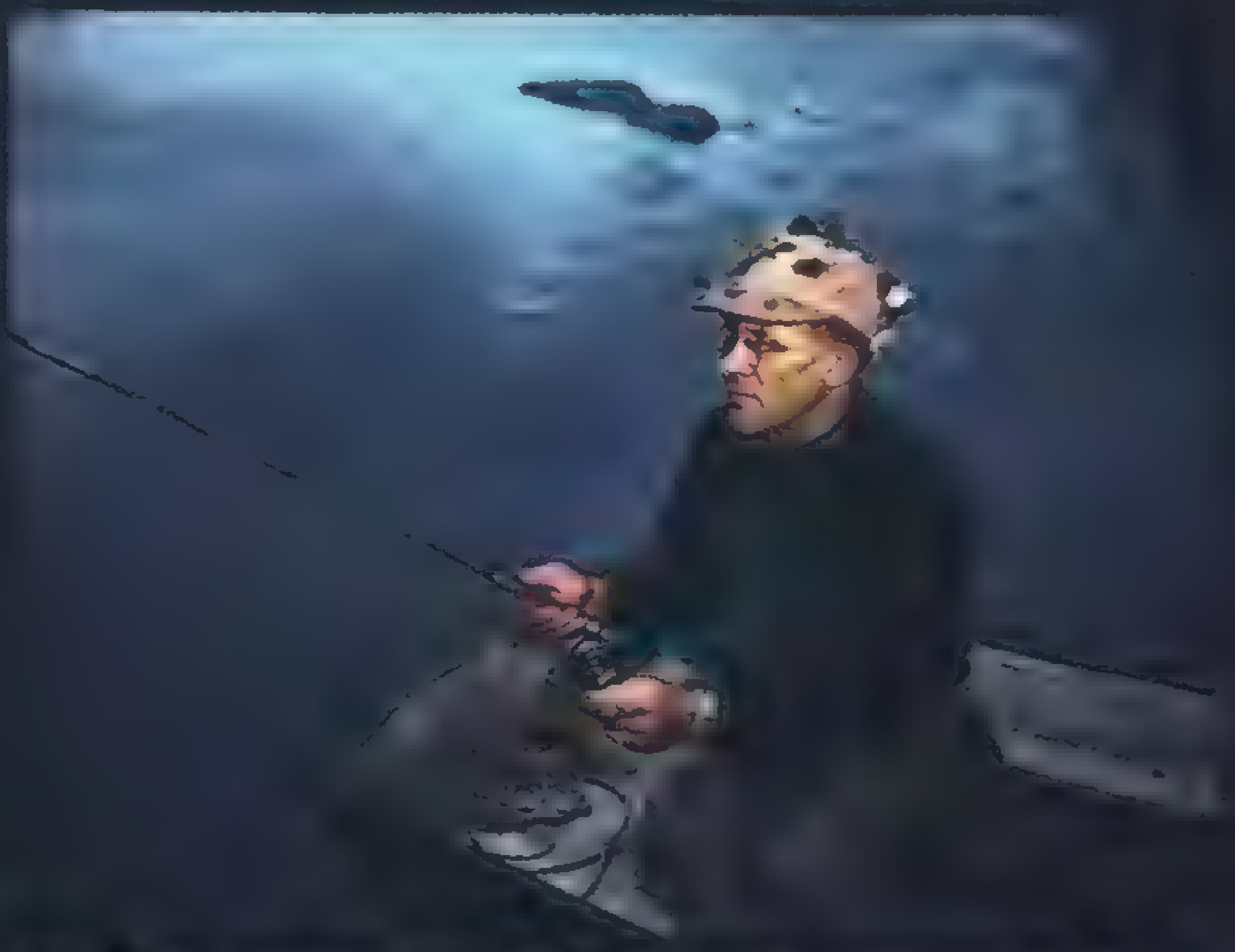


6. *For Whom the Bell Song*
(APRIL 12)

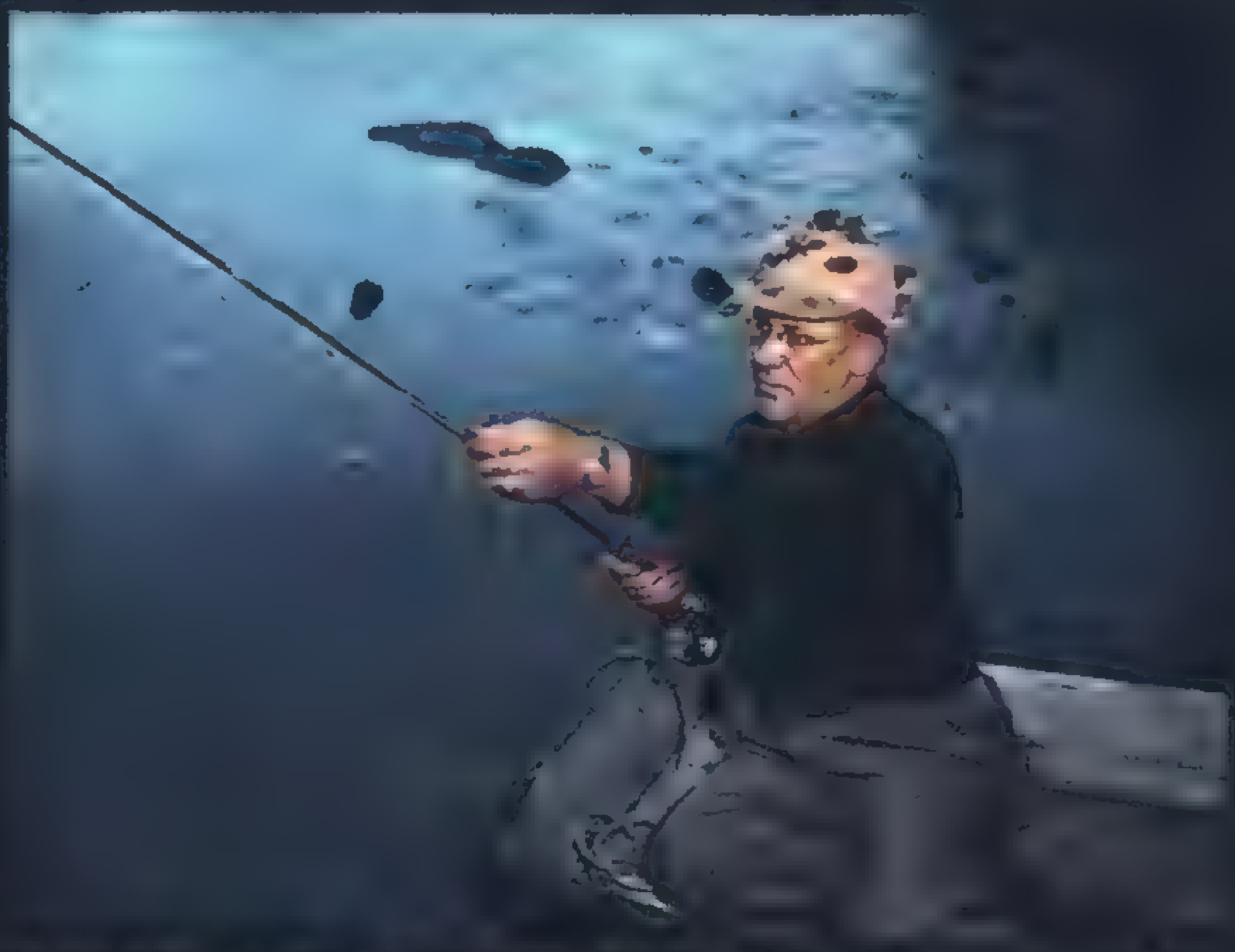
APRIL'S CHILDREN

Caricatures by Alan Jedla

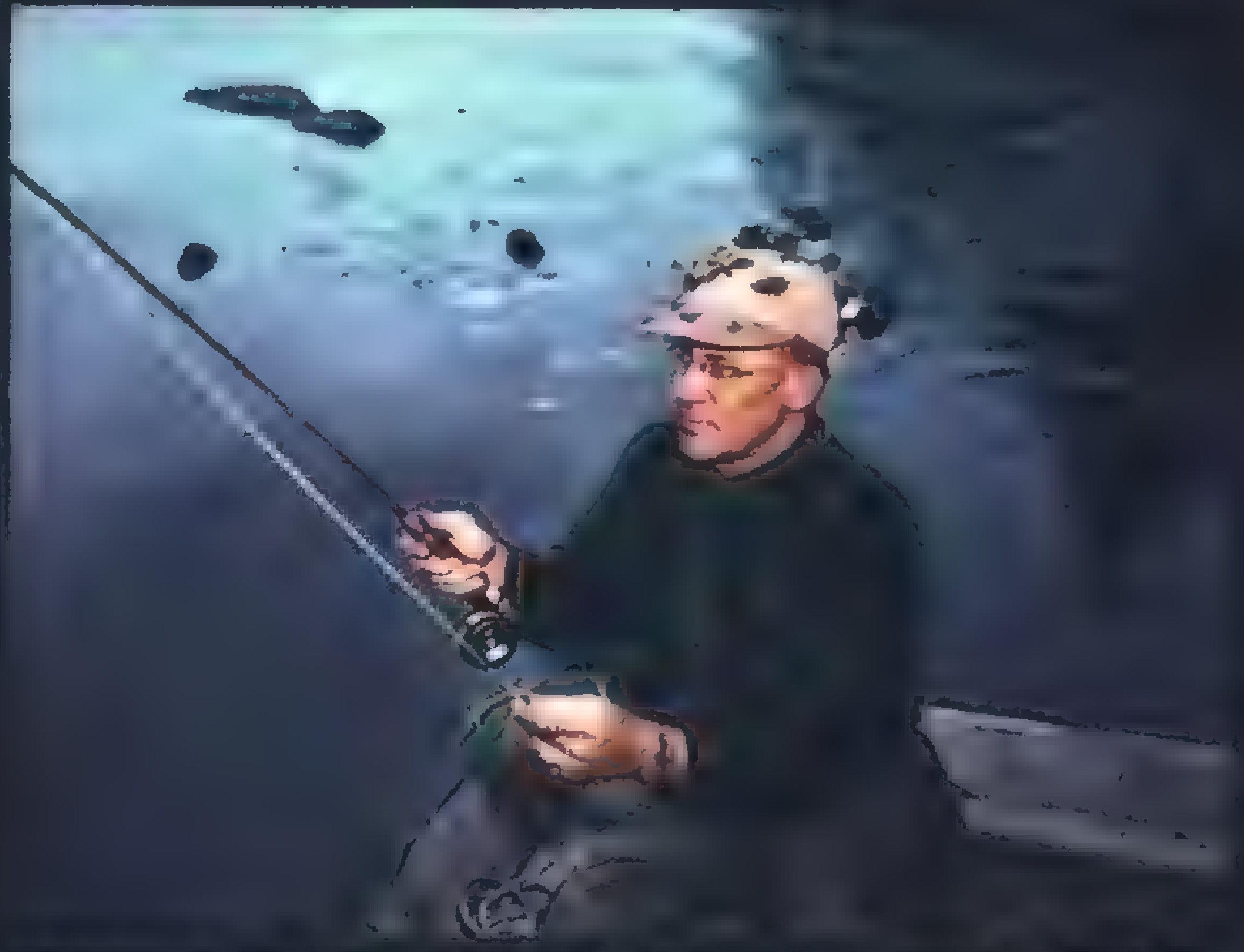
Born in the fourth month of the year, the members of this smiling sextet first viewed our planet in the season of budding leaves and loves, and of the variable weather that brings the crocus along with the common cold. The celestial signs that govern their destinies are Aries, the fiery Ram, and Taurus, the melancholy Bull. Their inheritance is as bright as the diamond, their birthstone. For "April" derives from the Latin, "to open," and was celebrated by the ancients who during this month first tasted the wine of the previous autumn with appropriate joy. Among the archly caricatured group, Numbers 1 and 3, who eat cake on All Fools' Day, began their respective careers as elephant boy and soda jerk. Each of the six is renowned in at least one of these spheres: music, movies and café society, while some (guess which) are sufficiently gifted to illumine all. These broad hints and the captions above should enable you to sing out their names: 1. Wallace Beery; 2. Bette Davis; 3. Eddy Duchin; 4. Tommy Manville; 5. Duke Ellington; 6. Lily Pons.



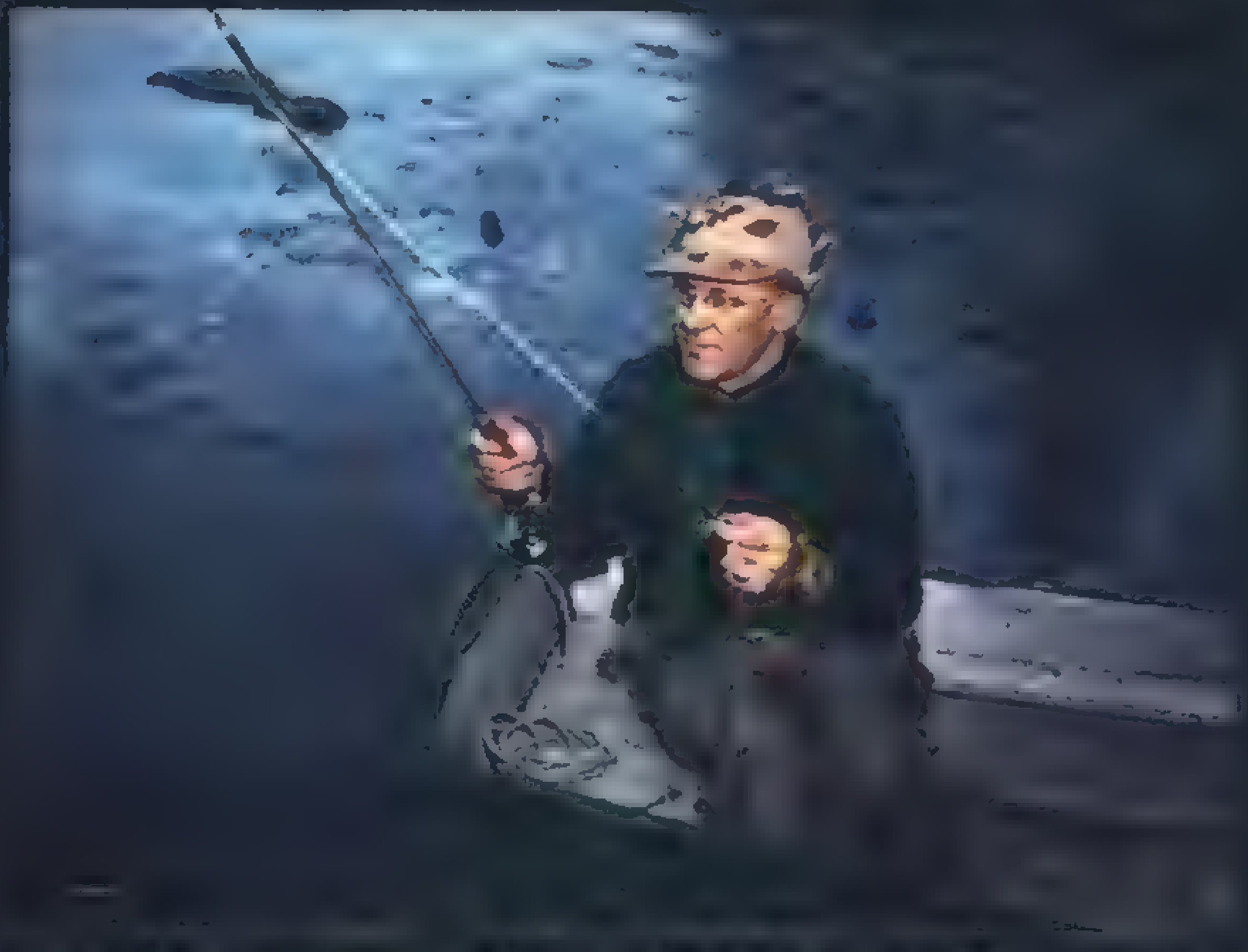
Art Nuss, casting champ, demonstrates optimum fly fishing technique. (Picture 1) Shows position of hands and line while



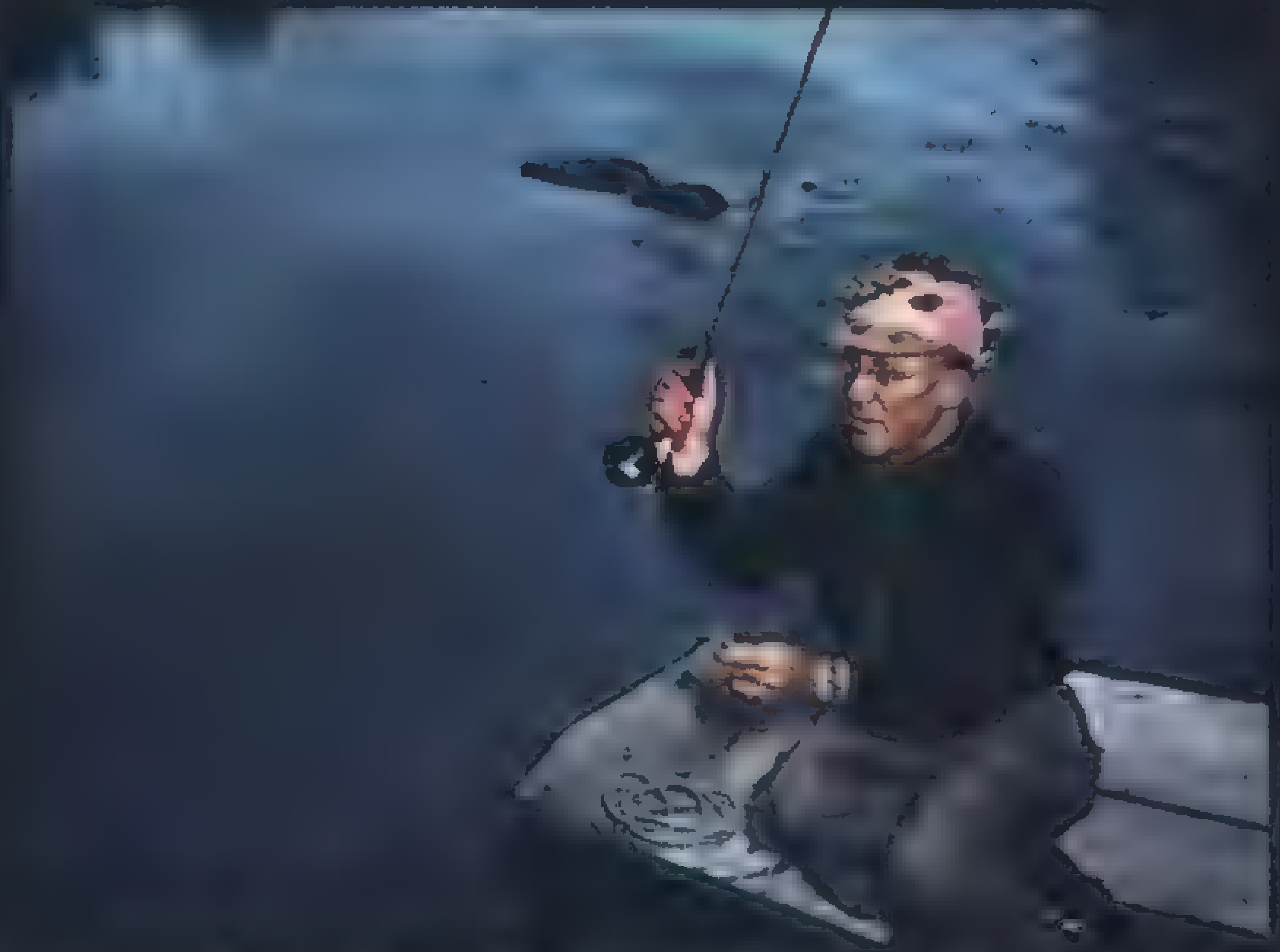
alerted for strike. The nibble failing, Mr. Nuss prepares for pickup of line (Picture 2), sliding left hand forward with



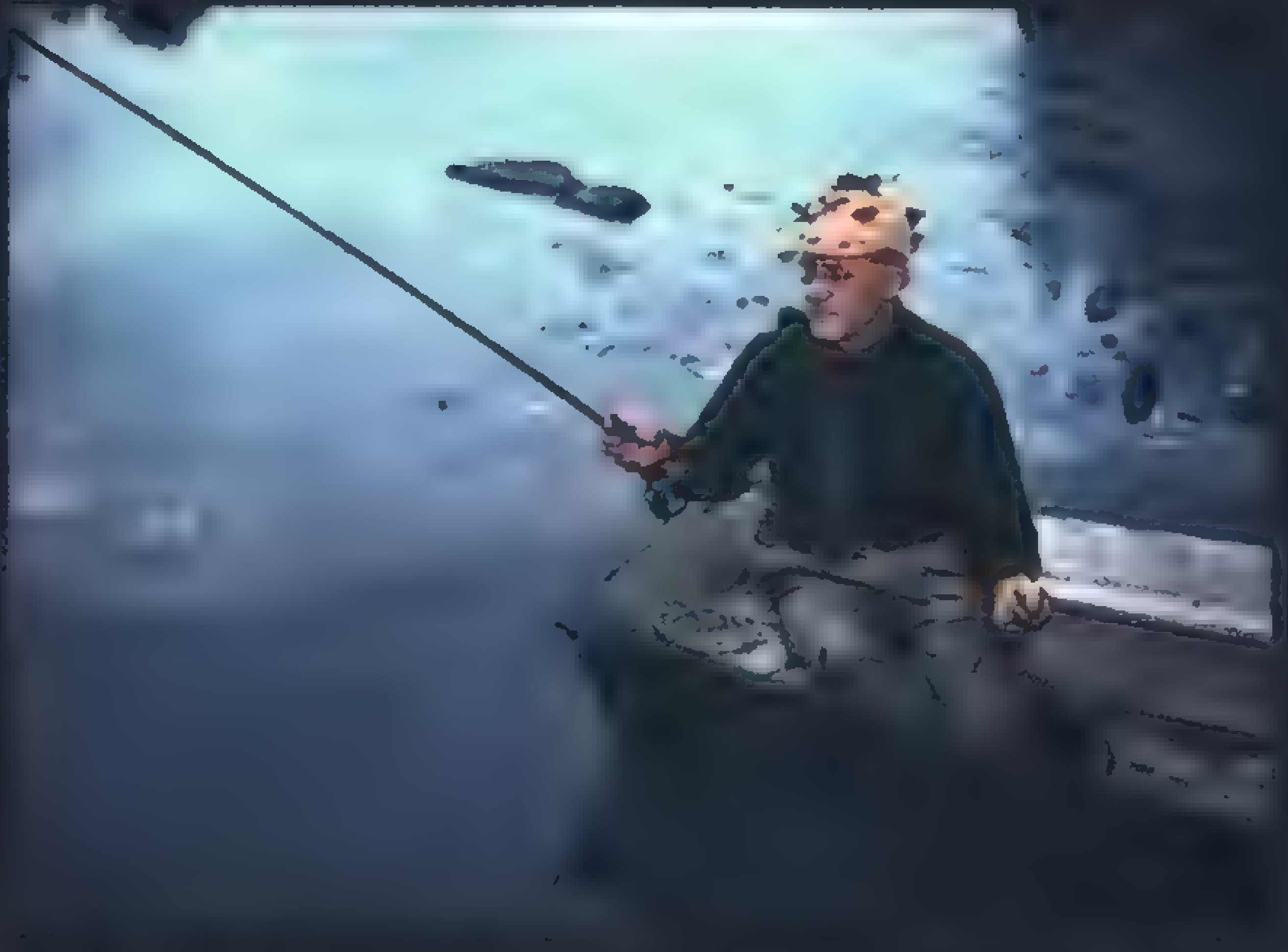
extension of additional line. Follows a moment in which line is held coiled in hand (Picture 3), after which it is picked up



via a short, crisp snap of the rod. (Picture 4) The motion is continuous, culminating with rod over head. It is frozen there



in vertical position, allowing line to straighten out before next cast. (Picture 5) A short forward twist of wrist on rod will



bring line forward high in air, carry additional line through guides and stop rod fully extended, ready for bite (Picture 6).

CAST OF A CASTER

Photographs by Bernard Goldberg

A fishing expert who believes in bringing his message to the dub, Art Nuss is an ambassador of casting technique. Traveling about the country on his mission, Art puts on a combination lecture and demonstration that draws crowds wherever men suffer from fish fever. Art's thesis is that you can do it, too, and without blowing all your savings on equipment. He recommends a fast-action plug or bait casting rod, light in weight and from four-and-a-half to six feet in length. Campaigning against too much fanciness in fishing, he suggests the average man rely on his sporting goods merchant to guide him aright in selecting rod and reel. Once equipped, he need only learn to cast the way the fish like it and await developments.

A tale about a duffer and the night he bowled the impossible twelve in a row

Sam Nelson's "300" Game

by WILLIAM SHERWOOD, JR.

"Let me tell you about Sam Nelson," Rod Carter said. He stirred his rum collins, delicately plucked the cherry from it, and stuffed it into his mouth. He smiled wistfully. "You didn't hear about Sam, did you?" he asked.

"What about Sam?" I asked.

"Sam," Rod paused dramatically, "bowled a 300 game." I glanced at Bob who was sitting next to me in the booth and smiled. Sam Nelson was well-known to both of us, too damn well-known, for that matter. He was on our bowling team over at Triangle Recreation, and managed to bowl so consistently lousy that we were very happy to end in next to last place in the league when the season ended. Sam's average for the season was a striking 132.

"What kind of a line is this?" asked Bob, rather disdainfully.

"No line," answered Rod, sipping his rum collins. "It's the gospel truth. I saw him do it. You know Sam's a funny guy," Rod went on. "A mighty funny guy. You never can tell about him. Sure, he's a lousy bowler, we all know that, but you still can't tell about Sam Nelson. I found that out last night over at Triangle."

Rod stirred the new drink and fished for the cherry.

"Well, Sam was all by himself last night, and had an alley, so I accepted his invitation to bowl a few lines. We had alley fourteen—one I always liked because I can control my hook on it better." Rod took a drink of his collins. "Well, it didn't make much difference to Sam and his straight ball. So we started out."

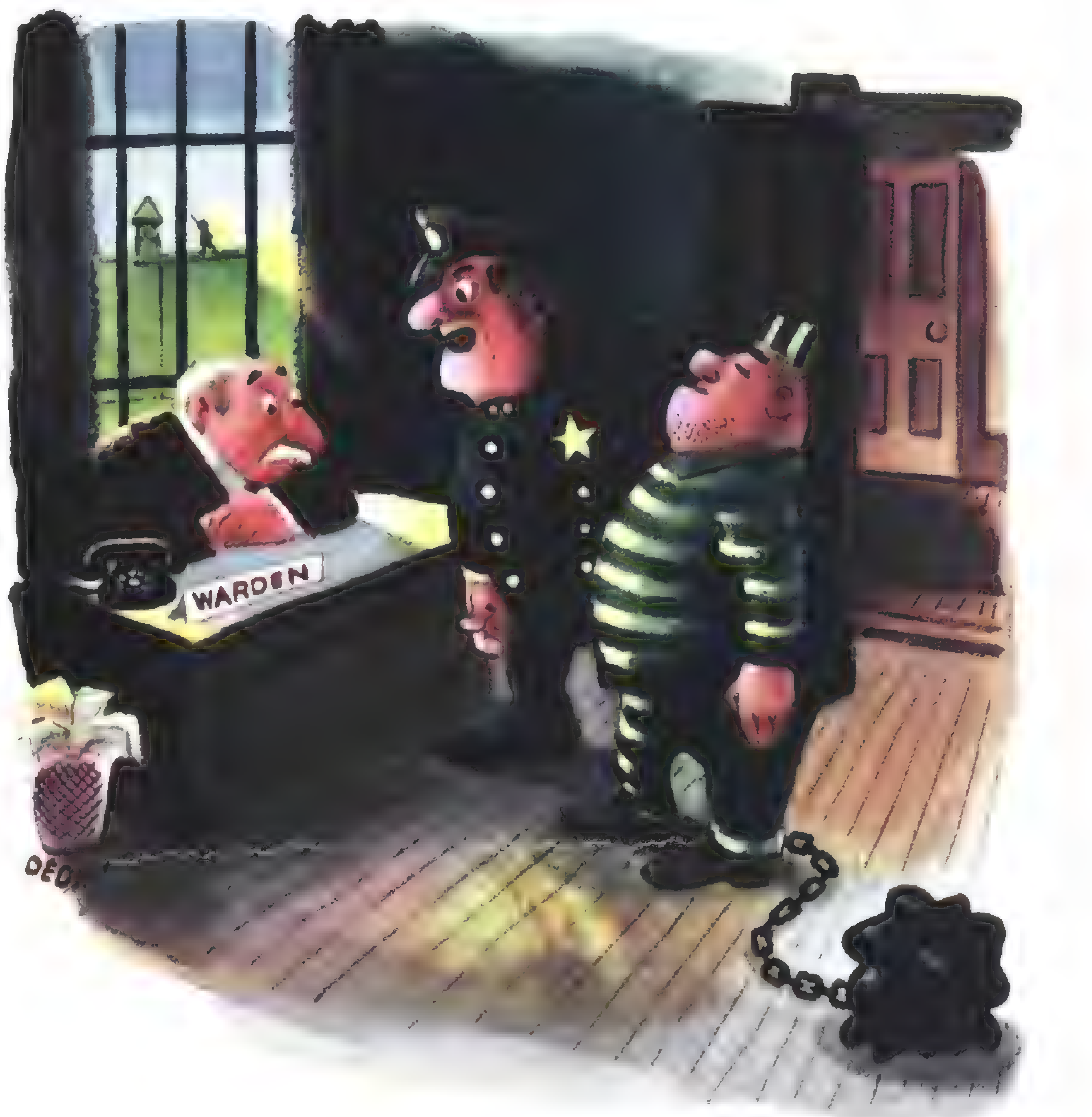
Rod looked down at his drink, evidently meditating on what was to follow, and how to put it across so that we would believe him.

"Well, I began the line with a split, and didn't pick it up. Then Sam got his ball and rolled it down the alley. It caught the pocket squarely and they all went down. 'Sam,' I says to him, 'that was a pretty nice ball.' He smiles at me, and says, 'You ain't seen nothing yet. I think I'll take you this line.' I laughs at him. 'That's going pretty far,' I says, 'and I just don't think you can do it.' He smiles again and says to me, 'Rod, I'm not the bowler you are, and I'll be the first to admit it, but I still think I got you on this line.' Well, he seems pretty insistent about the whole thing, and I gets kind of aggravated by the smug tone of his voice, so I decides that if he really feels that way, he'll be willing to back it up. 'Sam,' I says, 'I don't aim to play you for a sucker, because we both know that I outbowled you all season. And I don't want to make any smart remarks, but you know you were next to last on the whole list of league bowlers.' 'That's right,' he says to me, 'and I still think you're a hell of a sight better than I am, but I feel pretty confident this line.' Well, I sees that he really is pretty confident, so I says to him, 'Look, Sam,' I says, 'how would you like to lay a little money on the game? Not much, I don't want to take you for much, but, you know, just a little friendly bet.'

"Sam doesn't seem to be scared by my offer, no, no, not a bit. He says to me, 'Rod, if you really feel like putting up a little dough, it's okay by me. Let's say twenty bucks.' Well, you can imagine how I felt about that. I never had any idea Sam would want to bet more than a couple dollars. But, here he ups and says he will wager twenty smackers on beating me. I didn't know what to say to him, because I knew damn well that I could beat him any time I wanted to, so I says to him, 'Now, Sam, that ain't being fair to you, and you know it. You don't want to throw away twenty bucks.' He gives me that smile again, and pulls out his wallet, flashing a twenty-dollar bill. 'Rod, there's the cash. Put up or shut up.' Well, that left me with no alternative, so I put up. We gives the forty bucks to Jim Watson, and then I commences to bowl.

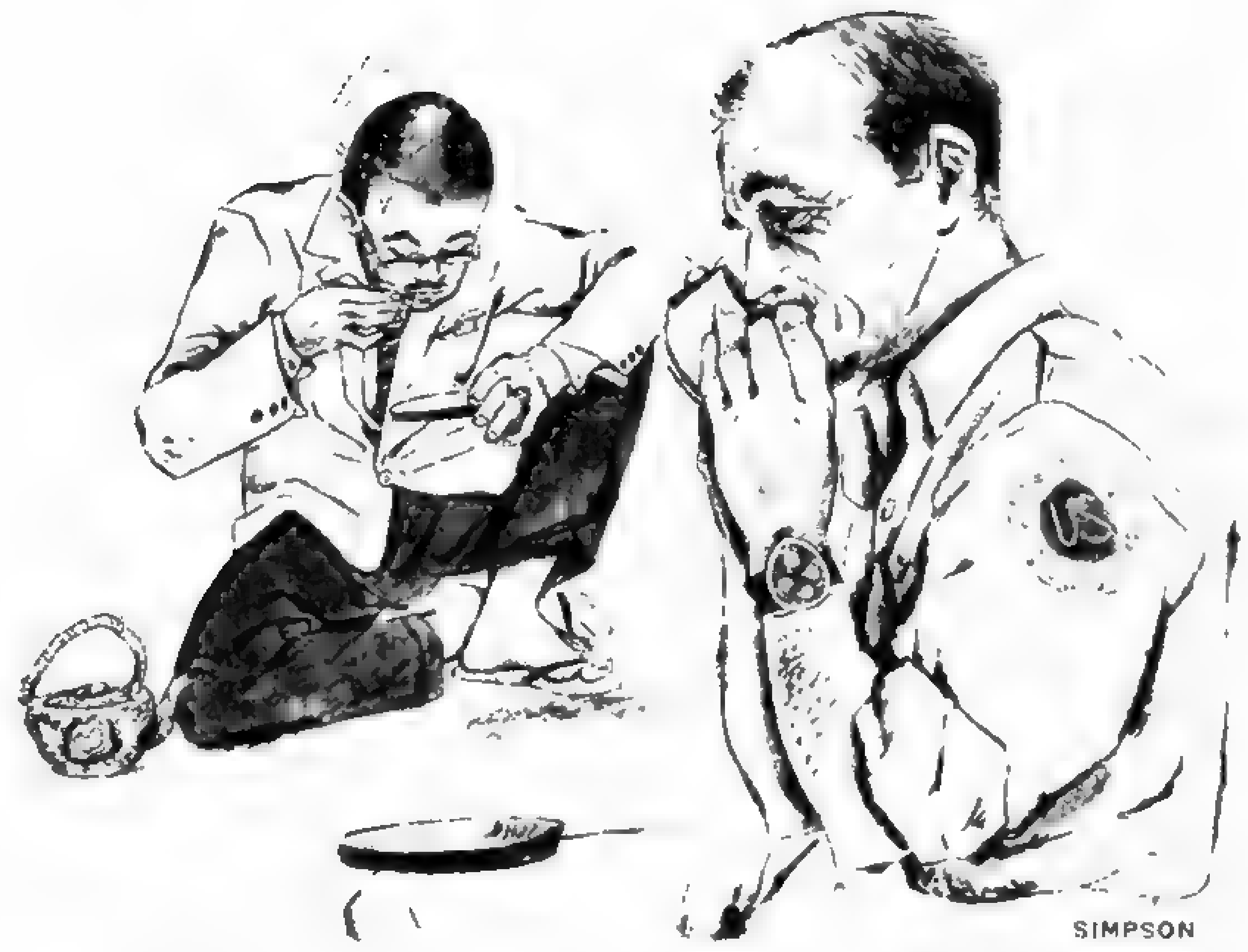
"My next ball is a sweet one, and I get a strike. Well, that felt good, and I was pretty sure that Sam didn't stand a chance, not a chance in a million. He walks up to the foul line. looks down the alley at the pins, and sort of shakes his head. 'Talking to the pins isn't going to do you any good, Sam,' I says. He grins and addresses the pins, then bowls. Well, the ball doesn't catch the pocket so good, but the pins fall, all except one, which sort of wobbles. It wobbles for quite awhile, it seems to me, then it tumbles over. I figured that Sam was having some damn unusual good luck. I got up, then, and bowled my turn, but only came up with a spare. I didn't mind, so long as I got a mark in every frame. I knew that Sam wouldn't mark every time, even with a good start like he had, so I wasn't worried about the outcome.

"Now, you know that Sam never got as many as one turkey during the season. I don't think he ever threw three straight strikes in his life. But, down the ball goes in his third frame, and wham go the pins. A couple wobble before going down, but they all fall. That gives him a nice lead. Still, I didn't give it a thought, because I felt it was pretty fair, him having a *(Continued on page 165)*



"He says he needs a new ball"

Imperial Rescript of Surrender or not, the ritual was performed as prescribed by the revered and honorable ancients



Mr. Shiga's Tea

by FRED SPARKS

One afternoon, three weeks after I came to Tokyo with the Occupying Forces, Mr. Matsuno, editor of *The Asahigraph*, a Japanese picture magazine, invited me to a tea ceremonial. It was to be held at the home of Mr. Naozo Shiga.

We drove to Mr. Shiga's tea with four other editors of *The Asahigraph* in my charcoal-burning Japanese car. On the way out Mr. Matsuno told me a few things about our host.

Mr. Shiga comes from a rich family and studied at M.I.T. and then visited London and Paris. After seeing our Occidental way of life he apparently thought better and returned to Japan to devote himself to the tea ceremonial. His whole life has revolved around how to and how not to serve a cup of tea. His hobby is profitable for his huge house is packed with girls from the local social register learning which side of the cup the chopstick goes on.

We pulled up in front of Mr. Shiga's picture house around 2:30. Two ancients wearing cloven-hoof shoes and silk gowns were working in the garden and they opened the door of my car and bowed us up the path. They reminded me of the lackeys who used to adorn the king's court in the Cecil B. De Mille silent movies.

At the entrance we deposited our shoes on the doorstep. There was a long line of slippers available and each one had a cord that separated the big toe from the others by a good quarter inch. Not having accustomed myself to such fittings and, in fact, being completely dependent on arch supporters, I spent more time in half a slipper than a whole.

Also, as usual, I forgot we would be taking off our shoes and I had a hole in my right sock around the big toe. I felt practically naked as the slippers were open toed.

A girl bowed us into Mr. Shiga's "European Room." Most rich Japanese have such a room which is filled with wheezing American Morris chairs. Then Mr. Shiga made his grand entrance clad in enough silk to create a disturbance in Saks-Fifth Avenue. He is a tall husky man in his middle forties. I am sure he speaks perfect English, but apparently when he got off the Dollar Liner he said to hell with it and we had to chat through Mr. Matsuno.

Mr. Shiga announced the beginning of the tea ceremony by saying that it was not the Japanese custom to talk politics or business while having tea. Then he asked me if there was at present any "racial prejudice" against the Japanese in Boston. Mr. Matsuno saved me from having to answer by explaining that, naturally, Japanese women never attended a tea ceremonial—except for the purpose of serving the tea.

There was a big, beautiful earthenware bowl in the middle of the room, filled with sand. A small charcoal fire was burning under a huge black polished pot in the middle of the bowl. There was a charming line of china cups on a red lacquer tray. The room was fragrant with the smell of incense.

Mr. Shiga put some cherry blossoms and tea leaves in the cups and stirred a bit with a single chopstick. Then, getting on his hands and knees (and rustling considerably), he bowed low from this position before serving each one of us.

The first cup tasted exactly like the hot salt water you gargle with when your throat is scratchy. But I downed it after Mr. Shiga, with his delicate hands, explained that the first cup was to put you in the mood for the ceremonial.

The sipping of the salty tea went on for about thirty minutes, and then Mr. Shiga presented me with a Japanese book on the tea ceremonial, written with as much formality as accompanied the signing of the surrender document on the *Missouri*.

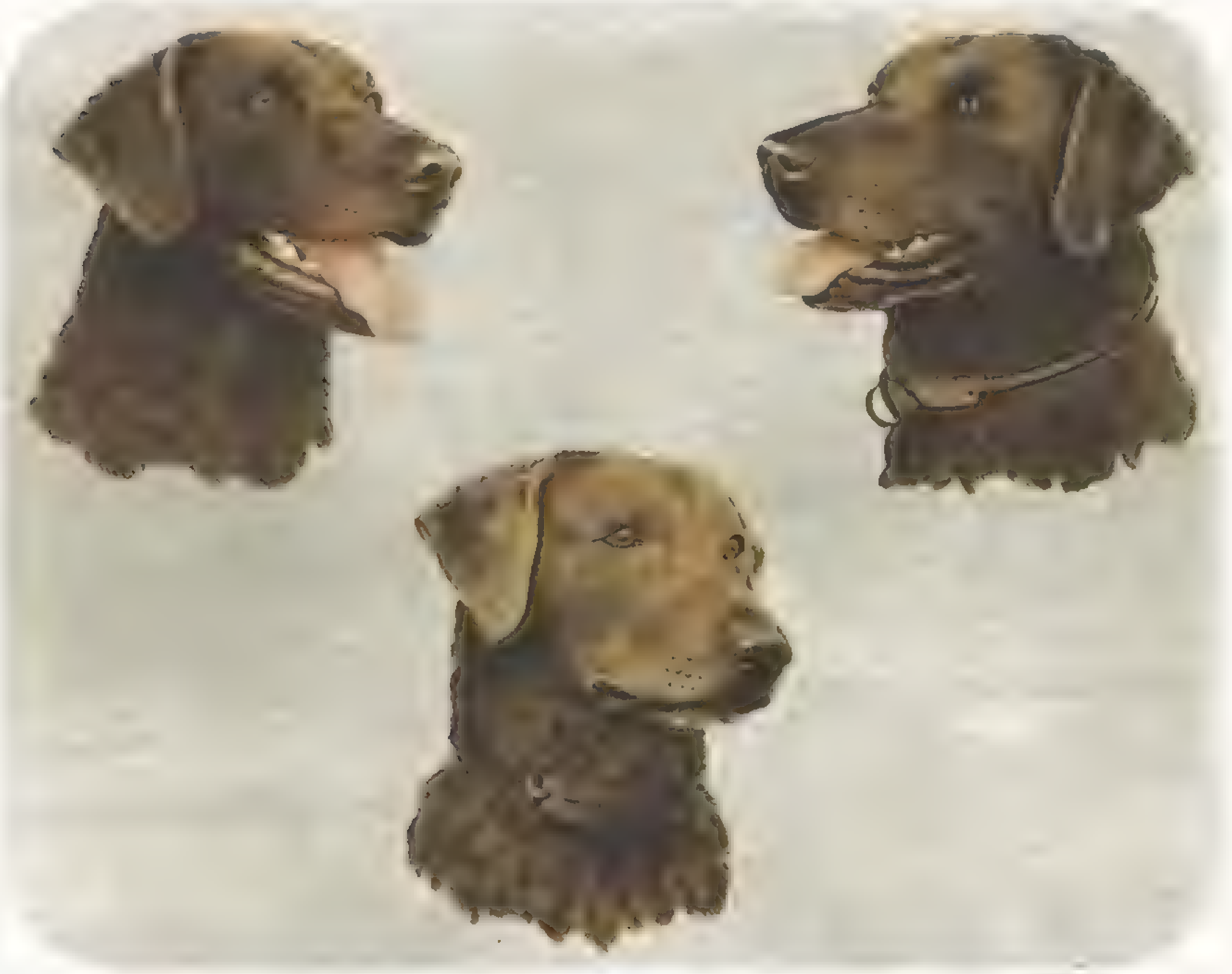
In the background we heard a faint musical gong—the kind they sound in Oriental movies. This meant chapter two coming up—and Mr. Shiga led us to a second room. The room was bare of all furniture except for seven purple pillows lined up as straight as a Marine Honor Guard. Behind the pillows, several of the sliding panels that make up the walls in Japanese homes were open and we could look out into the garden.

I sat cross-legged on the first pillow with my back to the garden. This is really a major calisthenic. Next to me in a corner of the room was a tiny elevation and on this was a small vase with one flower and two buds. Mr. Shiga said that the flower must be placed just so and it takes God knows how long to teach a student to set it right on the nose. There was a tiny drop of water on one of the buds and over the vase hung a scroll with Japanese scribblings on it.

I asked Mr. Matsuno what it said and he explained: "Don't think of any irrelevant things—just relax."

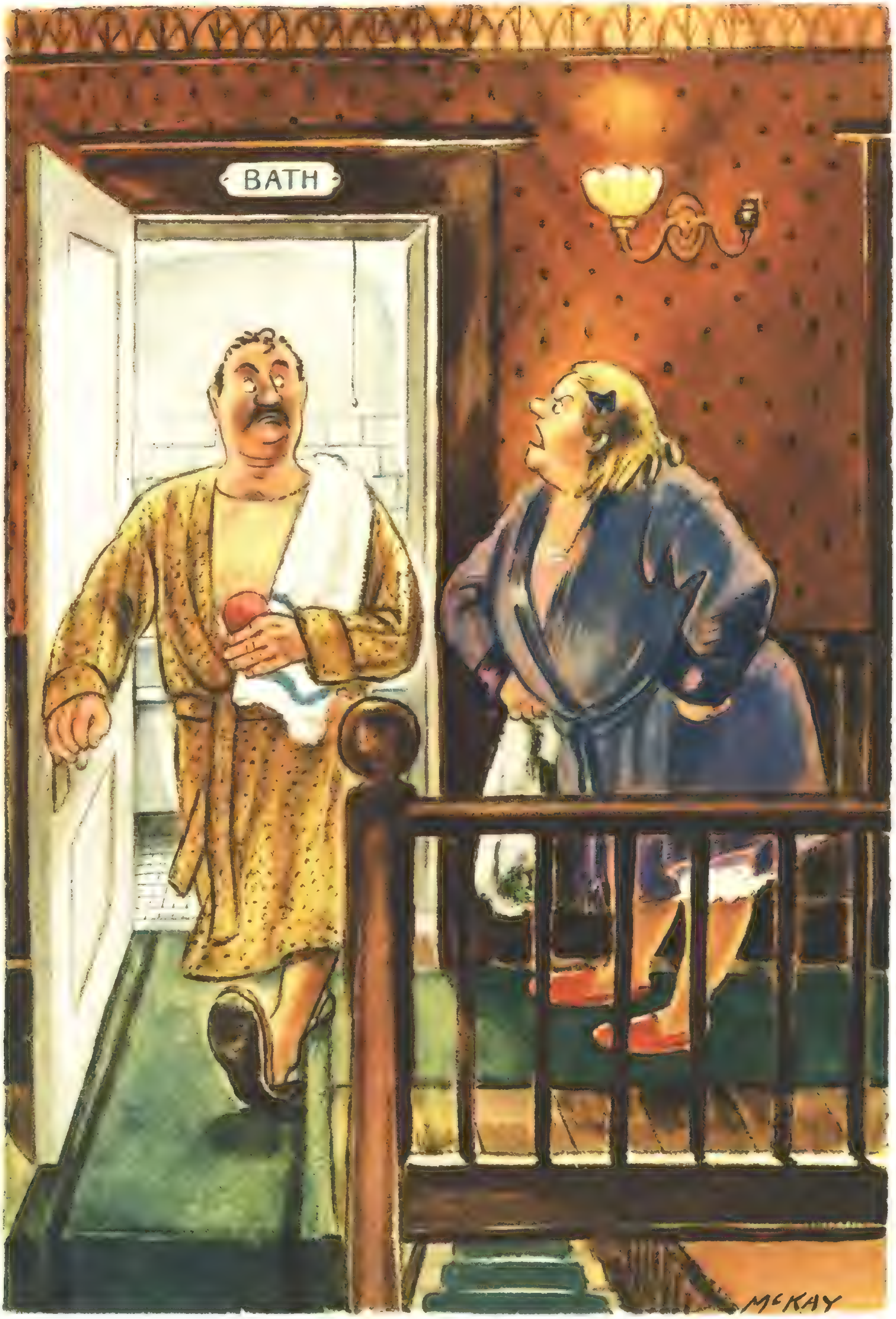
This was the relaxing room, all right, for no one said a word, but just stared straight ahead. The floor was covered with straw mats with black parallel lines running through them. After I'd glared at the mats for ten min-

(*Continued on page 130*)

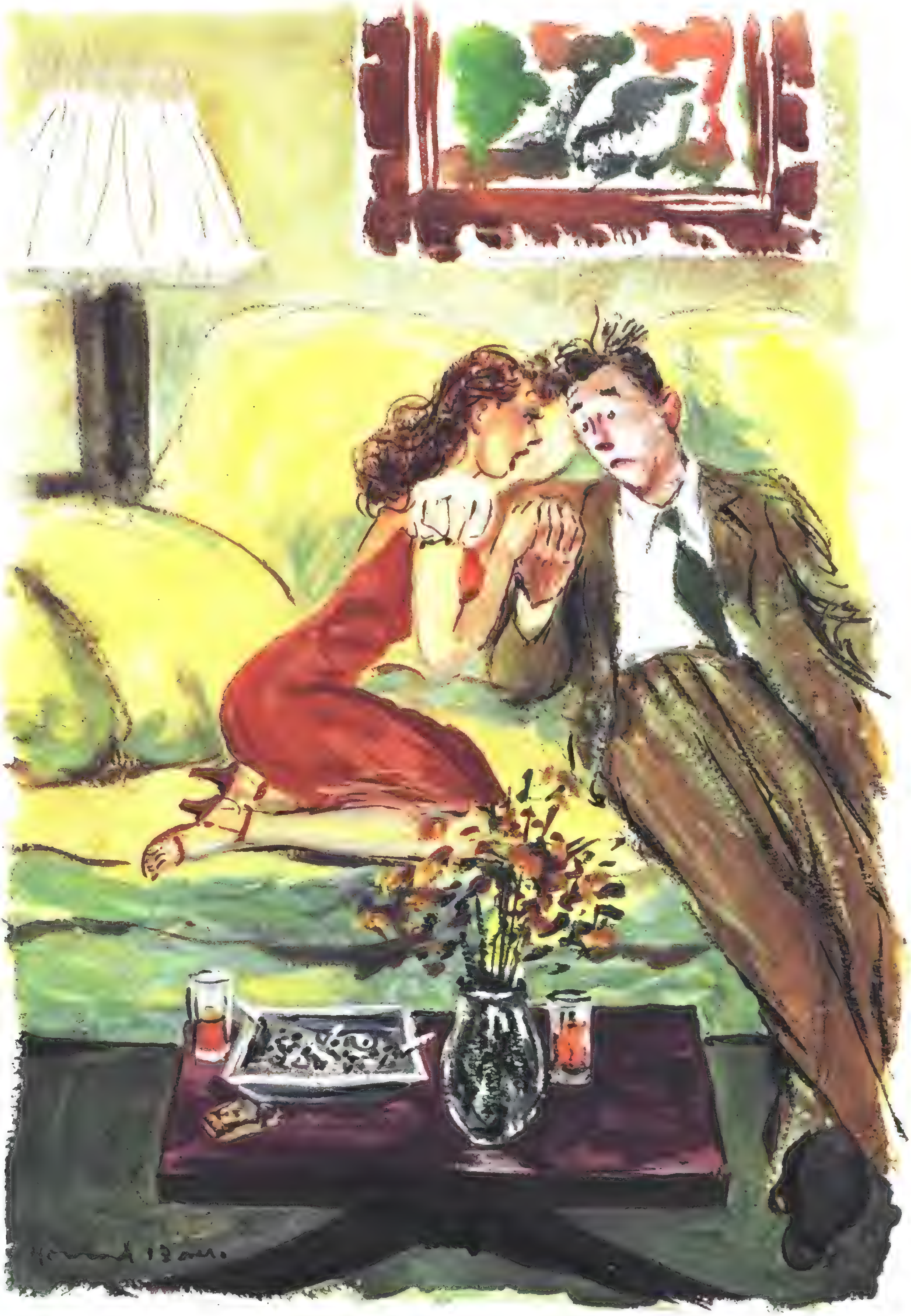


Chesapeake Bay Retrievers

The courageous Chesapeake is endowed with a tractable disposition, and he loves the water which rolls off his thick, woolly coat as it does from a duck's feathers. The only native American sporting dog, this massive, tireless retriever in the Eighties demonstrated his skill in icy Chesapeake Bay where he often fetched as many as 300 ducks daily. The litter brothers shown in this picture, Shootover Colonel, Jerry and Dash, have won an impressive display of ribbons and silver cups for owner Richard Compton. Outside the duck season, the dogs romp together in a ten-acre fenced-in area, with Colonel the acknowledged boss. They fight among themselves, but separate instantly when a gun is fired. All three are devoted to children and so friendly they make the world's worst watchdogs.



"And when is your next concert, Mr. Bing Crosby?"


Howard Baer

"Oh, darling, it's our last evening together—tomorrow our divorce becomes final"

What in the World . . .

Esky's monthly kaleidoscopic report on trivia and otherwise, discourses briefly on a new kind of mayhem on skis, a bon mot of Satchmo, Paul Robeson's prowess and an extraordinary encounter

Skirousel Heil

Among skiers there is a certain self-made group which, antedating the day of the ski tow and the glamour-boy Arlberg instructor, learned how to get around on long cross-country jaunts that took donkey trails, a slalom down a tree-studded slope and jump turns all in stride, as a necessary means of avoiding a broken neck. To these aging stalwarts, the whole business of sliding down the same hill everyone else does, getting pulled back up on a tow, or worse yet, sitting all the way in a comfortable chair and viewing the scenery instead of sweating out a herringbone, is effete and boring. So, to them, while there is still snow in the deep hollows of Tuckerman's, and a good chance of a late fall on the Nose Dive or the Thunderbolt, we announce with glee a new game, called *skirousel*.

Invented by D. Hubert Clement, of Outrement, P. Q., Canada, *skirousel* bears the same relation to ordinary downhill skiing as water polo does to an afternoon of side-stroke paddling. You have to know how to ski first, and then, to quote from the rules laid down by the inventor:

"Six of the contestants start together in a schuss or slalom from the top of an open hill or from a sprint on the flat. They race down several consecutive times on various runs, using a rope tow for rapid ascent. They are allowed to use shoulder and body checks, or drag their pole tips to spray the snow on opponents closing in too near for comfort. Going up they are allowed to swing the rope right or left to try and bounce off opponents, heave themselves up by arm-strength and ricochet at the top to accelerate their speed." In other words, you ski as fast as you can, and if it looks as though some guy is going to catch you, you beat the hell out of him, trip him up, and do anything to slow him down but pin him to the ground with your poles.

The inventor adds, as a cautious afterthought, "It is advisable to wear for protection . . . shin and knee pads, light helmet visor and chest protector. Light bamboo poles should be compulsory."

That's giving skiing back to the boys who like to have their sports on the rugged side, Mr. Clement. To the slopes, men, for a round of *skirousel*! And watch out—we'll be right behind you.

Critique

A Louis Armstrong classic that had previously escaped the ken of the office cats concerns the time when Old Satch was escorted by a friend to lend an ear to the machinations of a new orchestra. It was the kind of band that looks good to the people who spend their money to look at bands.

When Louis arrived, the band was completely enmeshed in one of its popular contortions. The bass man was wearing a fast path between his fiddle and his big horn. The piano man was whirling like a dervish around his piano and celeste. In the reed and brass sections, instruments were coming up and going down, appearing and disappearing like ducks in a shooting gallery. The leader was dashing frantically through the entire organization, hitting a lick here, banging a note there. And the drummer was altogether mad.

After a few moments of silent watching and listening, the friend turned to Louis and asked, "What d'ya think of it, Pops?"

"Well," said Satch, "the band don't swing and that's a fact. But it sho' is a *busy* band!"

Encounter

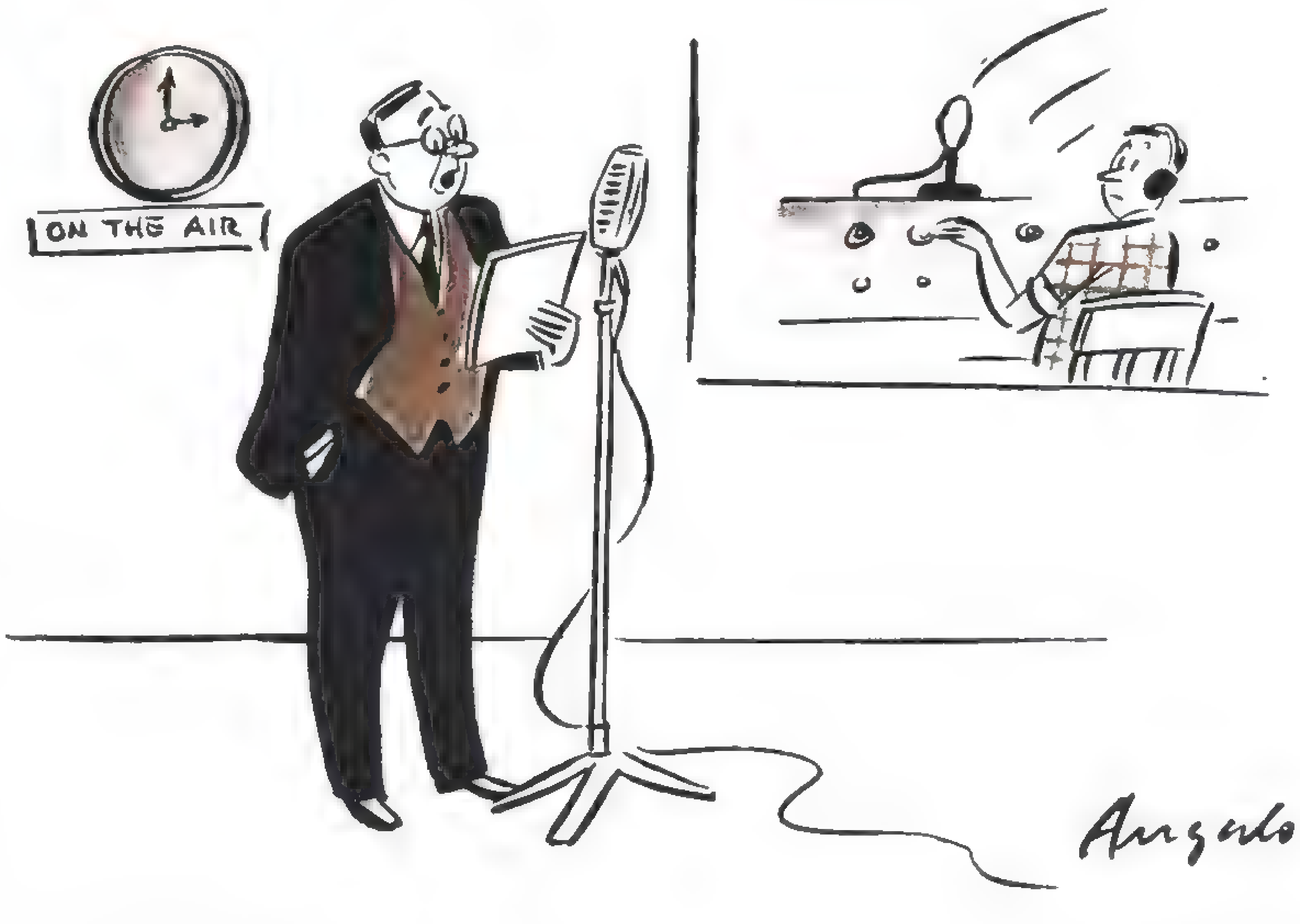
At a recent cocktail party in honor of the great Paul Robeson, the giant singer must have bristled as one of the guests said with a straight face: "You know, the last time I saw you, you were the most objectionable man I've ever watched." Mr. Robeson, no man to trifle with, courteously inquired where this chap had seen him and what had he been doing that was so objectionable.

"You were doing plenty," was the answer. "I was in the Yale backfield, and you were playing end against us."

Key to the Situation

There's something about this tale that leaves you warm inside, simple as it is. One of our reconnaissance men, a bus rider himself, noticed an ancient model automobile ease gently to a stop at a red light. A gentleman of the old school, who, as he probably would have phrased it, was "at the wheel," had with him a serene and gentle lady who probably still found it a little strange to be in a car instead of a carriage. The red light winked off and the amber flashed on. The shiny old car eased forward just a fraction, then stopped abruptly, as the old gentleman yielded the way to a lady pedestrian who was pushing the red light in her eagerness to get to the other side of the street.

You know the result, of course. The character in the car behind leaned on the horn of his souped-up jalopy and, for the benefit of his wise-guy passengers, kept squeezing it as if he could wring more volume out of it, which actually seemed to happen as the insistent, insulting sound bored into the old buggy ahead of him. The old gentleman peered into his rearview mirror. Not a flicker of expression, either of annoyance or of interest, crossed his well-preserved face. He reached down calmly and pulled on his emergency brake. Unhurriedly, he opened the door and climbed out. Just as unhurriedly he walked back to the jalopy. The horn blowing stopped. The old gentleman paused when he came to the driver's window, reached in and grasped the bunch of keys dangling from the ignition switch, withdrew them and, with a windup like a big-league pitcher, threw them away the hell and gone—over the automobiles in that jammed up traffic, over the bus, over a line of streetcars, in fact out of sight. Then, just as calmly, he walked unhurriedly back to his car, climbed in slowly, noticed that the light was now green and drove sedately away. Not a word had been spoken. ⧺



"The wild claims put forth by our sponsor are not necessarily shared by your announcer"

Eva and the Serpents

WALL St. JOURNAL
SIMPSON

It was a pleasure for such ardent woman haters to protect their easily scorched pal from the young and beautiful Buckeye

by CHARLES CARVER

If the Spirit of Bachelorhood should ever be atom-bombed out of the monasteries and hermitages of Europe and Asia, it would again feel completely at home in the Anchorite Club, New York City. The severest abbot or the least compromising lama would have nothing but admiration for the bylaws, which begin: "Whereas women and other female things are but manifestations of demons and furies . . ." and the house rules, which slam the massive doors of the establishment before "any and all of the feminine gender."

The members of this club have one iron bond. They have all been in combat with the common enemy, woman, and in several of the graver cases the plural, alas, is more accurate. The club forms, in a sense, a haven where the wounded male can relax while his hurts heal, and here he can learn how to strengthen his guard from friends who have similarly suffered and recovered. This brotherly assistance is a prime function of the club, and evidences of any relapse (a faraway look in the eye, an unnatural attention to grooming, a repressed sigh) are noted with sympathetic concern. As a fervent member I had acquired this helpful knack to a considerable degree.

Therefore one rainy evening when Terry Galliard, normally an excellent bridge player, trumped my ace I was instantly alerted. When a moment later he flicked ashes into his whiskey and soda instead of the ash tray, it was like a mute cry for help. I glanced at Charley Rangeley on my right and Dick Newlin on my left. Both seemed sympathetically alarmed.

Terry's unhappy past was known to all of us, as it was to anyone who could read the papers. Subway veterans passed their stations following Galliard up the Amazon. He looked the part, too; browned hawklike features, steady blue eyes, and a buoyant youthfulness that at thirty-four gave him the appearance of an Army quarterback.

A young witch named Bettina Morris, who had the guile of a leopardess and the conscience of a vulture, persuaded Terry to take her along on his famous Peruvian expedition. She claimed to be an authoress in search of material—publicity, too, I suspect. She got it. The Sunday supplements were lavish with pictures of Bettina scaling mountains, being pinched by head-hunters, and gazing into sunsets. Terry's letters to us, however, were strangely elusive, and not until his return did we learn that Miss Morris had been, to coin a hackneyed phrase, somewhat of a drag. She blistered easily; she sunburned fearfully; she tired quickly. She shed burning tears when the cute little animals were shot. In desperation Terry persuaded her to practice with a .22. She somehow swiveled an incredible ninety degrees from the paper target and plugged him in the left shoulder.

For months after his return Terry averted his face when women were mentioned. The cool peace of the club did wonders for him. Yet here he sat, barely a year later, with the same dreadful symptoms.

It was fitting that Dick Newlin, a gay soul who published textbooks for a living, should open the investigation. Dick was our most recent member, and his scars were just beginning to heal. Dick joined us because, after five months of marriage, he found he had taken unto his bosom a fashion-obsessed female with the warmth of a window dummy in January. One evening he walked into Leon & Eddie's, leered at the murals, and repeated, "Am I a man or a window dresser?" Shortly after we welcomed him into the fraternity.

When Terry flicked those ashes into his drink Dick began working him over, like some genial family doctor. "Fellows," he announced gravely, "Terry isn't all with us tonight. Thinking of another expedition, lad?"

Terry laughed, but it rang false. "Just can't concentrate."

"Peru?" I thought the reminder might bring him back to reason. He turned pale. "No. No trip. Just a little off, I guess."

"That all?"

Terry was breaking. His hand trembled. "Well, just about all." He took a deep breath. In my law practice I have seen nervous witnesses do the same thing. "It's nothing much to get excited about," he said, taking a big swallow from his glass. "Just this house guest of mother's." He evidently didn't taste the ashes. "A girl from Ohio. Daughter of a friend of the family."

Charley Rangeley covered the ghastly silence that followed. "A double for Mr. Galliard," he told a waiter.

I'd better explain about Charley. He was among us because of certain letters he had written to his secretary's sister, a girl from Arkansas who wanted to go on the stage. It was done as a favor, and when the girl came to New York because of his encouragement, Charley had even found time to escort her about a bit to see the town. It was all aboveboard; Charley was that kind of a fellow. Then the cobra struck, and one morning Charley read in a neatly typed legal brief, prepared especially for him, charges to the effect that he had broken the girl's heart with his city ways and that the balm would be half a million dollars, please.

That large reproduction of Mantegna's Judith, casually holding the severed head of Holofernes in her little hand, is a gift to the club from Charley.

"I hope," he said gently, "you have put nothing in writing."

"Why not go away?" suggested Dick.

"She's only staying three weeks." Terry looked at us like a drowning man. "I can't go away. Hang it, a man has to consider his self-respect."

"Is she—uh—interesting?" Charley was a diplomat. A bug can be interesting to some people.

Terry nodded. "Yes," he answered slowly, "you might say so. She's about twenty-three, plays tennis, and takes pictures for magazines."

"A sparse description," I said. "Has she any eyes?"

"Blue, a sort of greyish-blue."

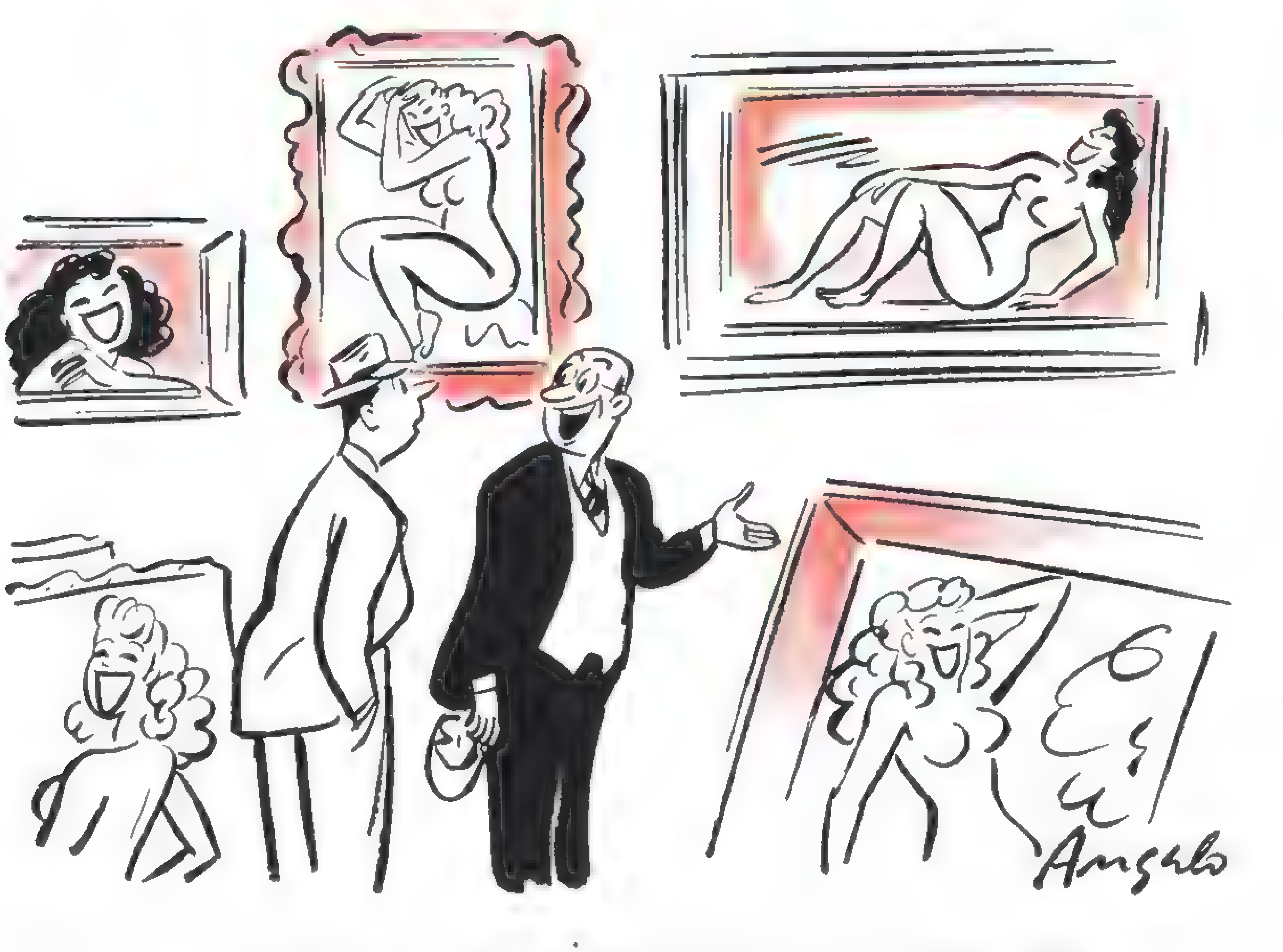
"Nose?"

"Small."

"Figure?"

"Oh yes." He flicked ashes into the whiskey.

"She sounds," said Dick with some bitterness,



"Jacques is the wittiest artist in New York"

"typical of the species, pretty feathers and a bird brain to match."

"It's high time," said Charley firmly to me, "that the action begin. That is, of course, if Terry really wants our help."

"Sure I do," said the victim without enthusiasm.

"I think we can take care of the matter in a week end," I offered. "And the sooner the better." It was agreed. Terry did not shake with happiness, but I had seen relapses before, and no time was to be lost. It was simply a nasty job to be done.

During the drive to Long Island that Friday, Dick broke the heavy silence once with a quatrain from Housman: "And now the fancy passes by, and nothing will remain, and miles around they'll say that I am quite myself again." It expressed rather neatly our hopes for Terry, who was waiting for us.

They were playing tennis when we arrived. She was wearing a white playsuit and a figured bandanna held her hair in place. I have a habit of fitting people into categories. Outdoor girl, I thought. Tomboy, hockey at school, skiing, swimming. She was bronzed by the sun. The muscles in her long legs moved easily and the light shimmered on her arm as she swung the racket without apparent effort. The ball sped by Terry, touched just inside the far corner, and stuck in the wire netting. I do not hesitate to give the devil his due, and as Eva walked towards us with Terry, I mentally paid my respects to his satanic judgment. She would have dazzled a saint.

"Let's stop a minute, Gerald—my glasses are fogged"

All of us, of course, knew that under her undeniably attractive features there would be nothing but the usual dull feminine vacancy. Changing for dinner that evening, we gave the final touches to our plan. It was decided that Dick Newlin would be the first to break open the veneer of lipstick and powder to show to us all there was nothing underneath but female vagary and foolishness.

To our surprise, she did not even wait for the net to be spread. Almost as soon as we were seated at the table she turned to Dick. "Terry tells me you're in the publishing business, Mr. Newlin," she said. "It must be fascinating."

"Oh yes," said Dick. "But our work is fairly routine; textbook printing hasn't much glamour."

"Oh, but it has!" Terry had been right about the eyes. They were a smoky-blue, and in the candlelight the pupils seemed narrow and vertical, like a cat's eyes. "I think the whole thing is glamorous, from the time those queer printer's marks begin tracking up the manuscript until the finished book pops from the bindery, all smelling of ink and glue."

"Possibly," said Dick, "but these days it's a question of keeping tired old presses running and finding paper to feed them."

"What kind of presses do you use?" Charley and I smirked.

"We use a Miehle two-revolution cylinder type." Dick grinned.

"Miehle," Eva repeated slowly. Ah, so she was the bluffing type. "A little slow for textbooks, isn't it? I should have thought something along the double octuple rotary type would be more efficient. But I've lost touch lately, I'm afraid."

Dick gave a weak nod.

It was worse than incredible. As the dinner progressed she seemed to take a malicious pride in swinging the conversation back again and again to the intricacies of Dick's business, and by coffee time *he* was asking *her* questions. Finally it grew sadly obvious that Dick Newlin, of the proud firm of Newlin and Pharr, was drinking in all the advice he could wring from this . . . this Buckeye bibliophile.

I had a wretched night. There were confused dreams of serpents with cat's heads and heavy-lidded unblinking eyes.

Saturday morning it was Charley's turn. Being a producer, and in constant, if unwilling, contact with leading ladies and temperamental understudies, Charley's knowledge of the distaff soul was extensive. Vanity was his specialty. Without question Eva, being a woman, would have the female's incredible conceit. It would be a routine matter for Rangeley to put it on display in all its inane ugliness.

A horseback ride around the place had been scheduled. My own experience with horses was rather limited, but I could manage passably if the thing was old enough to vote. Terry was average. Charley was a whiz. Dick begged off with a headache, but I think it was actually mortification over his failure the night before.

Eva appeared in a riding habit that looked as though it had never been worn. To be fair about it, she looked lovely. But I wondered how it would look all muddied. Count on Charley to see to it.

We cantered along the bridle path and soon we reached the jumping course where the Galliard horses were trained. It was a run of about a mile, studded with the meanest water jumps and hurdles that horse or man ever saw. The theory was that a hunter who could negotiate these without breaking his neck was a cinch for top honors anywhere from Epsom Downs to the Devon Horse Show.

Charley drew up beside Eva. "You ride beautifully," he said.

"Thank you." There was no modest blush, no downcast eyes.

"Do much jumping?" I approved of this caution. After all, there was no use murdering the girl in cold blood.

"Some," she said.

"It's a pity more women don't. Jumping is most of the excitement."

"You're so right."

Charley smiled. He was about to say more when she interrupted. "Let's go," she said. "Ready?"

Charley's jaw dropped. "You mean—?"

"Why yes," she said. "The horses are fit, aren't they?"

Charley looked angry. Without answering he headed his mount for the first jump, and she followed.

They made the first low hurdle easily. The next was some eighty yards beyond, and it was four bars high. The horses rose into the air at the same time and they flashed over the top rail with only a fraction to spare. When they swept toward the water jump I caught a glimpse of Charley's face. He was smiling and shouted something to the girl. Terry averted his eyes. "This is the worst," he mumbled. "Did they make it?"

Fascinated, I saw Eva's black gelding take to the air like a dark Pegasus, forelegs close to his great chest, and sail safely over rails, water, and all. Charley's grey thoroughbred, a fraction of a second behind, rose equally well. But there was a crack as his knee struck wood, and he tumbled through the air and fell sickeningly on his shoulder. Charley was thrown clear and landed inert in the mud.

Quick as we were to rush to him, Eva got there first. "We'd better get him back to the house," she ordered. "Terry, phone a doctor." I was sent for the station wagon.

Charley was conscious when I returned. That is to say he was rational and sound in body except for his left ankle, which was either fractured or badly sprained. All afternoon Eva hovered about him, adjusting pillows and doping him with something to ease the pain. Under her Florence Nightingale treatment I saw with horror the proud spirit I had known grow docile and flabby as a child's.

Dinner that evening was a mighty subdued affair. Somehow the noble camaraderie that we had shared during those pleasant evenings at the Anchorite Club seemed to be dissolving, and in its place there appeared, like some poisonous tropical plant, an unspoken, uncomfortable rivalry. Dick hung around the sickroom asking questions about publishing, while Charley grimaced with pain whenever she seemed to become too interested in presses and so forth, and howled for another pillow until he looked like Madame de Maintenon holding a soiree from a chaise longue. Terry mooned about like a man with indigestion, saying very little. A fine thing!

As the situation stood, it was my task not only to release Terry from bondage, but to dispel somehow the more recent enchantment she had cast over Dick and Charley. I could not stand by while their friendships were torn to shreds in the bear pit of jealousy.

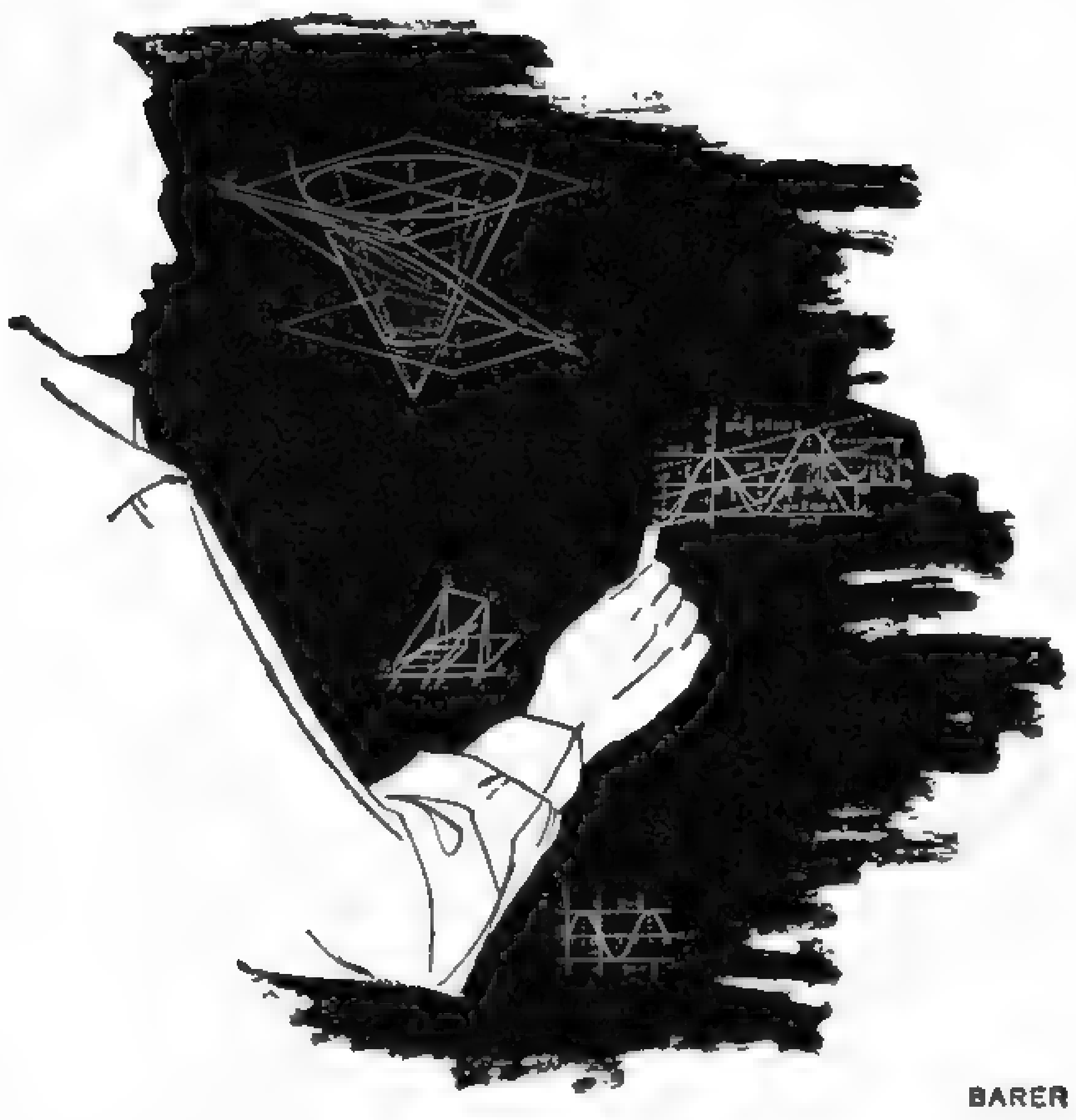
Looking across the table at Eva during dinner, my mind pointed reluctantly toward the only perfect solution to the whole matter. I was careful, of course, not to consider myself at all, but only the lasting welfare of my fellow club members, and in that light the sacrifice of one, no matter how cruel, would save the others.

To spare their feelings as much as possible I didn't reveal the plan, but simply arranged to be alone with

(Continued on page 204)

Being chief of the atomic researchers is making a prophet out of Dr. Oppenheimer

The Man Who Made the Bomb



BARER

by MILTON LEHMAN

When Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the shy, lanky physics professor, thinks back to his classroom at the University of California in Berkeley and his rose garden on Eagle Hill, he feels far from home, a stranger in a strange land. Ever since Los Alamos, where he directed the production of the atomic bomb, he's been hoping to get back to his classes. Recalling those days of peace and quiet, he thinks of his students in fundamental physics, looking up at him, listening hard, and the blackboard crammed with scrawls and formulae and the white-chalked sign, "Do Not Erase." And then he sighs and unpacks his two suitcases and settles down in one more hotel room and sends a wire back to Eagle Hill saying he can't come home yet and love to his wife and children.

Like his fellow scientists, called by the war to produce proximity fuses, radar equipment and the atomic bomb, Oppenheimer planned to get back to science at the war's end. He hasn't got back. When Hiroshima ended the secret of Los Alamos, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson pointed to Oppenheimer and said the final production of the bomb was "due to his genius and to the inspiration and leadership he gave to his associates." Oppenheimer considered his mission complete and prepared to go home. But like the robot of the scientist Frankenstein, the monster he helped create has threatened to become his master.

Since the birth of the bomb, he's turned from a shambling, mild-voiced professor into an airborne prophet of doom, lecturing statesmen, politicians and diplomats about atomic energy and the fate of the world. Called to Washington by the War Department when the war ended, he lectured the Senate Special Committee on Atomic Energy like a professor before a sophomore class. He declared there was no secret to the bomb that scientists everywhere would not discover, there was no defense against the bomb and only international control could save the world from devastation. It was this calm, orderly appraisal of the atomic age that chilled his listeners and sent the reporters racing to their typewriters. His lecture over, the professor folded his notes and started off for home.

Again he was called back, this time at State Department request. For two hectic months he served the Acheson-Lilienthal Committee as scientific consultant, giving its members a short cram course on atomic energy and pointing the way to international control. When the long sessions were over, the Committee, making its report to the State Department, proposed an international Atomic Development Authority, which later became the core of Bernard Baruch's report on United States atomic policy.

After that, Oppenheimer did return to his Berkeley classroom. "Well," he said to his students, "now we get on with the work." But his students noticed the worried, tense look of their professor, his tendency to glance over his shoulder as if expecting a summons. A week later, he gave up Berkeley altogether, sadly packed his suitcases and flew to New York. Since last June he has served as consultant on the American delegation to the Atomic Energy Commission. In this post, he's joined the international poker game over the bomb, reminding the players, native and foreign, that they must strap down the bomb together, that no one can win the game alone. "We've got to get together," he warns. "It's our only hope. Nobody holds a royal flush."

Bob Gallivan

For the young professor in the battered pork-pie hat, the atomic age began in the Spring of 1942 in a Chicago railroad station. By appointment, he climbed aboard the 20th Century Limited to meet a heavy-set Army officer, who was armed with a brief case and wore the stars of a brigadier general. The meeting was brief and secret, with some of the Alfred Hitchcock spy-in-the-men's-smoker atmosphere about it. The general, who introduced himself as Leslie R. Groves, spoke informally about plans for a giant laboratory and a "Manhattan Project." There was no mention of the bomb, nor even of the general's purpose in calling the physicist to meet him. But after that meeting, Oppenheimer left his classes for the first time and closed his rambling house on Eagle Hill, overlooking Oakland Bay. Only his closest associates knew where he had gone.

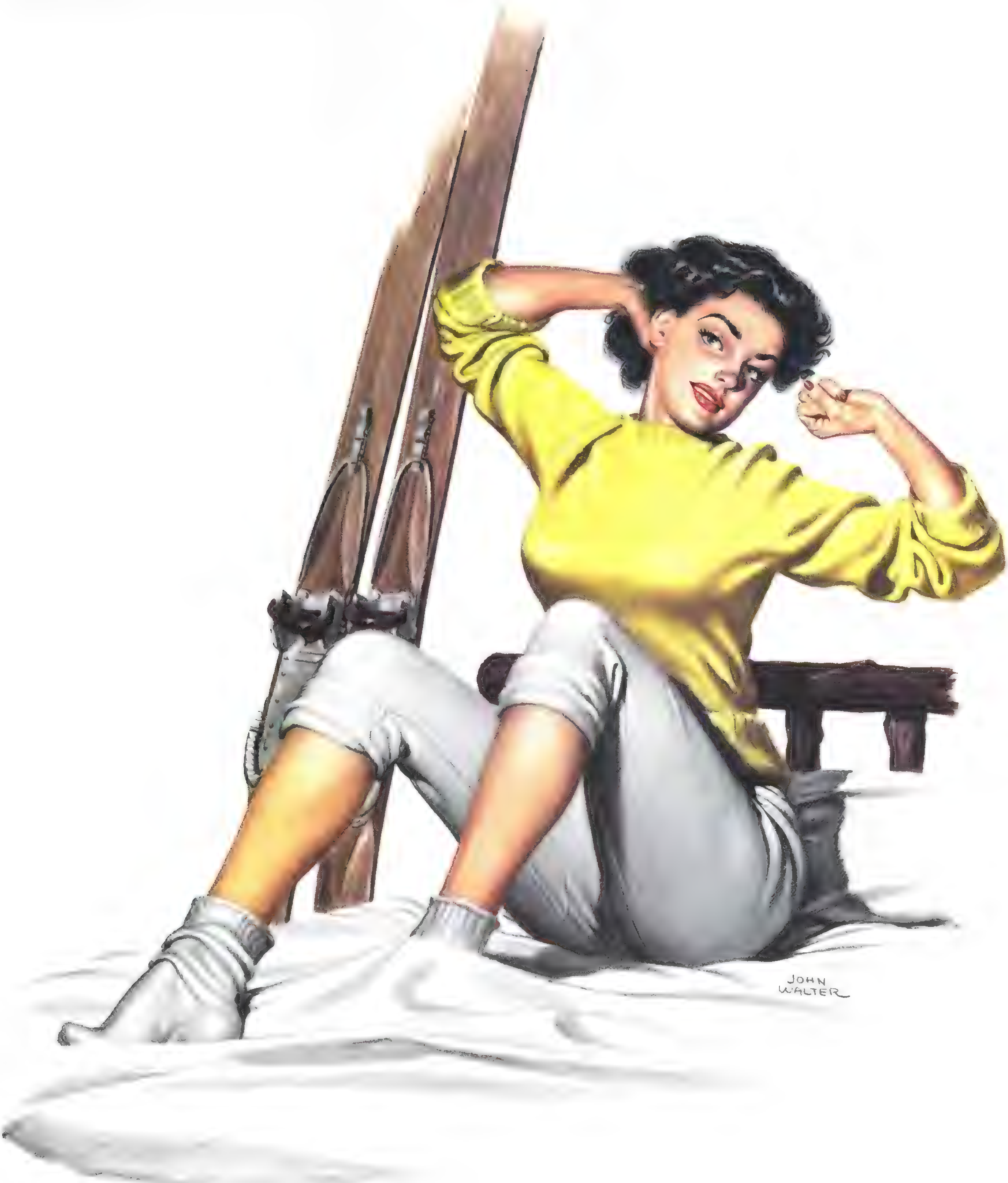
Leaving the classroom to direct Los Alamos, the great secret laboratory in the New Mexico desert, Oppenheimer protested that the job was beyond him. The official orders were clear enough—"to make the necessary studies in chemical and physical engineering and ordnance and other fields to be able to deliver to the enemy at the earliest possible time an atomic bomb." But beyond official orders were the vast problems of running a great, complex laboratory, unique in the history of science.

For this job, Oppenheimer told General Groves, he was scarcely prepared. He was neither an administrator nor a laboratory worker. He was a "longhair," a theorist, a man of ideas, who had never directed anything larger than a faculty meeting at Berkeley. But his fellow scientists, working on atomic problems at universities throughout the country, told the general that no one else would do.

Before Los Alamos, J. Robert Oppenheimer was known to his colleagues as a brilliant theorist and teacher, who always seemed on the verge of an important discovery or a nervous breakdown. His classes at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena and the University of California in Berkeley challenged the brightest students, who promptly became his worshiping disciples. "Oppie's students don't just talk like him," a fellow professor once observed. "They even copy his grey suits, blue shirts and ties. They cock their heads and look over their shoulders the way he does."

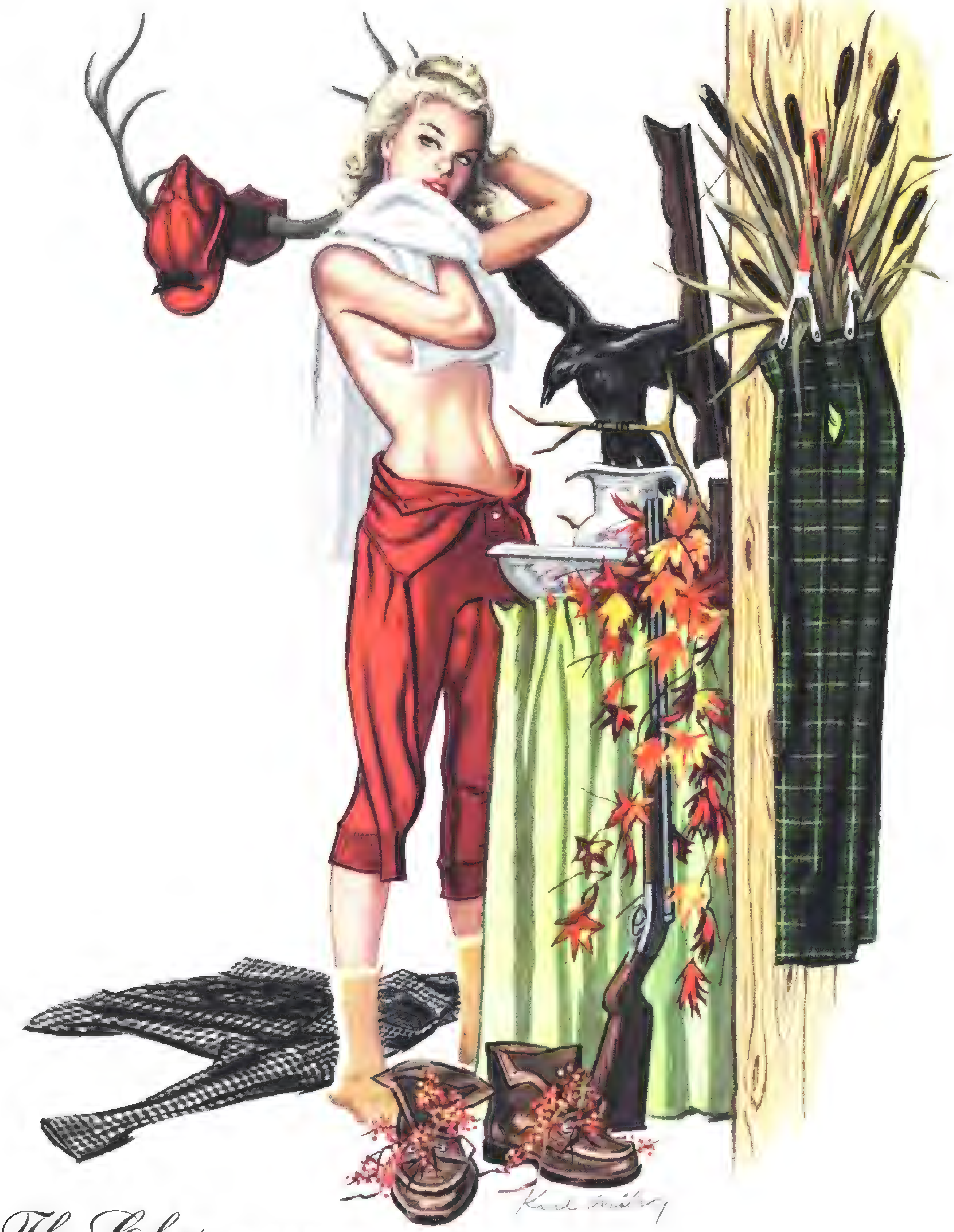
The lean, blue-eyed physicist, who has since developed the nervous temperament of a greyhound and a chain reaction toward cigarettes, started life like a quiz kid. Born on Riverside Drive, New York City, in 1904, he was the son of Ella Freedman Oppenheimer, a kind, gentle lady who painted and sang, and Julius Oppenheimer, a well-to-do textile importer from Hanau, Germany, who was eternally amazed at the talents of his older son. When their second son, Frank, who also became a physicist, was born, Julius Robert was already a legend in the Oppenheimer clan.

While their large apartment in New York and their summer house in Bayshore, Long Island, were always crowded with guests, young Robert was more interested in science *(Continued on page 230)*



End of a Ski Trail by JOHN WALTER

Skimming over the snow through the silent pine forests is one of the rare delights of cross-country skiing—if you care for that sort of thing. For the lady opportunist, as what lady is not, the uncharted trail through the balsam leads but to the altar. Hence a night's rest in a mountain hut offers a welcome chance to review today's pleasures and devise tomorrow's campaign. For example, a faulty herringbone in soft snow may result in a painless fall. It's trite but true, there is nothing like a rescue to make a lad glow with self-esteem and regard a lass with warmer interest as he pulls her to her skis and gallantly dusts off the snow. This strategy can be overplayed, of course—you've heard the Wolf!-Wolf! story.



The Chase by KARL MILROY

A retriever hunts in his dreams, so they say, and according to Freud, Jung and Esky, a man is subject to similar fantasies—especially when challenged by a dream image like this one. Could be the artist, in a sociological share-the-hunting-lodge spirit, reversed the story of *Dark of the Moon*, brought a witch girl to earth, dressed her in mortal garb, and parked her eagle on a forked branch, along with other meaningful props. More likely our lady is Diana, Goddess of the Hunt, who can sight a target as readily as she can a pursuer. It's easy to see how, in one of her more Olympic moods, she froze a smooth-talking poacher so completely that he turned into a tree. Still, as Goddess of the Moon, she has her moments, we've heard.

GREENHALGH

Let all those who doubt that a woman's place is in the home contemplate the spectacle she makes when she travels

And Points West

by GEARY BINGHAM

There is much to be said for marriage or—even more radically—for men and women: Comes Love; the Johnston Office beams approval; now and then is heard the thunder of little feet. Lots of couples, in fact, get along something lovely.

Until they travel.

True, on the honeymoon, the bride—who is merely biding her time, if all were known—sits back and is admiring of the groom's perspiring prowess with all that luggage; likewise, he is all too befuddled by the general situation to comment on the nonsense of two hatboxes, a week-ender and several trunks as adjuncts to a two-week sojourn, during the course of which, it is to be hoped, not much of anything will be correct.

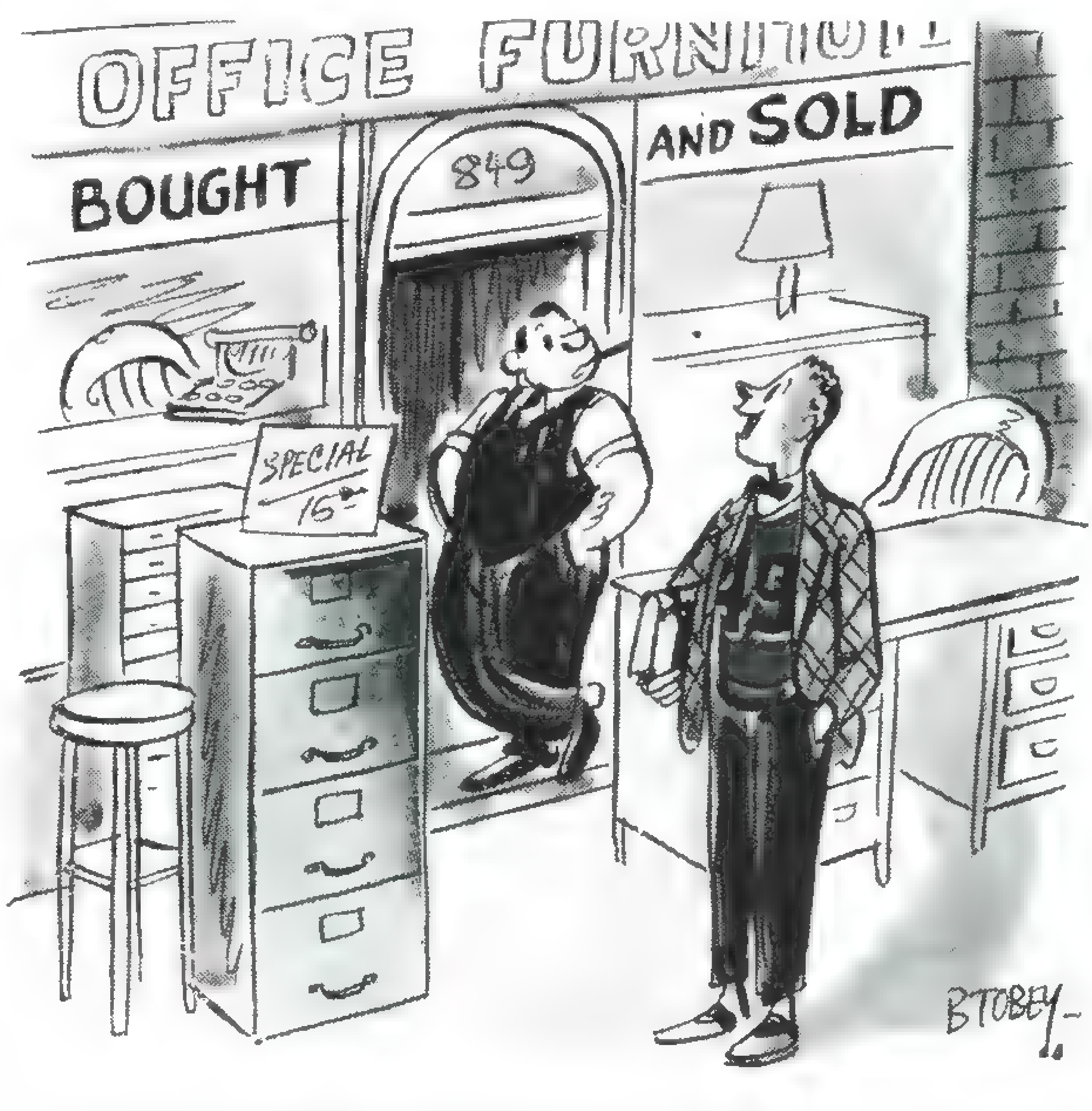
In any case, he pours her onto Century or DC-4 or *Queen Elizabeth* and, much more amazing than he knows, she comes along, agape.

It requires, in fact, about a year for the enamored male to learn that woman's place is in the home merely because she doesn't know how to travel, will never develop the art and, most irritatingly, feels herself mistress of tickets and reservations only in consequence of the blood and sweat and tears he's shed to get those selfsame tickets and install her in the dearly won Pullman space.

There is, to begin with, the matter of packing, a topic much dealt with for several days preceding the planned departure: Shall she take this, that and the peach peignoir? Will the climate require the tweed and, if so, what are the pressing probabilities? And you could, couldn't you, squeeze some of *her* things into *your* bag?

This, among wedded males, is designated as the Uh-Huh Period—the one in which you absent-mindedly agree to everything because, my God, you aren't leaving until Thursday and here it is only Tuesday, so f'r Chri' sakes. Then something snaps, open rebellion ensues and, disconcertingly, it turns out that all *you* have to think of is a razor and a couple of clean shirts and here and there a clean handkerchief; therefore, you can't *begin* to understand.

Furthermore, she has to close the house, instruct the maid, park the kids, kennel the dogs, leave a note for the milkman, and in general suffer the consequences of having married a brute like you.



"I'm just shopping around. One of these days I'll be getting out of law school"

This is the first round; and it's child's play when compared to what is going to occur before you are home again.

The Battle of the Taxi is conventionally the opening gambit: cabs are hard to get, in the first place, and only Sadie Thompson could feel at home in the kind of weather you've been having lately, so you'd better go snag one. On the other hand, when you return, panting but triumphant, who should be standing in the middle of the bedroom in her drawers but the girl you left behind you, hatted and gloved at the time. Furthermore, all the suitcases you managed to crush shut on account of you weigh one hundred and eighty-seven pounds soaking wet and carrying a Sunday paper are now reopened, their entrails strewn about the nuptial chamber as at Bikini; and all this because the lady, once girded for voyaging in the wool, has just decided the weather's warmth demands the silk—and who may the Santa Fe or New York Central be to go setting up timetables which possibly disagree with these improvements? True, madame is wringing her hands, but this will have nothing to do with alarm: naturally, it was vital that the shade of her nail polish be changed to go with the new ensemble and she is merely drying the coating.

So she puts on the silk and you pack the wool and use those hundred and eighty-seven pounds all over again and you're off, except that she doesn't know whether she wants to go at all, now that you've ruined the entire trip for her at the outset by bellowing your choicest phrases with respect to the taximeter merrily ticking below.

Nonetheless, all is eventually loaded—the happy pair, the assorted impedimenta, the general junk—and the station at last achieved.

There is that about the average railway station which brings out the Houdini in every married female. She can tie herself into knots, make the solidest matter evaporate, vanish in less than a puff of smoke. She can and does, just as the redcap's making off with all the worldly goods a desperate and frantic husband can endow. There are the things she has forgotten, but which prove to dwell within the small brown bag without any name on it, after all; there is the screech, "My pearls!" (immediately located within her blouse); also, she must now go into what has skittishly become the Powder Room, although this may be allowed some tolerance on grounds of sheer excitement. This last invariably occurs just as the porter vanishes, the announcer calls the train, the husband goes nuts.

When she emerges, after what must surely have been a shampoo, two baths and several manicures, our intrepid traveler makes for the magazine stand, there to acquire such detective stories, such current periodicals, such crossword puzzles as might be found requirements of a forty-man safari to Tibet.

None of these will at any time be opened, far less read.

But it is at the gate to the train that our brave little pioneer woman, valiantly breasting her way through the underbrush, really disappears: nobody knows where she goes, or why; nobody will ever know. She just goes—and reappears with the entirely reliable information that the train is leaving at the wrong time and on the wrong track, that the tickets in hand are counterfeit in every aspect and that her husband doesn't love her any more, which, by this time, is quite true.

"But it *said* Schenectady—right there over the gate; I saw it myself! They'll prob'ly put us off in the middle of the night . . . cold and rainy and you remember how poor Alicia was carried off by pneumonia in less than a week! Also, the ticket says we're in Car 1309 and that's just silly! You can't tell *me* they're one thousand three hundred and nine cars on one train. Oh, I see it all now—you white slaver!"

Then you board the train, possibly by flirting aside a lapel to convince the gateman you're a flatfoot and the dame is in custody, and find the bedroom is just where the ticket said it would be, only there are some other people in it.

This is the fault neither of the interlopers nor the railroad. It is yours. You planned it that way. It's just (*Continued on page 138*)

The Idear Is the Thing

WM. D BOIS

The setup was so pat Smitty figured to push over the local lightweight and every miner in Pennsylvania with a single punch

by JOE BROWN

Denver Danny, also known as Danny Denver, ambled into Fitzgerald's gym. He lifted his chin and looked around the room. Danny had some kind of eye trouble, couldn't raise his upper lids, so he had to throw back his head that way and peep through the slits whenever he wanted to see anything at eye level.

The boys were working out in the center ring. Willie Thompson was handing some tough kid a good shellacking, and some big fellows were mauling each other around in the other two rings.

Nobody noticed Danny. His eyes rested on the middle ring. He snorted and started to move toward the group of smart-money boys who had collected there to watch Thompson work. Just then he bumped into something and swore quietly.

"What the hell are ya tryin' to do, trip me?"

"No, mister, I was just tyin' my shoelace," said a thin, timid voice. Then: "You're Danny Denver, aintcha?"

Danny was impressed that he could impress someone. He moved back a bit and his head tipped back as his eyes ran up the man's body from feet to head. He saw a little blond man who looked as if he had no red blood in his body.

"Yeh, I'm Danny Denver," he said disgustedly, and started to move toward the center ring.

"Mr. Denver," blurted the little man anxiously. "Look, I wanna ask ya somethin'!" He grabbed Danny's arm. "I gotta great fighter down at Wilkes-Barre. He can lick this guy Thompson easy, only nobody'll listen ta me. I tell ya he's a real fighter, Mr. Denver, only nobody in New York'll listen ta me. I can't get him no kinda fights." The little guy stopped for breath.

Denver Danny turned and said, "They all look good back home, brother. Ya better keep him there."

Then the little guy was sore. "You're dumb like the rest of them," he said. "You think New York is the only place in the world where a guy can be a good fighter. You freeze out everybody else, an' then you kid yourself that there ain't no good fighters alive nowheres else." He was getting excited. "Willie Thompson," he sneered, "Willie Thompson, the uncrowned lightweight champion of the world. Don't make me laugh. We'd smack that bum silly and just for pleasure, if he'd git in the same ring with Steve. Fer pleasure I said, he could have all the dough." The little man closed his lips tightly. There were tears of anger in his eyes as he snorted and turned to leave.

Danny decided to play a hunch. "Wait a minute, brother. I'll take a look at yer boy. What's yer name anyway?"

"No kiddin'?" he said. "Joe Vinska's my name. Shall I bring him here and ya can put 'im in the ring with Thompson?"

Danny drew him firmly toward the door. "No, don't bring him here. I'll go down to Wilkes-Barre with ya an' I can look him over an' maybe give ya some advice. Let's go over to the Automat an' get some coffee. How long does it take ta get ta Wilkes-Barre?"

Three days later Danny came back from Wilkes-Barre and brought Joe with him. He took him to Smitty's office—Smitty was Willie Thompson's manager and considered himself a sort of president of the firm "Willie Thompson, Inc.," with the smart-money boys a useful but not very bright board of directors.

When Danny and Joe entered the room, they saw four men sitting around a desk playing pinochle. Three of them wore silky polo shirts, the other a grey business suit. The office walls were bare except for a large calendar and a picture of Willie Thompson in a fighting pose.

Suddenly the man in the business suit threw down his cards and glared angrily across the desk at his partner. The culprit looked bewildered. "Gee, Smitty, I thought . . ."

Smitty shut him up. "Yes, Miller, that's your trouble. You think you can think."

Joe was nervous and fussed with his collar. Danny, with a little head-tipping and rotating, located Smitty and ambled over to him. He bent down and spoke to him quietly. Smitty chewed his cigar, then nodded and looked toward Joe for a second. "As soon as I finish here," he said and nodded toward his inner office.

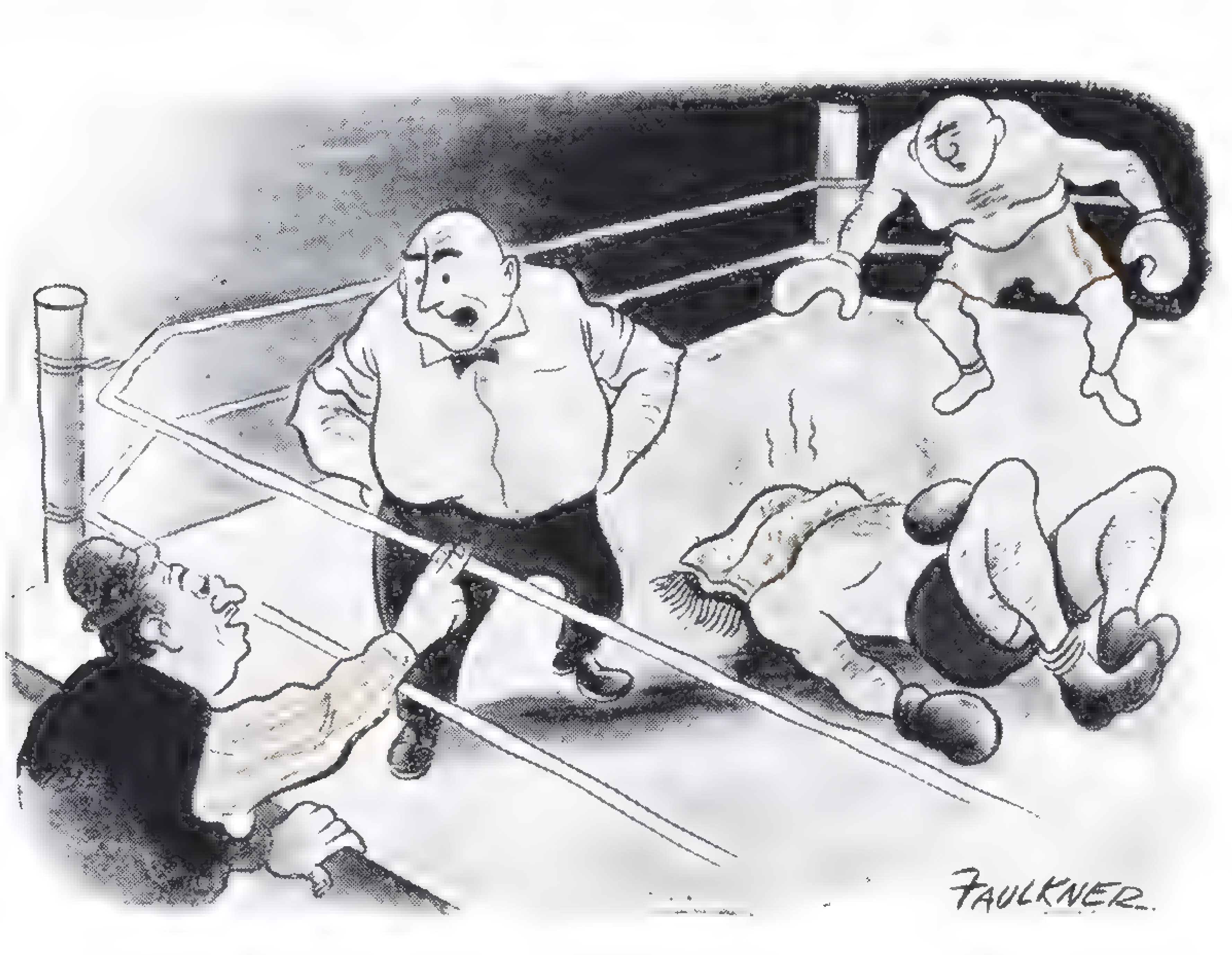
Danny motioned to Joe and Joe followed.

Danny had been a smalltime gambler and fight manager for a long time before he met Smitty. He told Joe that he was Willie Thompson's original manager, but he did not add that he had been unable to do much for Willie. He hadn't been able to get him any good shots so he finally got the idea of offering Smitty a fifty per cent interest in Willie. But Smitty had had a counter proposal. He told him he'd handle Thompson if he could have full ownership and let Danny join the outfit—the outfit which he said would be doing business a long time after Thompson was washed up. Of course Danny accepted and he'd made more money through his operations with this mob, but he always felt he'd played the role of sucker in a squeeze play. To impress Joe, however, he began to tell him of his long experience as manager when Smitty came in, and Danny introduced them.

"I just been down to Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Smitty, ta look over Joe's boy, name of Steve Hajoc. Looks good. I told Joe about how yer always willin' ta help a little guy out an' ya might be able to help bring this boy of his along."

Smitty looked modestly self-conscious. "What's on your mind, Joe?" he asked.

Joe took a deep breath and started talking quickly and nervously. "He's a good boy, Steve is, but I wouldn't want he should get hurted. I thought it would be good experience if he could box Willie Thompson in Wilkes-Barre an' maybe Thompson would sorta take care of him, y'know. I wouldn't want the kid should get hurted, jist sorta outpointed—but that would look good for a kid just starting out like Steve—that he could



"You shouldn't throw the towel in so hard"

stay the limit with a first-class fighter like Willie Thompson."

Smitty's eyes crinkled quizzically. "Well now, Joe, let's understand each other. I would like to help you and your friend Steve, but I'm in business. And what is it going to mean to Willie Thompson? He doesn't need exercise, you know." Smitty laughed good-naturedly.

Danny took over for Joe. "Here's the layout, Smitty."

Smitty interrupted impatiently. "Just a minute," he drawled, raising his hand in a quieting gesture.

Danny looked down. "I ain't tryin' ta tell ya your business," he said quietly. "Ya ast what was in it for you and Willie, so—"

Smitty broke in again. "I didn't ask for a layout. I make the layouts around here, and I'm getting a little tired of reminding you." He chewed his cigar sulkily, then continued in a more friendly tone. "You just give me the facts and I'll see what can be done."

Vinska's eyes kept moving from one man to the other, uncomprehending.

"Okay," said Danny. "There ain't much facts. Joe is willin' ta give ya all the dough in the house if Thompson will carry the kid an' make 'im look good in a ten-rounder."

Smitty was rolling his cigar between his thumb and forefinger and studying the ash thoughtfully. He interrupted Danny without looking up. "Yeah, they can clean up after that, taking on the local club fighters in all the coal towns over in upstate Pennsylvania."

Danny's face brightened, and Joe showed signs of nervous happiness as he opened his mouth and almost spoke several times.

"Yeh," said Danny. "This kid is good enough to go through all them palookas without no trouble. Y'know, Smitty, them coal crackers is patriotic that way. They'll flock out ta see the coal cracker who stayed the limit with Willie Thompson."

Smitty nodded in Joe's direction. "Your friend here gets himself more money than he could make without our help, and the boys can pick up a little by playing Hajoc to stay the limit. Now if Thompson and I can get, let's say, twenty-five hundred for our end, we can probably work out something."

"We could easy fill the Palace in Wilkes-Barre," assured Joe. "It holds thirty-five hundred people—we could give youse at least twenty-five hundred bucks."

Smitty was looking at his cigar again, thinking. He had to consider all of the angles. "Oh yes," he said. "I just thought of something. I'll bring Jim Reilly and Al Schwartz up from Pittsburgh to be the judges. Little fellows get big ideas sometimes."

Joe gulped. "I'm an honest man. We don't want nothin' we don't deserve." He looked reproachful, but Smitty reassured him with a smile, saying, "Nothing personal, Joe. It's just business."

HYPNOTISM MADE EASY
Angelo

"Hello . . . police?"

Danny and Joe left the office together, but an hour later Danny returned. Smitty left the card game and went with Danny into the office again and closed the door.

Smitty took his cigar out of his mouth and looked very pleased about something. "I've got a idea, Danny. We can make some real money on this guy. You know, Danny, managing is like fighting, in some ways." He squinted his eyes, put his cigar on the edge of the desk and raised his hands as if he were boxing. "You see an opening, you can hit him, but not hard from that position. So you feint him instead of hitting him, and the feint makes him give you another opening and at the same time it sets you so that you can really tag him." He shot his right hand out into the air. "And bingo—we make some money."

"I don't know what you mean," said Danny.

"That's why I run things around here. That's why I get a little sore when you try to tell me how to run my business. I get the ideas and explain them to you fellows, see? You boys help okay, but in this racket the idea is the thing. Now Thompson will carry the kid, but will make it look good. He might even take a phony knockdown, then rally to win a close decision. You tell Vinska that I tried to double-cross him—that Thompson really tried to knock the kid out cold. We'll have the rematch in Scranton and that should draw at least ten thousand coal crackers with dough to put on their boy."

Danny seemed to think that was a pretty good idea.

The Palace in Wilkes-Barre was packed. In fact they had to turn away around 3,000 people. By the ninth round Steve was still doing all right. The crowd seemed to admire Thompson grudgingly, too, but their Stevie's right hand looked to them as though it could kill a guy. But Stevie kept missing. They never saw him miss so many right hands before. Then, suddenly, the place was in an uproar. Thompson was down on one knee—a left hook had done it. It hadn't looked hard—that left hook—but Stevie could punch, they knew that.

The bell rang. The round was over. One more round to go. The coal crackers were wild. They yelled and laughed as the fighters sat in their corners awaiting the bell for the last round. They screeched insults at Thompson as he jabbed and carefully backed away from Steve throughout the final round.

Smitty stood at the shower entrance and talked to Willie Thompson as he took his shower. "You're a good actor, Willie. Steve's not much, but you made him look as if he even had some class." He jerked his head in the direction of the door. "Danny's over there now, telling them how we tried to cross them."

"I like a kid like that that ain't scared," spluttered Willie through soap and water. "He's a nice kid. He wasn't scared of me at all. It's a shame ta ruin a kid like that."

Smitty looked at him impatiently. "Don't worry about Hajoc, Willie. This next fight is going to be on the square, and if a fighter can't take care of himself in the ring, it's his own funeral."

"Okay, I ain't kickin'." Willie stepped out of the shower, and his trainer began to wipe him with a heavy turkish towel. Smitty told him to dress quickly so they could get out of the place. Coal towns are funny places, and some drunken miner might crack your skull open for licking his favorite.

The story spread through the mining country about how this guy Thompson, the best lightweight in the world, wouldn't fight Steve unless Steve took it easy with him. When he tried his best to knock out Steve, Steve didn't even know he was trying—so Steve was taking it easy all the time—and those judges from Pittsburgh were blind.

The fighters were rematched. Willie was to get thirty-five per cent of the house. Hajoc was built up in the big-city papers as the sensational coal miner who had almost beaten Thompson in their first fight. The odds in the city were 3 to 1 with no Hajoc money around, but in the coal regions it was easy to get money at 6 to 5 or even money. A few days before the fight, some Hajoc money began to appear in New York, but it didn't worry Smitty.

He told Danny there were a lot of Hajoc supporters in New York. "I wouldn't be surprised if they were able to scare up five grand. We'll leave the odds at 3 to 1 around here. It's good sucker bait. These city suckers are a little smarter than the coal crackers—we'll have to make a play for them."

Smitty's guess was remarkably close. His boys were able to pick up a little over $5,000 in Hajoc bets during the last three days before the bout. Upstate it would be a real haul—somewhere around $30,000. It was going to be a pretty good day for Smitty and Company—about $35,000 in bets and at least $15,000 for the purse.

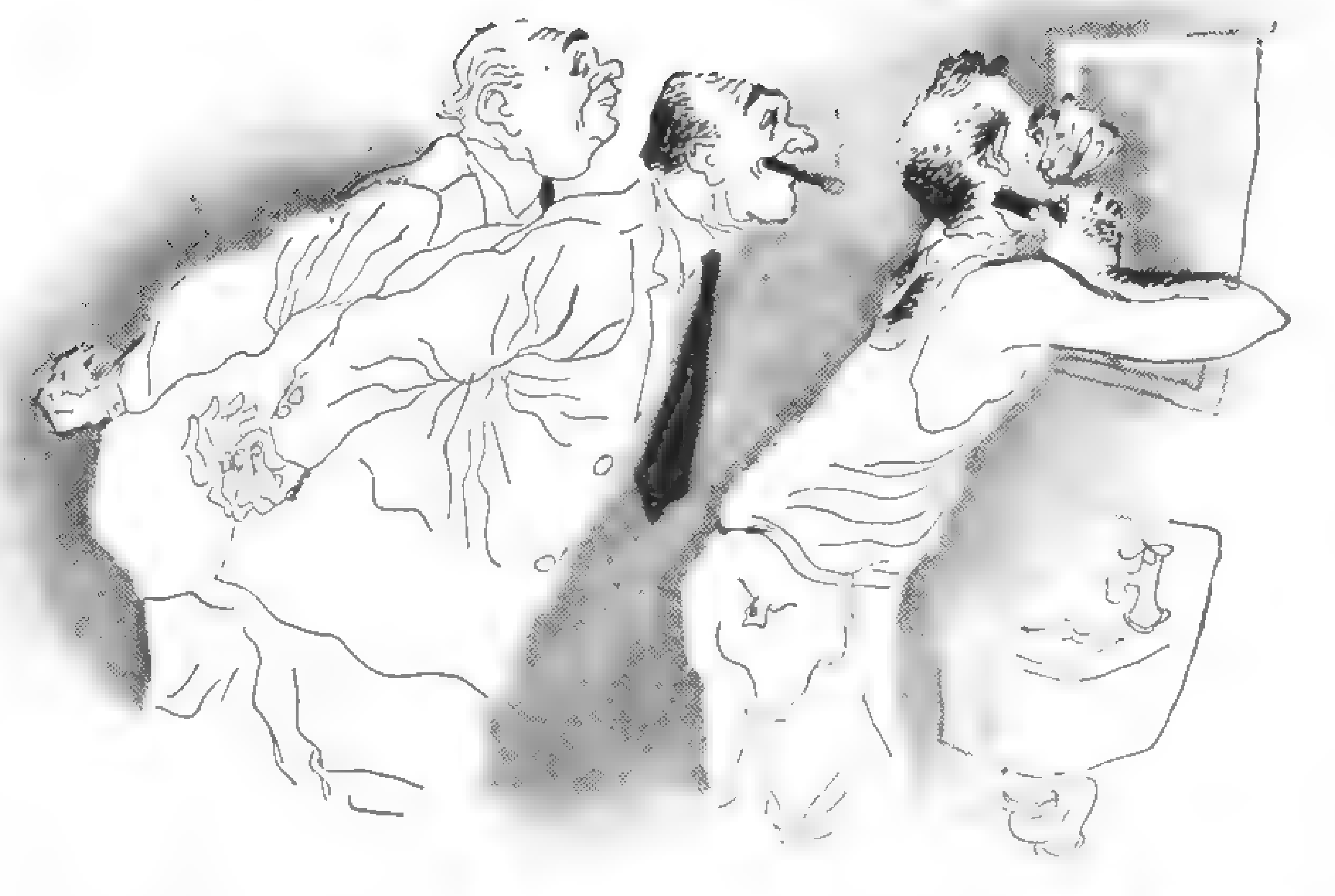
The night of the fight turned out to be clear and warm. It seemed as though every coal miner in Pennsylvania was in Scranton for the fight that night. The ball park was packed. There were a lot of drunks in the crowd, and they made the ushers' jobs even tougher than usual. The drunks kept wandering around the place during the preliminary bouts causing a lot of confusion and a few short-lived fist fights.

Finally the prelims were over. Steve Hajoc was led down one of the aisles by Joe Vinska—and Danny (*Continued on page 173*)

Jeremiah Whitney had perfected the greatest gadget of all time—almost

Inventor from Jango-Jango

by HAROLD HELFER



FAULKNER

Oh, so you're a reporter from the *Star* and you want to know why Garfinkle & Davis Investment Company closes every year on January 13, since nobody else considers it a holiday. Well, we do it in honor of Jeremiah Whitney. No, I don't suppose you ever heard of him. Sit down. It's quite a story.

It was on a January 13 twelve years ago that Jeremiah Whitney walks into our office. He is a long guy with a long face and the back of his neck needs a haircut. Moe—that's my partner, Moe Davis—is out to lunch, so I take care of him.

I motion for him to have a seat, but he remains standing by my desk.

"Would you be interested in financing an invention?" he says.

"My friend," I say, "Garfinkle & Davis will finance anything. Providing it is practical. Practical means that we should make some money out of it."

He reaches into his pocket and brings out something that's about the size of a harmonica and the shape of a harmonica, but still isn't a harmonica. Instead of square openings it has a lot of tiny holes, pin-point size, and it has a push button in a corner.

"This is an electromagnet shaver," he says.

"Come again," I say.

"It will shave you," he says. "I'll show you."

My lanky visitor takes his harmonica-looking thing and holds it about four or five inches away from the side of my face. He clicks the push button, the gadget lights up inside and there is a kind of humming noise. My face on the side near the gadget commences to tickle a little. Then, about a half minute later, he says, "Look."

The tiny holes on the gadget are covered with bits of hair. I feel the side of my face that was tickled. It is smooth as a baby's. I have been shaved!

"Well, I'll be!" I exclaim. "It's quite nifty, sure enough. How does it work?"

"It works on the magnetic principle," he says. "You've seen magnets that pull metal to it? This has a magnetic quality that attracts hair."

I keep rubbing my hand over the shaven side of my face again.

"It's really wonderful," I say. "It's like magic. Just a little tickle—and your beard's gone."

"It won't cost much to manufacture," he says. "Probably no more than a dollar a shaver. I would finance the manufacture myself—but, you see, I have no money whatsoever. I've been on Jango-Jango for the last twenty-three years."

"Jango-Jango?" I say.

"Yes, that's a tiny island about 400 miles west of Kwadjelian," he says. "I was shipwrecked there. That's how I came to invent the electromagnet shaver. There was nothing else to do there."

"You spent twenty-three years working on this invention?" I say, regarding with an unhinged mouth the long man from Jango-Jango.

"I didn't have much to work with," he says. "Just a harmonica and a small radio set and some coconut."

"Well, I'll be," I say. "Of course, I suppose it helped time pass."

"Oh, yes, it was quite fascinating," he says. "I could have been picked up several times by passing planes and ships—once in 1928, once in 1933 and once in 1940—but I ignored them. I hadn't perfected the invention and I was afraid if I went back to civilization I might not be able to give it the concentration I could give it there."

"But how in the world did you ever happen to get the idea for the invention?" I ask.

"I don't know," he says. "I was sitting on the beach one evening watching the waves beat against the sand and it came to me."

Just then the door opens. It is Moe. Moe Davis, my partner. He keeps staring at me, cocking his head to one side and then the other.

"You look funny, Herb," he says. I give him a frown. I do not like that people should make disparaging remarks, even if they know you well.

"Now I know what it is," he says. "One side of your face has five o'clock shadow; the other side looks more like noon."

Now I smile.

"You shouldn't complain about that, Moe," I say. "You should be very happy about it. It is a wonderful thing for us that I am looking this way." Then to the long one I say, "What is your name? I don't believe I caught it."

"Jeremiah," he says. "Jeremiah Whitney."

"Moe, I want you to meet a genius," I say. "Jeremiah Whitney. My partner, Moe Davis."

They shake hands.

"Please to meetcha," says Moe. "I do not believe I have ever met a real flesh-and-blood genius before. Although I go to all the Don Ameche pictures."

"Moe," I say, "how would you like Jeremiah to give you a shave?"

"What for?" he says. "I shaved this morning and I ain't going nowheres tonight except to play some gin rummy at the Davidson's."

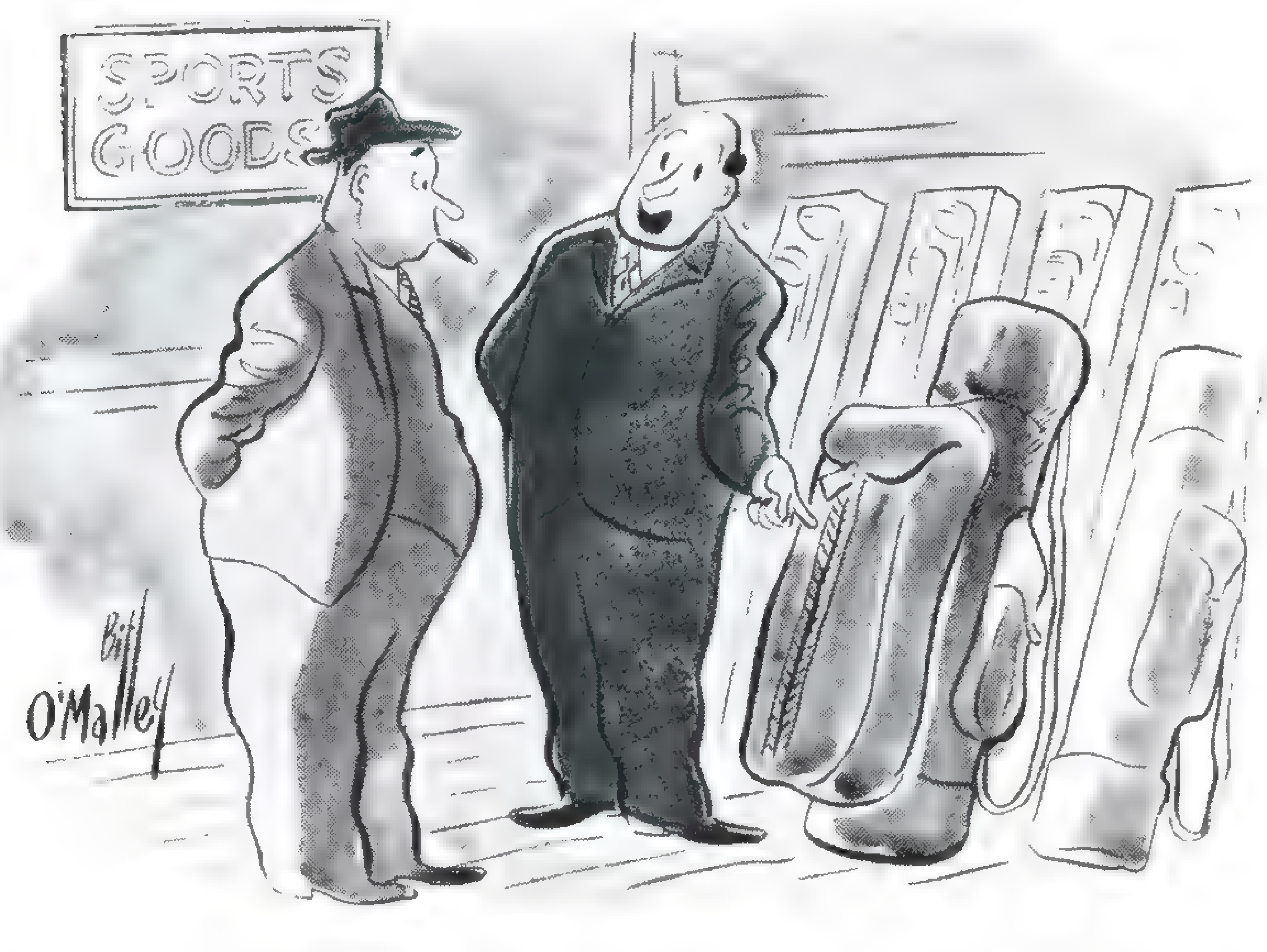
"Won't you have a shave because your dear partner asks you to?" I say. "Maybe I'm getting in my second childhood and I am needing to be humored. Is getting a shave for an old friend really so much to ask!"

Moe stares at me and then he stares at Jeremiah and then he shrugs his shoulders.

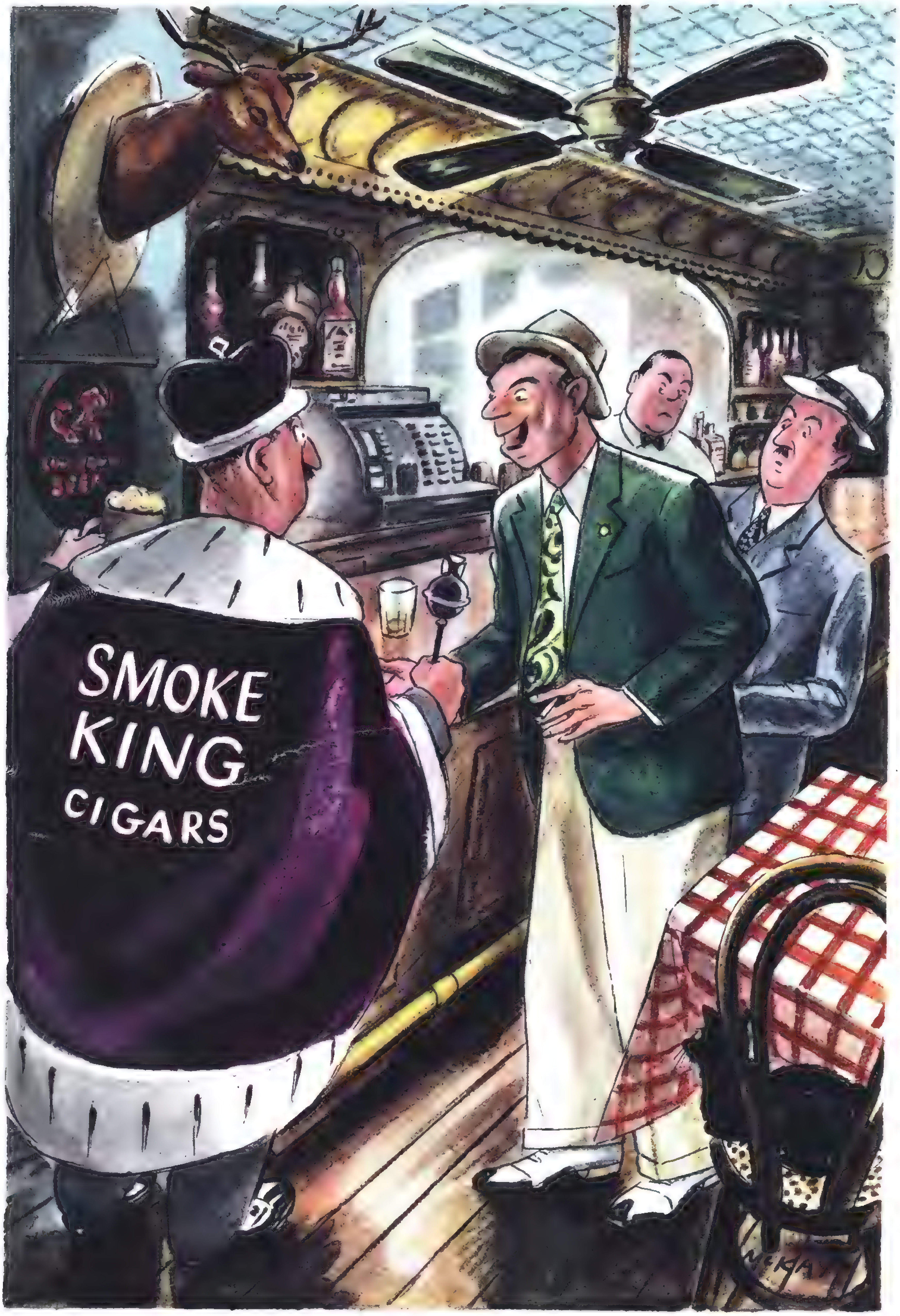
"All right, Jeremiah," I say. "Give him the works."

So Jeremiah takes his gadget and clicks the button and it lights up and there is a humming noise. He holds it near the side of Moe's face and Moe's mouth opens slowly.

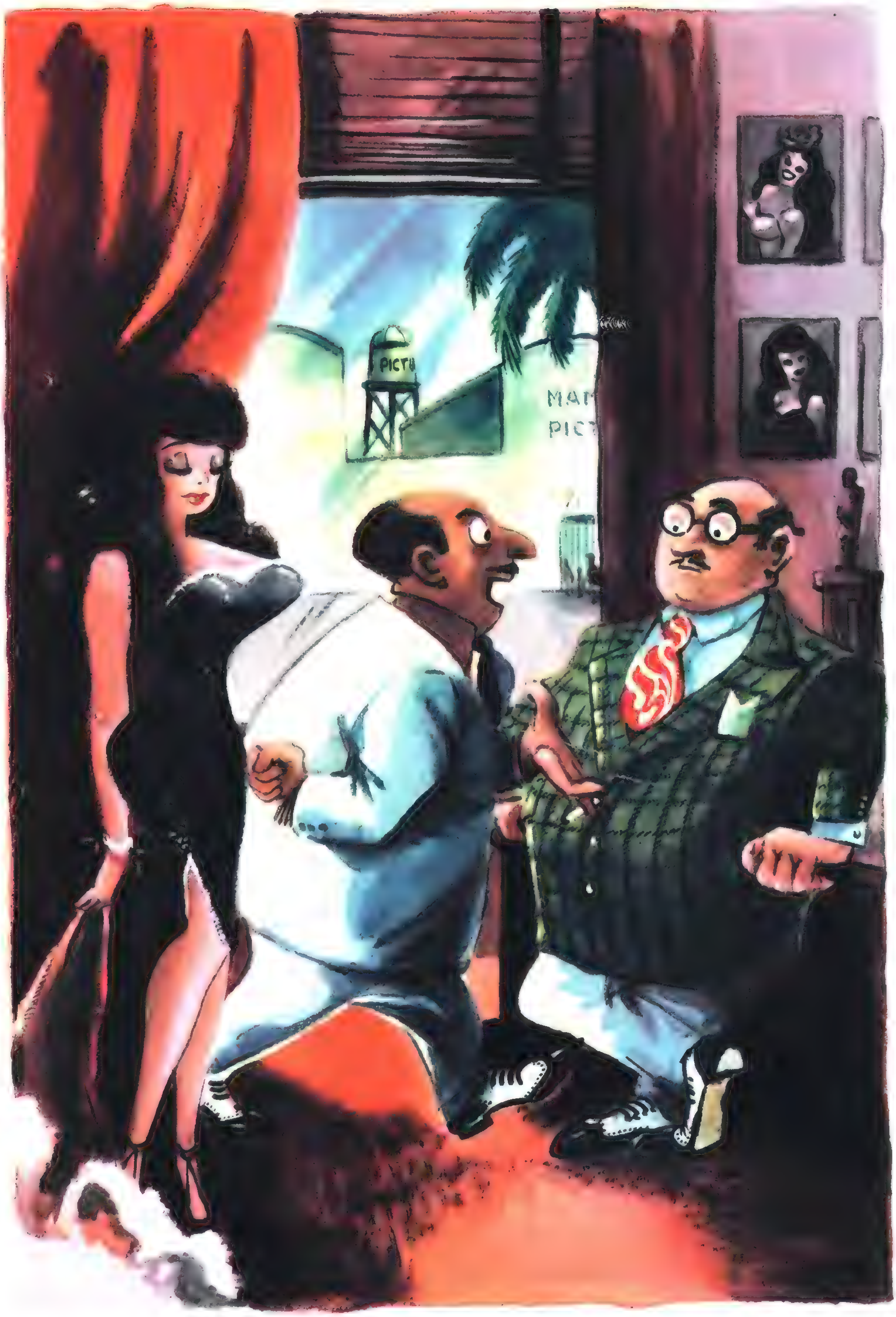
"You know what you are being, Moe?" I say. "You are being shaved. It is a brand-new gadget. Jeremiah invented it. It *(Continued on page 178)*



"Here's a nice feature—this one holds the caddy"


SMOKE
KING
CIGARS
McKAY

"Well, if it isn't me old captain. I see you found some application for your Army-acquired skills, by gosh"



PICT
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"I tell you, with her we don't need a story!"

REHBERGER

Score Bored

When a girl's husband is baseball batty, there isn't much she can do to protect herself except beat him at his own game

by FRANCES GEIGER ADAMS

He doesn't even look at the sports pages any more. He hasn't looked at one since the day he glanced up from his favorite baseball column and seethed, "This Joe Doakes character is a bum! They ought to send him back to the bush!"

"Umh?" I asked.

"The jerk got himself fined again today—even the Cards can't afford a guy like that!"

That was also the day I said, "He's batting .382 and fielding .970. So is that bad?" I said this in a quiet and ladylike voice, and I didn't look up from my knitting. However, I did say it authoritatively.

And I rather suspect that's what did it, because he took quietly to the shower and I didn't see him for two hours. And he hasn't mentioned baseball since.

And even though, in my objective moments, I deplore my unsporting attitude, I am still inclined to think things are just the way they ought to be.

But there was once a day when I was willing to let him quote batting averages by the hour, unmolested. I was willing to do this because I am a lounge lizard at heart, happily resigned to steam-heated living. Besides, I knew baseball as only something that made people groan when I suggested it at poker.

Also, facing facts, there are men who pun and men who do sleight of hand. There are men who get noisily drunk and men who get quietly drunk, and even those who ogle blondes. And to my way of thinking, the least objectionable of masculine frailties is quoting batting averages.

But all that was before the day of the Fast Pitch.

"Hello," he said over the phone, and all the April sunshine of the morning reflected in his voice. "What are you doing a week from Saturday?"

"Darling!" I bubbled. "You remembered!"

"Of course I remembered!" he said. "What do you think I am anyway? Don't answer that!"

"I will too," I said coyly. "You're the sweetest guy a gal ever had the good luck to marry!" And I really do feel like that too, every once in awhile. Particularly when he remembers my birthday.

The next week I went about my little household tasks with lightened step and lightened heart, as somebody must have said once, and even wore rubber gloves so I wouldn't look house-frowsy come the time for Our Date.

And even with shopping for just the right small hat at the right small overhead, I managed au gratin potatoes a couple of times. I also looked for a belittling dress for my big moment. After all, any gal thirty or up knows her face and figure depend on various small subterfuges, and she goes in for vanity with a vengeance. Whoever said figures don't lie!

At any rate, my mirror reflected me all froth and femininity that Saturday morning, and I was dousing myself with cologne when he telephoned.

"Would you mind very much, darling," he began, "if I brought Tom Murphy along?"

"Oh," I said, trying to mask my disappointment. "I was hoping we could be by ourselves."

"Well—" he said.

"Well," I said, "who's Tom Murphy anyhow?"

"He's the lucky man with the box," he said. "We're sharing it with him."

"Well of course, bring him along then. Who are we to say?"

"Okay, we'll pick you up in an hour," he replied.

Box, I thought. Box? The opera? The ballet? A horse show? Oh well, I can wait an hour to find out. But I'm certainly glad I bought some new clothes. Fancy ones, too.

It was exactly an hour and ten minutes later when Tom Murphy said, "It certainly is swell to meet a gal who likes the grand old American pastime! Personally I haven't missed an opener since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, and I hear you really know your way around a ball park too!" And he pumped my hand like he'd been looking for me all his life.

"Well, I once met Waite Hoyt at a cocktail party," I said modestly. "And I got a black eye dodging a pitch when I was 10."

"What a sense of humor!" he wheezed, slapping me on the shoulder. "You got looks and brains too, girly!"

While I am not exactly the hothouse type, I come as close as possible without actually living under glass, and I dislike being slapped around by strange men. And by unstrange men too, come to think of it. The nerve of this Murphy man messing up my birthday!

"Why didn't you tell me you had a little jewel like this at home?" he called in the direction of the kitchen where my man was crunching ice cubes.

"Because you're a wolf," he said.

If he's a wolf, then he belongs in a zoo, I thought dismally. But I suppose this is a form of flattery from (*Continued on page 189*)

MATTOX

Home Life of a Funnyman

Eldon Dedini's cartoons are prolific as well as pointed: he roughs out a hundred sketches a month, and painted an Esquire cover in only two days. With a gift for dry understatement, he frequently dreams up ideas to try on his wife; also a cartoonist, she's hard to amuse. If she laughs, or even smiles, he finishes them in wash, charcoal or water color. Now twenty-five, Dedini first practiced drawing by copying comic strips. While at Salinas Junior College and Chouinard Art Institute in California, he made Gags, Judge *and other sheets, kept refining his style. Working as continuity artist for Walt Disney, he began to hit Esky regularly, and within a short time signed on as a staff cartoonist. Thus, as he puts it, he was happy to "retire" to do his lively travesties of the passing show.*

Seward's Annual Folly

ACKERMAN

Because two sourdoughs had an argument, Alaskan runners now suffer broken hearts and arches in a strange mountain marathon

by MURRAY MORGAN

A strange American sporting event, Alaska's annual Mountain Marathon, grew out of a whiskey-scented argument between two sourdoughs in a little saloon in the shipping center of Seward during the Spring of 1915.

It began like this. Charlie Wambsley and Frank Cotter, a couple of old-time Alaskans, were in a glow of agreement. Both thought Alaskans were a superbreed: faster, tougher, more enduring and just as smart as any men who ever trod the earth. "Why," said Cotter, pointing out the flyspecked window at the mountain towering behind the town, "an Alaskan could climb that hill and get back down in an hour flat."

Wambsley studied the peak. It was three thousand feet high. The skirt was pleated by fast streams and decorated with a thick growth of pine and devil's club. Above the pine stretched a patch of scrub alder, low and tangled. Beyond the alder, grass stood higher than a man's head. Above the grass there was tundra, and beyond the tundra, for a thousand feet—shale. The shale was very bad. There were steep shoulders with razor-sharp outcroppings, and there were long slides of loose rock that avalanched out from under a climber's feet. The slope was about 45 degrees.

"No man," said Wambsley flatly, "could climb that in an hour."

By the end of the argument and the bottle, they had bet $300. But though they differed about the speed of Alaskan mountaineers, Wambsley and Cotter agreed on one point: neither wanted to make the test run. Instead they posted a notice in the saloon that a race to the top of the mountain would be held on the Fourth of July. They put up a purse of $50 for the winner.

Fifty dollars is hardly a respectable tip in Alaska. But Alaskans love races, especially long races, and there was no shortage of entries. The best runners in the Territory signed up for the holiday gallop. The odds-on favorite was Eric Burman, a husky old-timer who a few years before had taken time out from prospecting to win the Hundred Mile Marathon at Nome in fifteen hours and eighteen minutes. Second choice was George Kosmos, a Russian-Indian. Betting ran into thousands of dollars and one businessman staked a bawdyhouse against a saloon.

It was a regular small-town Fourth. Then, late in the afternoon, the runners gathered for the Marathon. A pair of runners crouched for sprinting starts. The mayor fired a rifle and the race was on.

The runners sprinted down the main street, cut across vacant lots, waded a stream and sloshed off into the pine forest. A few kids ran along beside them, but most of the spectators retired to roof tops. Fifteen minutes later watchers with binoculars caught glimpses of figures moving through the alder. It was impossible to tell who was leading.

Pink-shirted George Kosmos was the first to break out into the grass. Burman was right behind him, with Jim Walters, a home-town boy, third. The other runners were already out of it. The leaders took different courses across the shale. Burman, who was essentially a runner, followed the zigzag trail. Walters, the lightest man in the race, scrambled up through the loose rocks of a slide. Kosmos, a mountain climber, went straight over a rock shoulder.

The trio reached the top almost together. The judge, who had struggled up the mountain in three hours' time earlier in the day, clocked Kosmos in fifty-one minutes, twelve seconds. Walters and Burman were less than a minute behind. Burman stuck to the trail for the descent, but the other two plunged straight down the shale slide. They ran in tremendous leaps.

Kosmos led almost to the edge of the tundra when a large rock, knocked loose by Walters' pounding feet, struck him in the back of the knee. He fell and rolled a hundred yards over the shale. Walters took the lead and held it. He staggered across the finish line a quarter mile ahead of Kosmos, who had a four-inch gash in his leg. Burman pounded in third.

The time was one hour, two minutes, seventeen seconds.

Frank Cotter paid off his bet. But he had not really been wrong. It was possible for a man to run the Mountain Marathon in less than an hour. Alexander Bolam proved that in 1916.

Four men were entered in the 1916 race, but from the first it was between Bolam and Jim Walters. These two contestants hung together for most of the course with Walters keeping a short but steady advantage. But while the race was being run, some thoughtful citizen placed a long plank over a ravine. On the homeward sprint Bolam noticed the bridge and used it. He gained nearly a minute over Walters, whose eyesight—or foresight—was not as sharp. Bolam held his lead in a homestretch sprint and won in fifty-five minutes, twelve seconds. His margin over Walters was fifty-nine seconds.

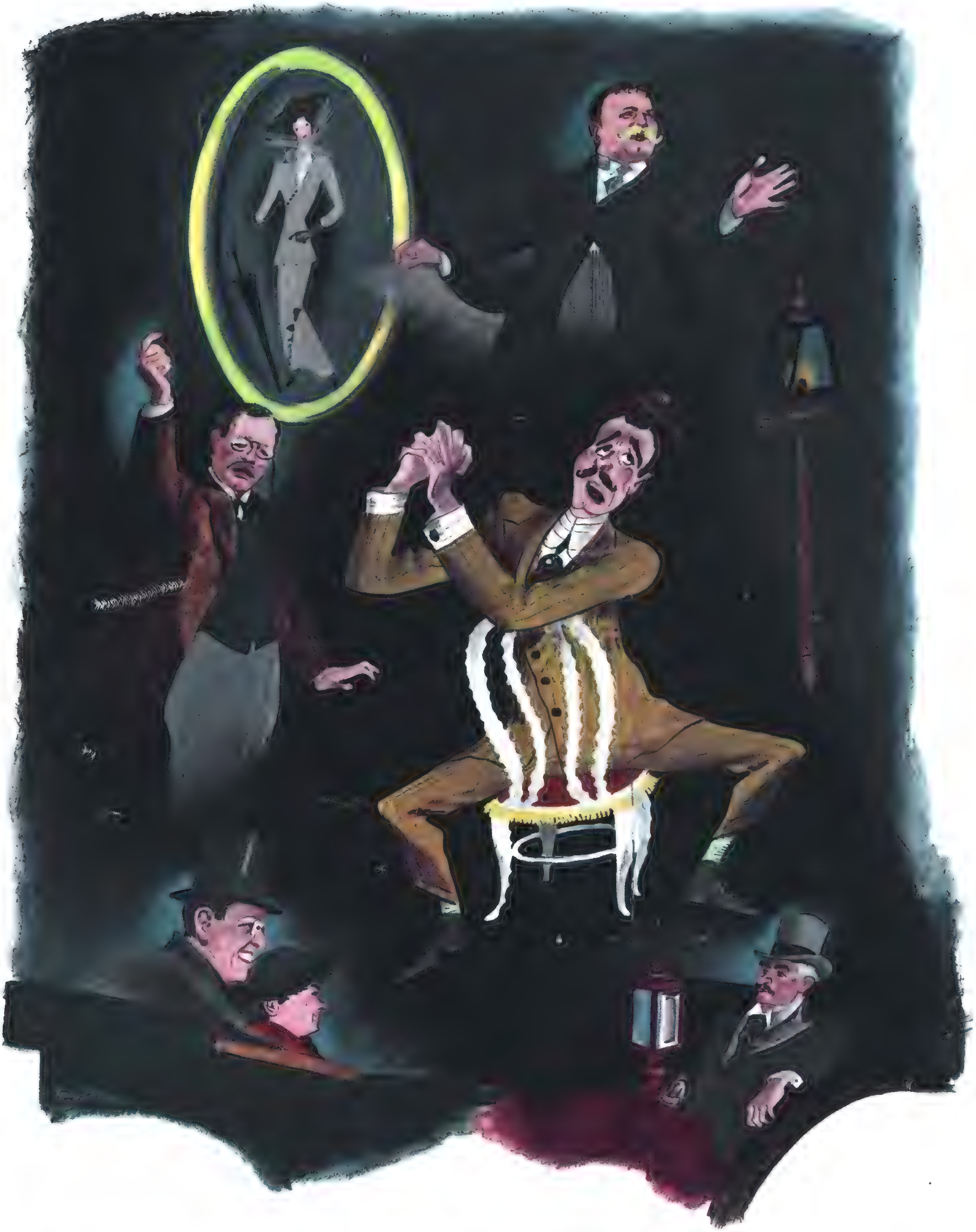
Most spectacular of all

(Continued on page 185)

GROENHOFF

High-Level Friend

The Aeronca Chum is a flying machine that should prove a real friend to the would-be pilot who is imbued with the desire to own and fly a small ship of his own. This airplane is so designed that it requires only a minimum amount of time to learn to fly it (three to five hours of dual instruction should do it in the ordinary course of events). It's a two-control plane, which eliminates the use of rudder pedals and simplifies procedure. It is stall-resistant and spin-proof and, in addition, is equipped with tricycle undercarriage, to help out on landings. The Chum is powered by an 85 hp engine, has a top speed of 118 mph, cruises at 108 mph, has a range of 400 miles and will carry you, one passenger, and 60 pounds of luggage, probably mostly hers, through the air with comfort and ease.



THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART

Painting by Tony Palazzo

"You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied,"* hammed the tenor of 1913, moving coyly veiled ladies to a soul-purging cry. Tuned to the spirit of the day, the song bore heady implications of sin but its moral shone stern and clear. It was a transition era, hastened by Teddy Roosevelt, Bull Moose in the political china shop. Having split the Republican Party, he made William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson what *they* were: Taft, ex- and Wilson, President. Waltzing quickened to a two-step; a few high-brows spoke of Freud and female fanatics wanted suffrage. From a carriage, J. P. Morgan looked down his imperial nose on Broadway, before passing on to that place where all streets are, presumably, golden.

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*© Leo Feist, Inc.

Presenting a game that is a handy little vacuum filler, easy on the pocketbook and just the thing for two stranded characters

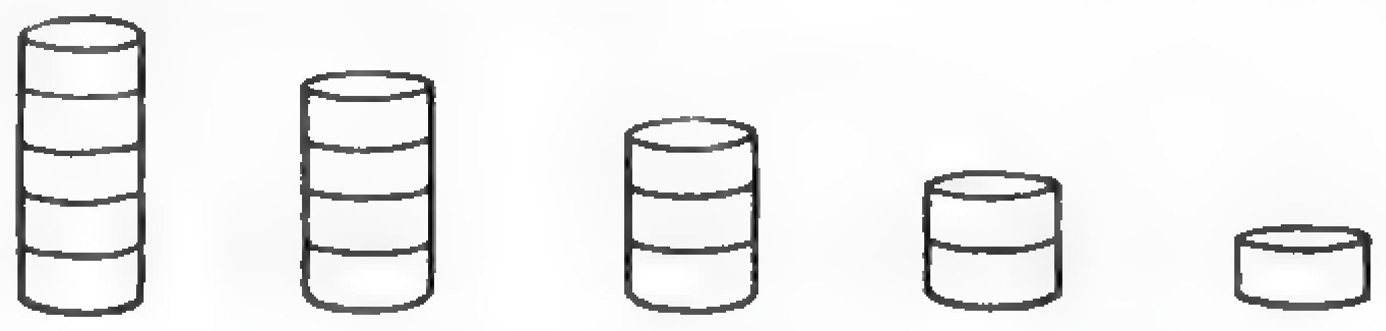
FAULKNER

Shipwreck Draw

by **SAMUEL A. SPITZ**

ALTHOUGH you may not be a traveler in the proportions of a Marco Polo, a Robinson Crusoe or a nonstop round-the-world flyer, there have been—and the chances are there will be many more—shipwrecks on a deserted isle in store for you. These can happen in your own home, or someone else's, for that matter. That deadly lull in conversation, that awkward pause that is far from refreshing, when you don't know what to say or play—the equivalent of being stranded—calls for a game like Shipwreck Draw with which to wile away the time.

All the equipment you need is fifteen coins, or bananas, or coconuts, or any other fifteen objects and the will to win. Arrange the coins, or whatever tokens you are using, as the case may be, in five piles: five tokens in the first, four in the second, three in the third, two in the fourth and one in the fifth.



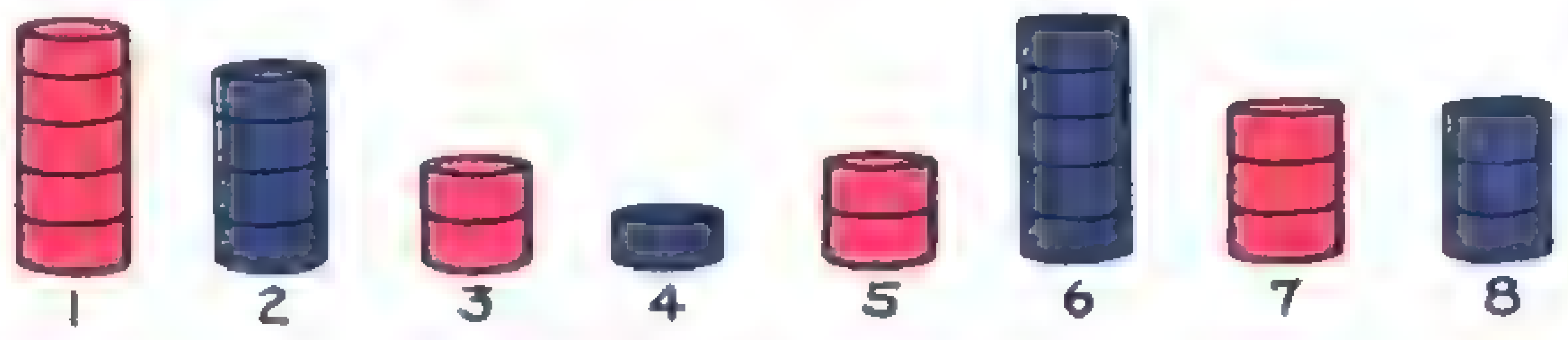
Now that you have the setup, here's the objective: the one who takes the last coin away wins, and this is the way you play it. Each player in turn may remove as many coins as he wants from any pile, but he may remove coins from only one pile at a time. Simple? Well then, try this variation: Change the objective to the one who removes the last coin loses. Still simple? Well, here's a way to make the game more complicated yet. Start with twenty-five coins, or tokens, in one pile. Each player in turn withdraws from that one pile as many coins or tokens as he wants up to five. Arrange these piles in sequence as they are drawn. After the two players have drawn all the tokens, or coins, from the pile of twenty-five and arranged these in the proper sequence before them, they can start to play, applying exactly the same rules as in the first game where you only had five piles and where the objective was to cause your opponent to draw the last token. Obviously, the number of piles depends upon the number drawn by each player in setting up the game. Here's a sample game played with this variation.

CARICATOON BY JEDLA

AN ABBOTT AND COSTELLO CLASSIC

"No doubt you realize you're getting this suit for a ridiculous figure"

In this diagram, A's drawings are indicated by the red tokens and B's by the blue ones. You will note that from the original pile of twenty-five tokens, each of the protagonists has drawn four times, making eight separate piles in all.

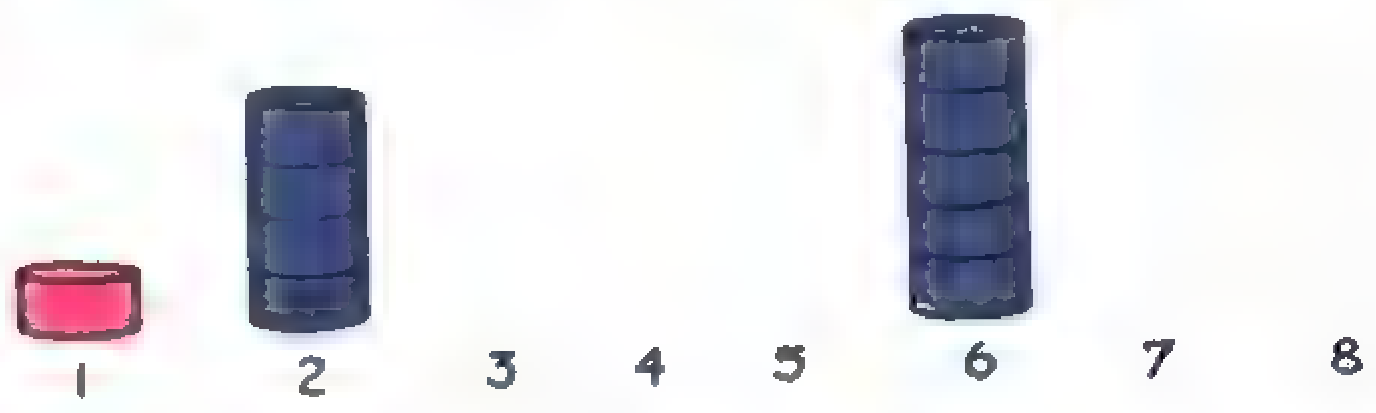


Starting with these and applying, as we have said, the same rules as applied to the previous game, keeping in mind the fact that you want your opponent to draw the last token, the players make the following eight moves in order:

Move No.	A Draws	From Pile No.	B Draws	From Pile No.
1	2	1	1	4
2	2	3	3	8
3	3	7	1	5
4	1	1	1	1
5	1	5	2	2
6	2	6	1	2
7	1	1	1	2
8	1	6	1	6

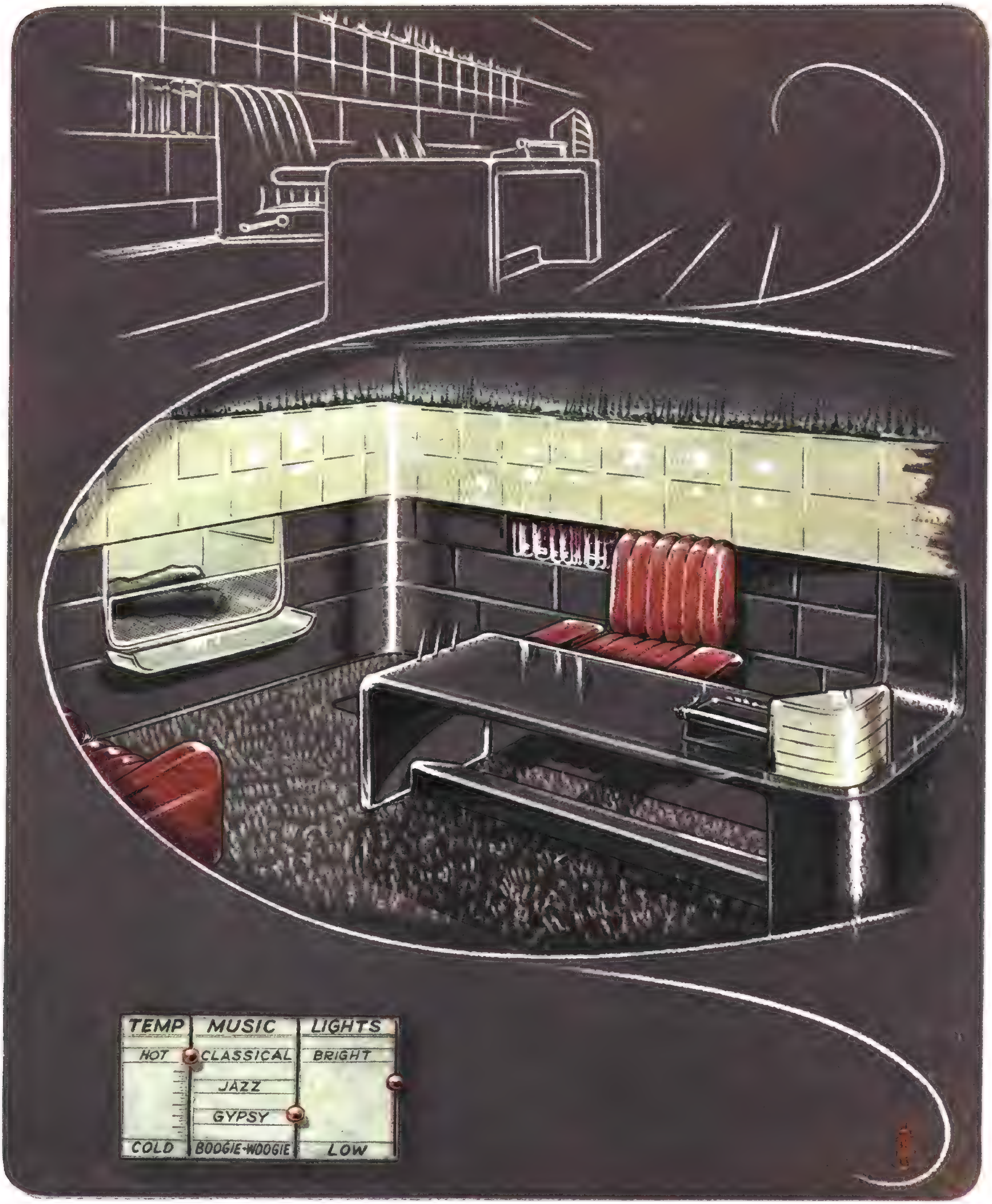
A is the loser, and as a result he retires to some desert isle all by himself.

You will see that after the fifth move in the above game, B actually had a winning combination. Here in Diagram Number Three is how the game looks at this stage, before B makes his fifth move.



After A takes away all the tokens in Pile 2 or 6, B draws the other of the two piles and leaves only one coin, which would make A the loser. Another alternative is that after A removes Pile 1, B then evens the other two piles and matches A's draws until it is down to two and one and then takes the two.

There are a great many sure-fire combinations which can be concocted, and the more you can scheme up in advance, the greater will be the possibilities that you will be the sole survivor on the desert island. Naturally, if you happen to be stranded on an isle with one or more of the opposite sex, you may not consider this game to be the ideal solution, but for the average social vacuum it's a handy filler. ⧻

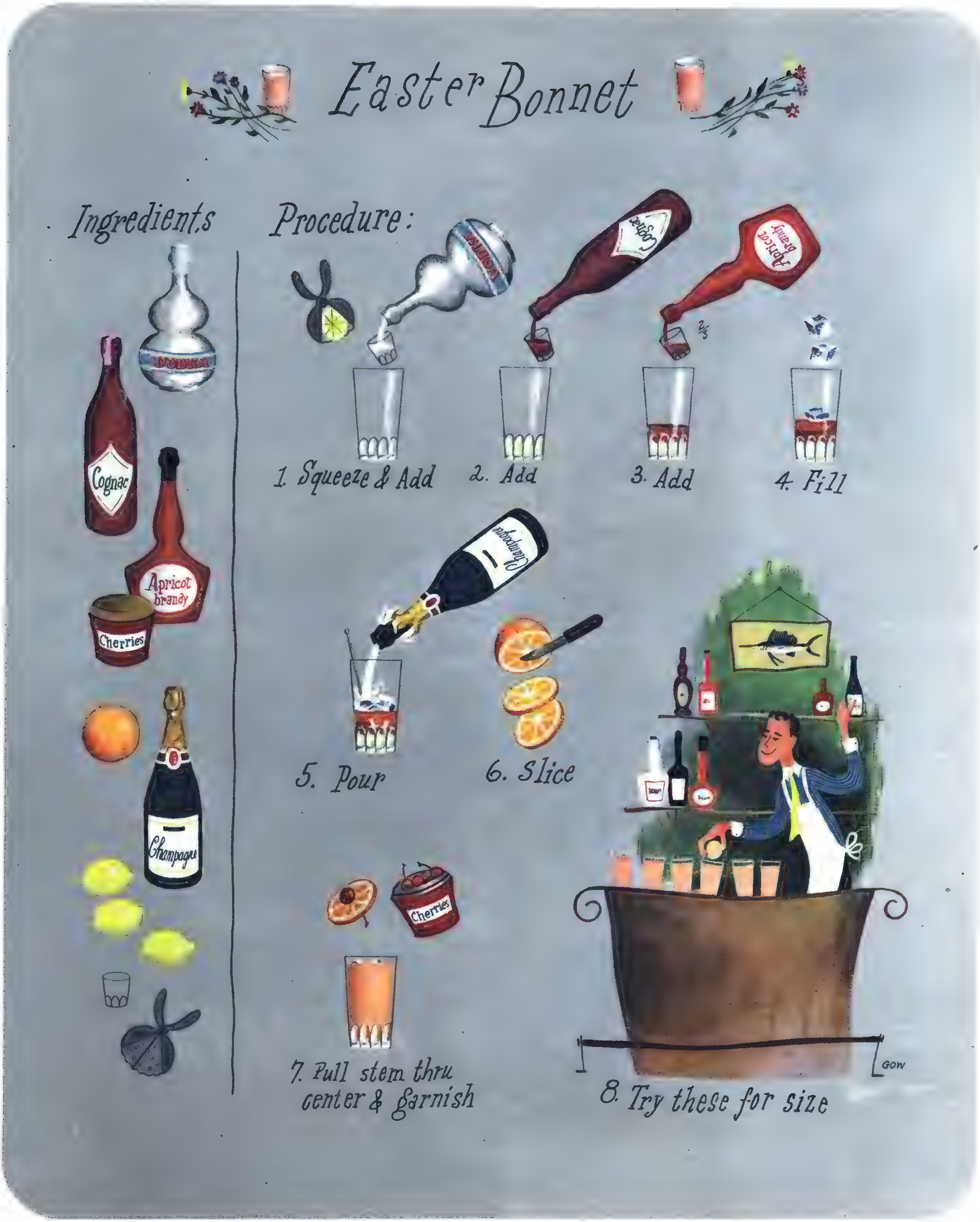


MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, No. 11

Study in Relaxation

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Ever in search of the environment to suit the mood, Count de Sakhnoffsky contributes this month a study designed for the man whose work is heavily mental. Warm colors are for relaxation, and the layout has as its theme a continuity of lines which should subtly influence a continuity of thought. Windows are out; glass brick is in. The desk is extra long, fitting neatly into the wall, and is lighted by a large plastic lamp at the corner. Our cogitator's chair is dextrously hung on rollers which enable him to slide along from one part of the desk to another without derailing his train of thought. The most sensational gimmick of all is perhaps the control panel; you move the red knobs, and temperature, lighting and music obey your impulse.


Easter Bonnet
Ingredients
Procedure:
Vodka
Cognac
Apricot brandy
Cherries
Champagne
1. Squeeze & Add
2. Add
3. Add
2/3
4. Fill
5. Pour
6. Slice
7. Pull stem thru center & garnish
8. Try these for size
GOW

Esquire's
BLEND AND BEND
Recipe No. 3

Sketches by Mina Gow

Esky, wandering deep into the recesses of his wine cellar searching for a sprightly Easter potable, decided that something special was in order. Above all, since the festival marks the advent of spring and new life, Easter 1947 deserves its own new potable as much as Milady deserves a new hat. Thus—Esquire's Easter Bonnet, Esky's very own blend. Its colorful appointments give it its spring nosegay appearance. Its bouquet is provided by that delicious effervescent liquid, champagne, and since the season still lacks the requisite warmth for complete inner Gemütlichkeit, the brandy adds extra warmth the early sun may lack. Recipe serves six. So, successful blending, discreet bending, and a joyous Easter to you.

His pretty wife was like a melody, but when she tried to change Abbie the discord began

The Man with the Red Hat

by ROBERT FONTAINE

I once knew a young man who was henpecked, played boogie-woogie piano and wore a red hat. He had freckles, a nice nose and was rather slim. His wife was a beautiful, dreamy-eyed creature with a figure like a lazy song and eyes like skyrockets in mid-air.

She had sung in a night club where Abbie played the piano to fill in when the band was resting. She thought Abbie had lovely sensitive hands and would someday bring down the house at Carnegie Hall with his breathless rendition of Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 57.

The fact that Abbie could not read a note of music stopped her only temporarily. Afterwards she forced him to take piano lessons. I don't know why Abbie was afraid of her. I think he was lacking a little in physical courage. She was a very healthy woman with sturdy legs and I imagine a right hook from her would cause considerable pain.

All of this I found out weeks after I had met Abbie. One night on 52nd Street I saw a man come out of the Setback Club wearing a red derby. I have seen a good many things in my time, including what I believe firmly was a blonde mermaid, but until that moment I had never seen a man walking down 52nd Street wearing a red derby.

He crossed Sixth Avenue and went into a bar and I went after him and ordered beer. He was drinking brandy which is the sort of drink you order when you are wrapped in a dark velvet mood and would like to whip up a few golden dreams.

I struck up a conversation with the man in the red hat. He seemed eager for friendship and it was not long before we were friends.

"Tell me," he said, about the fifth brandy, "what is love?"

"Love," I said, "is to be one of two great, richly growing trees washed by the same rain."

"What does that mean?"

"Love is to be joined in a common adventure in enriching life and a common experiment in searching for immortality."

The man in the red hat gulped down his brandy and pointed a finger at me.

"It doesn't," he insisted firmly, "mean taking piano lessons at my age."

"What is your age?" I asked, wondering about the firmness.

He ordered a brandy before answering, "Thirty-two."

"No."

He was quiet for a long while and then, after another brandy, blinked smilingly at the golden lights and murmured: "She's a melody played on a golden trumpet. She's a sweet song with a harp and a drumbeat behind it. She's great chords rolling in the bass while the treble insists on loving the tune. She sings through me like never-ending variations on *That's A'Plenty.* You understand?"

"Not a word," I said. "I'm a doctor."

"I'm in love with her," he said simply.

I said that was fine, why didn't he marry her, and he said he had.

"Marriage doesn't settle anything," he explained. "Marriage starts things. When the conferences end the wars begin. The war is on now and my red hat is my uniform."

I smiled as if I were attending a wistful child.

"Redtop," I chided, "do you tell me you are fighting the battle of the sexes singlehanded?"

He straightened up and looked at me with clear blue eyes.

"In my own little corner," he said simply. "Is it necessary to give up my dignity for a woman's love? Must I sit at a piano and play scales for hours when my records sell by the thousands? What have some of the concert pianists got that I haven't?"

"You've got a beautiful wife," I ventured.

"Exactly," said Redtop as he paid his check and left the bar.

The next time I saw my friend was at the Setback Club. He joined me at a table and we both watched his wife sing. I wish to go on record as saying that I would willingly learn all of Bach's *Two-Part Inventions* and most of his *Three-Part Inventions* as well as half of Chopin if she were but in my arms.

She had the kind of skin that you know will be incredibly soft to the touch, softer than skin should be, soft as the thought of peach velvet. Her eyes were emeralds set in an ivory case. Her mouth beckoned every time it moved, as if it were ready for kissing, and talking and singing were mere rest periods. She walked the slow movement of a springtime brook and her body was alive from the turning of her throat to the arch of her instep.

"She's breathlessly beautiful," I told my friend frankly.

"I know it. But is that the end of all, to be absorbed by beauty? Aren't there things left like character and dignity and freedom?"

"You've got a red hat, haven't you?" I said. "That's freedom."

"Don't be silly. It's only a symbol of hope."

"What's her name?" I asked.

"Desire," he said.

I told him thoughtfully that it *would* be.

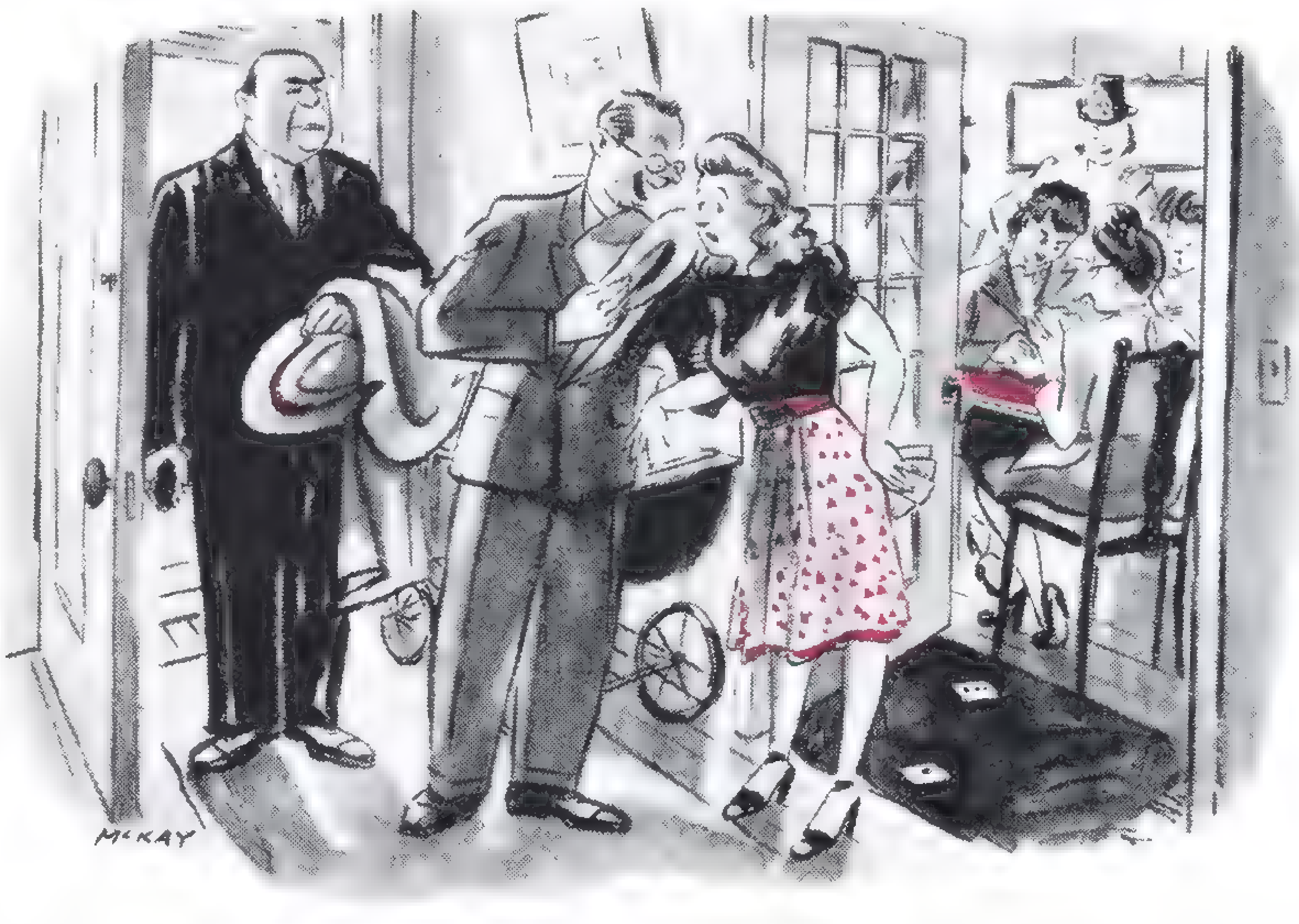
She sang as the sirens must have sung who lured men to death by love or to new life in some yet undiscovered stratum of living. Hers was the voice that launched a thousand sighs.

"I'd like to meet her," I told Abbie.

"You shall," he said. I did not meet her that night, though. When she was finished she went to the dressing room and Abbie took the piano. He could really play, that boy. He had seemingly fragile hands, but they struck chords with clean force and they nimbly wove intricate patterns, too. There was strength and there was delicacy, too. And there was imagination. No obvious turns of phrase were Abbie's; he was always reaching for the stars and not infrequently returning to his theme shining with the dust he brushed his hands against.

They lived in a lovely apartment, crowded with flowers and light furniture and fine pictures. Desire was

(*Continued on page 223*)



"Well, I did it . . . I finally got the boss to come out for dinner"

As if the hymeneal chase weren't too hot as it is, the women are now being coached

The Huntress Sets Her Snares

by HERB GRAFFIS

BACON

Magazines and newspapers have been breaking out with a rash of pieces advising young women how to put an altar halter on a young man and, of course, that subject is the plot of most movies. The pieces in the papers and magazines have detailed instructions which the movies do not have to provide, inasmuch as the movies present as a single woman some mollie you would fall for without having the rug pulled out from under you. Besides, the movie lady who is pretending a husband hunt usually has been married at intervals, and doesn't need coaching to star as a successful husband huntress.

The magazines and newspapers, however, are so specific in telling the girl how to get herself a man that a young man's chances of enjoying his bachelorhood for any length of time are getting dim.

On the printed pages, the single female is warned that statistically the odds are she will spend the majority of her nights curled up in bed with a good book, unless she begins tossing her bait about a bit. The maiden is made desperate by figures, real or phony, indicating that there are many more women than men and that 39% of American women never trap a gentleman into holy wedlock.

After having scared the female reader into a condition of grateful acceptance of the directions, the articles chart procedures that theoretically give a fellow no more chance than lettuce would have against a rabbit. Some of the calloused techniques recommended would make a Japanese seal hunter wince, and on the record he is the least sporting of all who seek prey for mercenary reasons.

The formulae of husband-trapping as outlined by the authors vary but slightly. Such pieces are written by the ambitious and inexperienced who rush from schools of journalism into women's departments of newspapers, by wily vixens who have dragged their victims to the license bureau and in at least one case, by a talented witch of notoriously polyandrous character who has acquired her multitude of mates the same way a Belgian doe gets hers.

All the directions attempt to teach the willing pupil how to paint a picture of a fool's paradise with the unsuspecting prey as an archangel wrapped up in rainbows, celestial music playing in his ears, and a nymph who is a veritable vision of delight dancing in attendance upon him. The nymph is supposed to be the student.

The scripts conflict with the facts when the hypnotic film vanishes from the victim's eyes. Comparatively few women are beautiful. The standard of female beauty of face is lowering with distressing rapidity. If you are inclined to argue about that, look at the pictures in the women's magazines or the choruses in the few musical shows now in New York or on what is left of "the road."

Dallas, Texas, of all American cities, still is qualified to boast of a high percentage of beautiful women. Hollywood, reputed to be the prize female flesh show window of the world, is, without Westmore make-up, merely the curve capital of the planet. The pulchritude rating of women in other American cities has fallen seriously in the past decade. That slump probably is accountable for contemporaneous young men not being overly eager to offer themselves to hymeneal ties.

The Yank G.I. in Paris got briefed on what was happening in the feminine world when he noted that the gaudiest of that city's charmers, of all strata of society, were rather an ugly galaxy. But, as one reflective infantryman on a 48-hour pass remarked, "These Paris babes have a way of pretending they look good even when they don't."

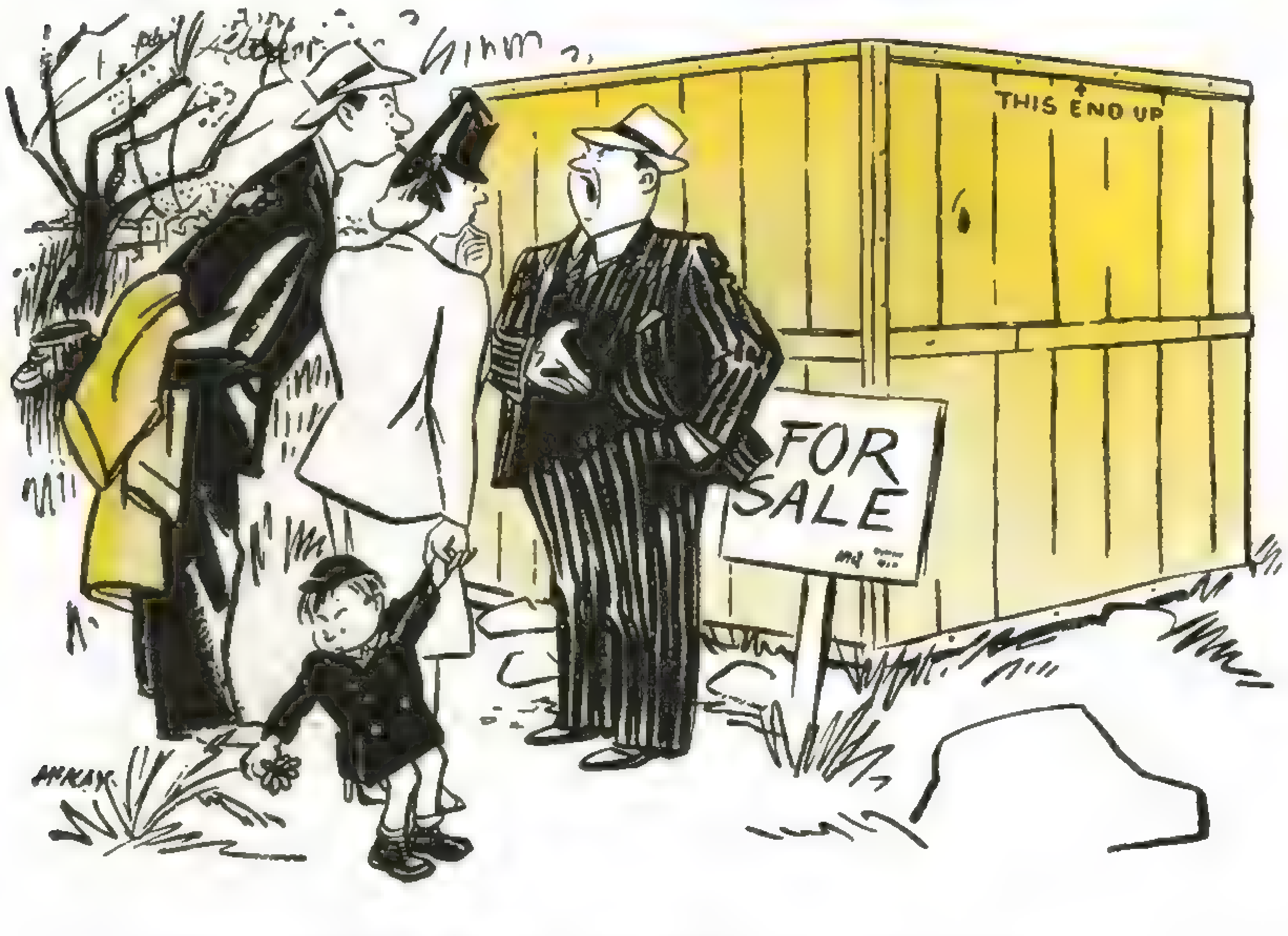
The women's fashion magazine editors, photographers and illustrators alibi that they use models with gargoyle features to concentrate attention on the garments. That, of course, is strictly salami. The actual reason is to convince the prospective customer, who probably has a countenance like an anteater but is married to a good provider, that even she would look good in what's depicted for sale. This frank acknowledgment by women's magazines of the prevalence of unprettiness has reached the extent of recognition by advertisements wherein cute commercial sophisticates brazenly caricature the hopelessly ugly ducklings and get away with it.

You probably won't have to concern yourself about the use of the sheer power of feminine beauty in rushing you altarward. There is very little reference to beauty as a lure in the man-trapping treatises I have examined. The radiant beauties usually go for, and without much difficulty get, the lads whose rugged scrambled features are no nearer the Apollo Belvedere type than was the face of A. Lincoln. So if you are an ordinary looking person, such as Van Johnson, for instance, you will not be assailed by coveys of irresistibly comely lassies, but will have a crafty maiden who realizes her physiognomic limitations devote her cunning to wooing you.

A consensus of the man-trappers' guides notes flattery as the primary decoy. A trappers' guide under examination advises the huntress: "Never forget that he's smarter, wiser, stronger, etc., than you could ever hope to be." That statement is made ironically. Hitler had the same propaganda policy which he expressed with a reference to a big lie frequently repeated making the suckers howl "ya."

There are some intended masculine victims who try to escape from the tightening noose by protesting that they are unworthy of the dear one who practically has them captured. The designing female has all the answers to that. Inwardly she admits that what the boy friend is saying is the truth but, what the hell, men are hard to get and if her method works in getting herself one she can devise other methods to correct the unworthiness of her spouse.

Among bait highly recommended in all the trappers' guides is that of simulating ecstatic delight in the simple pleasures of the humble poor. This is a phase of the "two can live as cheap as one" enticement, which long ago was found to be too fictional to appeal to any male of sound mind. In one newspaper series the instructor tells each student huntress to act as though "you'd rather go to the corner



"This sturdy packing crate and 1/20th of an acre—only $5,665"

beanery with him than to the ritziest night club with anyone else. Above all, you aren't going to cost him any money, to speak of." The fantasy about the lady not costing the gentleman any money appeared in bold type, indicating that a huntress can be so frantic she will accept any miserly mug she can deceive.

It does not seem to have occurred to the tutor of the desperate Dianas that a male character who could be fooled by a masquerade of matrimony as an economy measure would be tighter than a warped door. He would have to be subjected to a fiscal Caesarian before he would yield a few leaves for a new dress. A man that niggardly could not be prevailed upon to separate himself from the license fee. When the huntress narrows the field down to a man that tight she had better admit she is licked and start over.

Should you be one of the trusting and vulnerable bachelors who receives that economy canvass, beware. It is the campaign plan of Miss Custer's last stand. It indicates that she has been checked out by previous candidates to whom she has submitted her case.

For some reason I do not see in any of the huntresses' manuals the subtle reverse of the thrift solicitation, the ever-tantalizing line that what the lad is going to get will cost him something, but it will be worth it. That theme accounts for a great many marriages, yet recent directions to husband-hunting damsels have cautiously stepped around this point. The male may get the notion from the economy accent that the maiden has not much worth-while to offer in return for his beautiful brawny self, his lively chatter and a goodly share of all his legal tender.

INCOME TAX
DEDINI

"I always feel so darn guilty when I don't report everything"

These mousey girls who do overemphasize the thrift element in matrimony are not wholesome influences on husbands. They just make it possible for him to have more money to fritter away on the 26-game girl and other canny creatures who give the chump some excitement for his spending.

There is advice given on luring and governing the male who is inclined to be playful. The huntress is counseled to be broad-minded, not show her versatility by beating the naughty girl at her own game. It does not seem to strike the compiler of the huntress handbook that the prey often gets fed up with frolic and seeks sailor's snug harbor where he can take his shoes off in the presence of a lady simply for comfort.

Most husbands are captured on the rebound. Hence the successful huntress generally is the maiden who softly but shrewdly headlines the features in which she differs from the lassies with whom the male specimen of her wild life has been gamboling. The young gentleman who has been trifling with saucy ladies almost invariably takes unto himself in wedlock a damsel whose discretion is obviously unquestionable. In similar contrariness, the young buck who has been running with one or more maids of commendable propriety, tugs, wriggles and plots until he slips the leash, then gallops hell-bent to wallow in the favors of a wench who is flying friendly signals to the males in the passing throng.

The point neglected in most of the huntress instruction manuals is the wisdom of the huntress concealing the bossy nature most natural to women and most painful to men. Beyond any doubt the factor most powerful in influencing men to avoid the sacred vows of secular celibacy is fear of the bossiness of women.

About as near as the huntress manuals come to acknowledging this delicate phase of husband hunting is by mention of the maternal instinct as bait. In the instructions for huntresses at hand the maiden who is husband-hungry is advised: "Since every man subconsciously marries his mother, he wants to be mothered just a little. *But* all will be lost if you overdo it. Straighten his tie, cook him a meal, and let him cry on your shoulder—but be casual when you do it."

That is hooey. Every astute mother knows her smart sons marry because subconsciously they want to escape the domination of mothers. If the young men had the faintest hunch they were only making a change of management by getting married they would run from the altar as though a flame-thrower were getting their range. Almost every mentally sound mother-in-law of a wife, surreptitiously and sagaciously sides with the wife, knowing what a bullheaded party the husband has been since childhood and how firmly he should be brought under female control. The customary category of mother-in-law jests applies only to mentally deficient matriarchs. What the intellectually substantial mothers-in-law do with cunning is to back up the one who married into the family. Thus they avenge themselves for the annoyance to which their offspring put them prior to the cordially endorsed escape from the maternal nest.

The hunting teacher's suggestion that the huntress exhibit her maternal nature by grabbing a skillet and cooking the prey "a" meal is not to be recommended as standard practice. In actual performance, holding toward the prey the bait of "a" meal would be as futile and probably as dangerous as offering a charging water buffalo an ear of corn. The victim, immediately suspecting some nefarious motive, would shy away. Furthermore, a meal cooked by way of novel enticement would not show the expert hand of a maiden who can take her turn at bat at a cookstove.

In this connection, it may be noted that there is little reference to cooking in the husband-hunting handbooks, although good cooking is the second most effective mantrap. According to the distinguished anthropologist, Earnest Albert Hooton, the well-fed rotund man makes by far the best of husbands. He may burp with vulgar contentment instead of singing *Love's Old Sweet Song*, but he is going to have his feet under the table at regular hours instead of traipsing around with bad little girls who are in the habit of eating out and can barely scalp a can of hash when a gentleman indicates he would like to have some nourishing food right handy.

Although those women who are telling other women what to do until the wedding ring comes frequently miss the mark by not impressing upon their pupils the reliable magnetism of personal liberty and of excellent cooking, they must be given credit for emphasizing good nature and loyalty. Those are essentials for baiting the male.

The prospective prey should not be misled by the blithe spirit any calculating maiden reveals in his presence and toward him. The good nature of a woman is most precisely disclosed by her attitude toward other women. If she's short-tempered toward the phone operators, clerks or waiters, regardless of how merry she is to you, watch out. After she's got you, she'll put you in the same class as the rest of humanity who do not appeal to her deficient sense of humor or tolerance. She is a dame who will housebreak you with a knout. So find out if her good nature isn't an act.

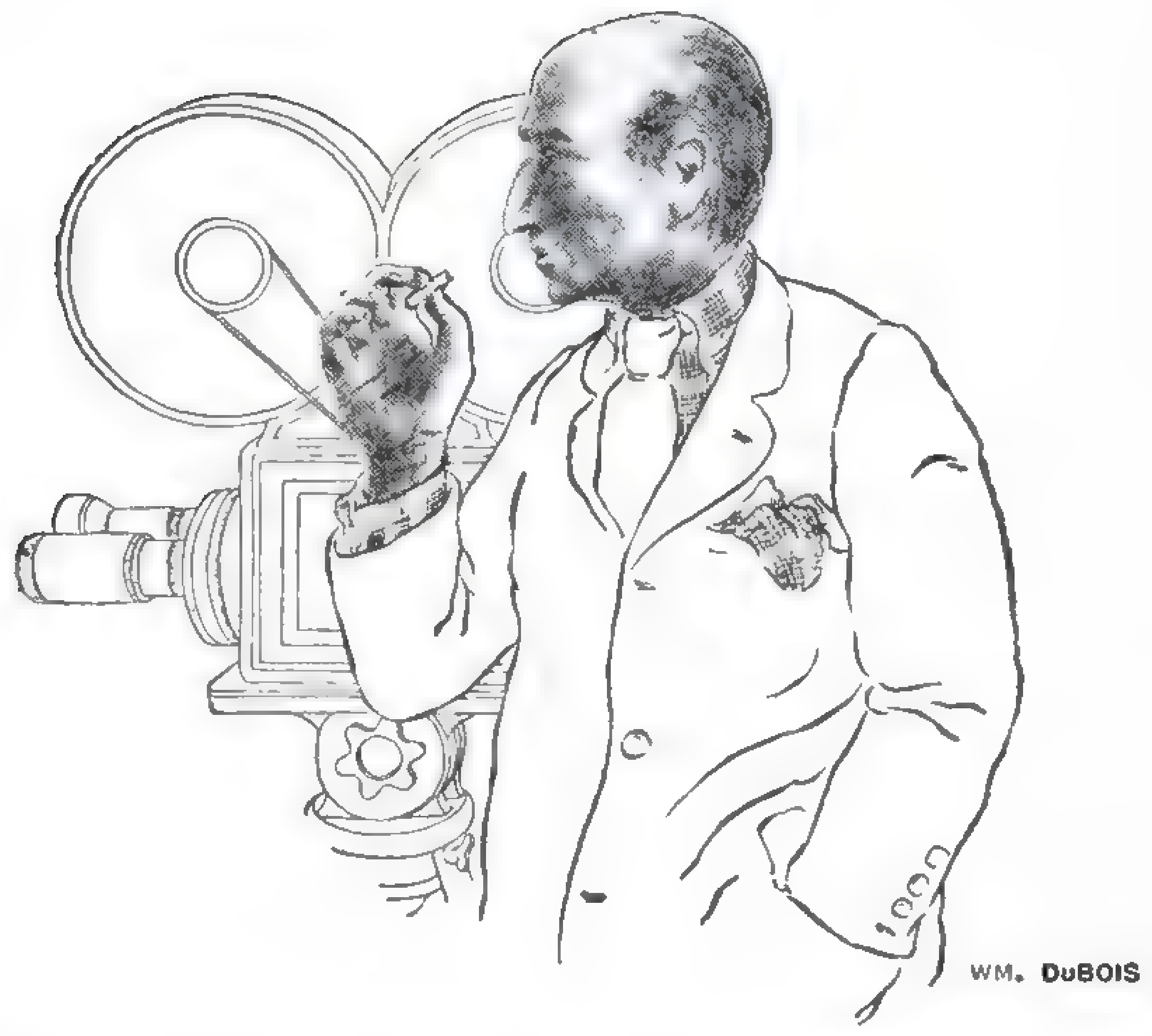
Whether the huntress who has designs on you is or isn't loyal under pressure is something that can be determined only when the dark end of the "for better or worse" pledge is tested. The cautious male prey cannot learn for certain whether a showing of loyalty during the mating preliminaries is a permanent element or is merely part of the trapping technique. He can only hope for the best.

Careful study of various husband-hunting guides will convince any man that marriages, instead of being made in heaven, are the result of campaigns coldly and slyly calculated. The single man can't do much about it except give in to the smoothest campaigner. Then, after he's captured, the best he can do is rattle the bars of his cage or try to make a dash when the door is opened and food is pushed in at him. By showing that his instinct for liberty isn't dead he may get a fairly decent break. He has to continue reminding his captor that she'd better keep at her campaigning.

When some skillful and scheming maiden gets a desirable young man in her sights about all he can do, if he isn't willing to be knocked off, is to follow the procedure of Dickens' Mr. Augustus Moddle who was trapped into engagement to Miss Charity Pecksniff. When Augustus felt the noose tightening he took it on the lam and wrote Charity he was on his way to Van Dieman's Land and was determined never to be taken alive.

You will be taken alive, brother, and how you will be taken!! The hunt is on and the determined maids are racing after you. Why don't you give up rather than try to escape the inevitable? #

To a promoter like M. Jade, producing a picture was a fascinating lesson in finance



Adventures with a French Movie

by HANS RUESCH

It was in the quality of cameraman in quest of a job that I had taken Monsieur Jade to the Empire, one of those Paris sidewalk cafés that haven't been cleaned since the Treaty of Versailles and where so many of the city's business transactions take place. There I had watched him recklessly pillage the basket of *brioches* and energetically wave at the reluctant waiter to refill his coffee glass.

It was Monsieur Jade's first film venture. He was known as *un qui travaille du chapeau*—literally, one who works with his hat, or what is just underneath the hat, a sort of contact man, schemer and promoter. An Armenian, he spoke rotten but loud French, in which he had talked himself into the reputation of being a man of means. All sorts of people, from Montparnasse artists who occasionally were reduced to eating their own oil colors, way down to diplomats of the Rue de Courcelles, bought him drinks and meals, and summons servers could count on finding him at the noisiest party.

He was popular with women because he paid them trite and unstinted compliments; and the men, as the only bigger fools than women, did not mind having him around for he looked unprepossessing, short-legged, red-faced and prematurely balding, and he used yellow kid gloves and suede shoes to accent his ungainliness.

At that time I hadn't had proof of his greatness. But in France jobs in the film industry were lean and rare. Not one movie company had regular staffs, but resorted to whoever was available when sufficient funds had been raised to start, if not to end, a picture; and the people foolish enough to be in that industry depended on such energetic individuals who worked with their hats.

As a man of enterprise, I was ready to invest in my future. But having fixed Monsieur Jade's fifth *brioche* as my limit, I coughed discreetly at that point and said, "How about my salary?"

It was evident that I had made a *faux pas.* Monsieur Jade frowned and clicked his tongue disapprovingly against his upper plate.

"I expected this question," he then informed me reproachfully, "and I don't see how the world is ever going to be straightened out if everyone keeps on thinking of his own material gain. However, I'll answer your question. For the entire job, which will take eight weeks, and less than that if the weather holds good, you'll get 50,000 francs, payable right after we finish the picture."

"I should have a small advance," I said.

Monsieur Jade looked hurt. "You don't trust me!" he cried.

"I do," I said, "but my landlady, God punish her, doesn't."

Monsieur Jade leaned back in his chair and his gaze grew vague. "I can't pay you a single *sou* before the picture is finished," he said, and reached absent-mindedly for another *brioche.*

I pushed the basket away from him and called the waiter. But before I could ask for the check, Monsieur Jade had ordered a refill and, clutching my arm with fervor, leaned close to me lest I should miss one single word he was shouting.

"What would you say," he asked in what he thought was a conspiratorial whisper, "if I told you that the greatest names of France are under contract to me? Surely you're not going for mere financial considerations to forfeit the chance of seeing your name billed along with theirs?" And out of his pocket he pulled a sheaf of sheets proving that Jeanne Brochette and Robert Croissant, the celebrated team of the *Comédie Française*, and Serge Tuskanoff, the great director, had already been paid in full by Monsieur Jade for their services in his imminent production.

"You'll understand," Monsieur Jade said, smiling at me engagingly with a gold tooth, "that under those circumstances I could find any number of real cameramen happy to wait for payment. But like the sentimental fool I am, I go asking young and practically unknown talent."

"Since you dispose of so much backing," I said, "you can certainly spare a small advance for someone who needs it."

"My poor friend, that's not the way big business is done," he said as he flourished a pencil, and began to write on the table:

Paid out to date:	Brochette:	500,000
	Croissant:	700,000
	Tuskanoff:	800,000
	Publicity:	400,000
	Four days studio rent:	100,000
TOTAL AMOUNT PAID OUT TO DATE:		2,500,000

"And the two-and-a-half million is the exact amount I had at my disposal. So even you must see there's no cash left for such luxuries as you suggest."

Being uneducated in matters of high finance, I said, "Even if you pay your smaller salaries later on, you'll need plenty of pin money while you're shooting the picture."

Monsieur Jade gave me the sort of look usually reserved for cretins. "*La boule de neige, mon pauvre ami!* As the snowball rolls it grows bigger and bigger. First I had to persuade a great lady to lend me 500,000 francs, with which to put Jeanne Brochette under contract. On the strength of her contract it was possible to find the money to sign up Robert Croissant, and with the two signatures in my pocket I rolled up without too much difficulty the 800,000 francs necessary to enlist the services of Tuskanoff."

Aware of his advantage, he paused to dispose of another *brioche.*

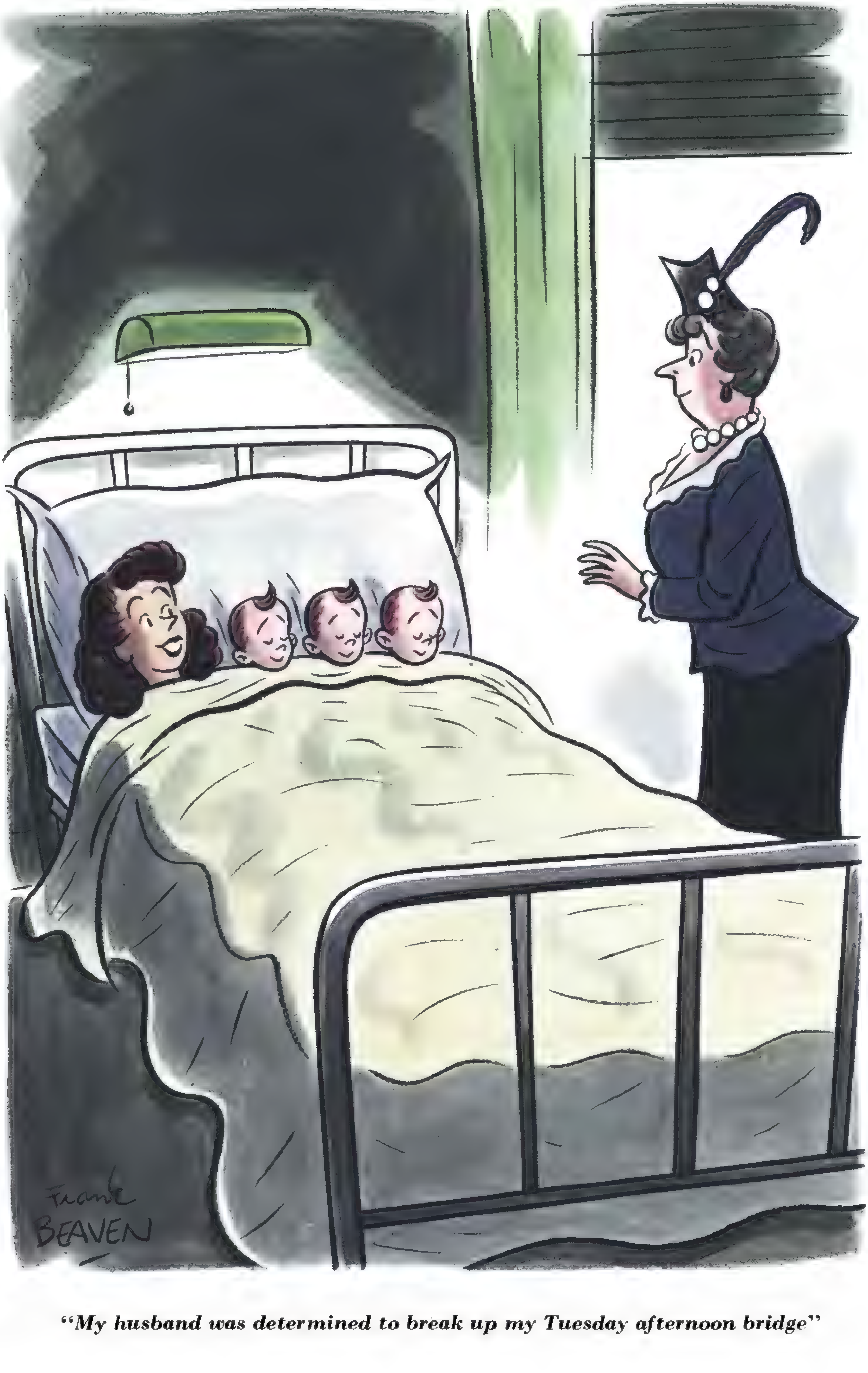
"Then the snowball grew lazy, and I could raise only another 500,000. Of these I had to pay 100,000 in advance to the Joinville Studios, to secure their facilities for the four days we require to shoot the interior scenes. Now a shortsighted producer might have squandered the remaining 400,000 on salaries and other extravagances, but I preferred to invest it in some sound American-type publicity."

"What on earth is the use of publicity before the picture is done?" I asked.

"The more publicity, the

(*Continued on page 224*)

"Can you keep a secret?"

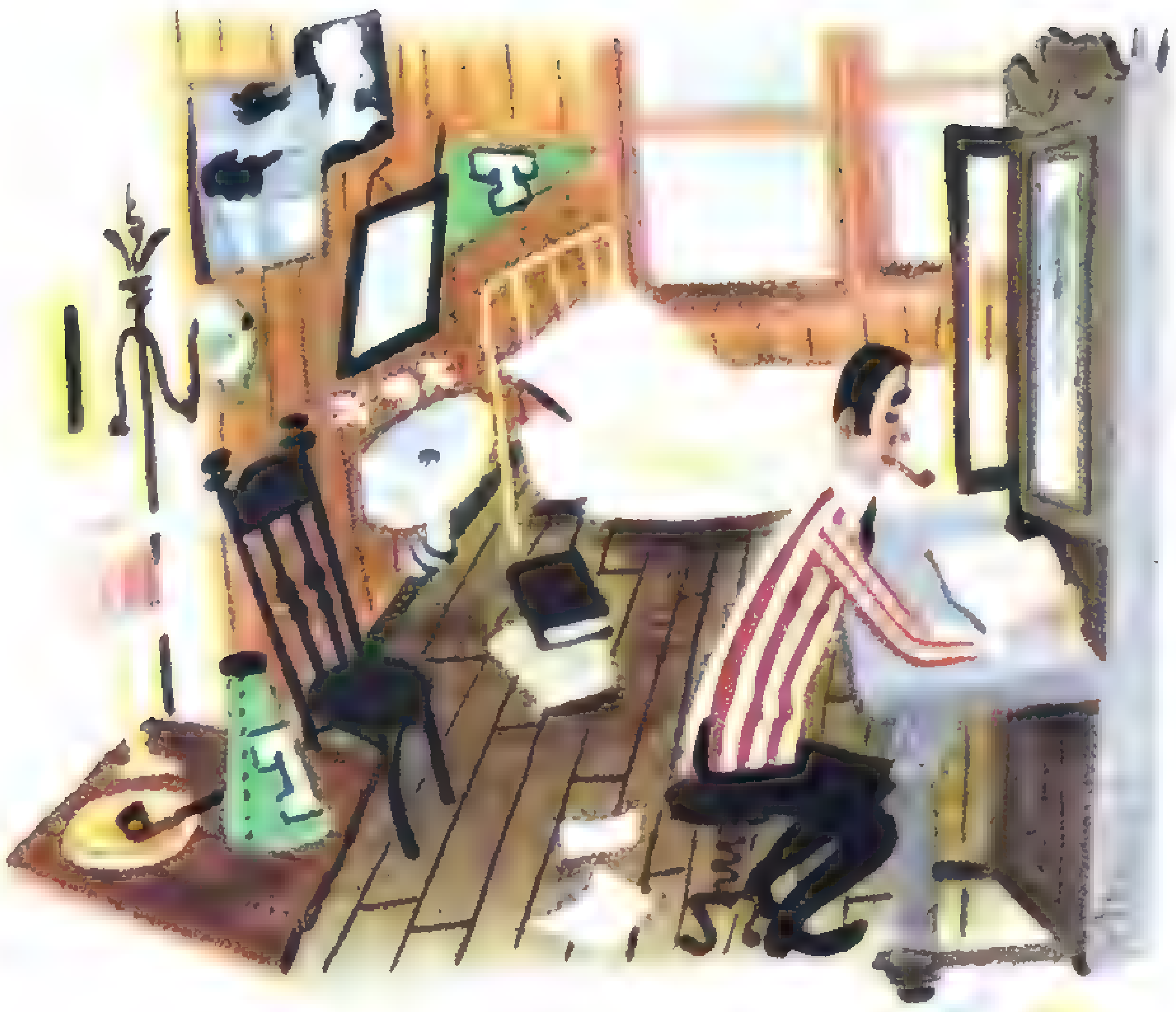

Frank BEAVEN

"My husband was determined to break up my Tuesday afternoon bridge"

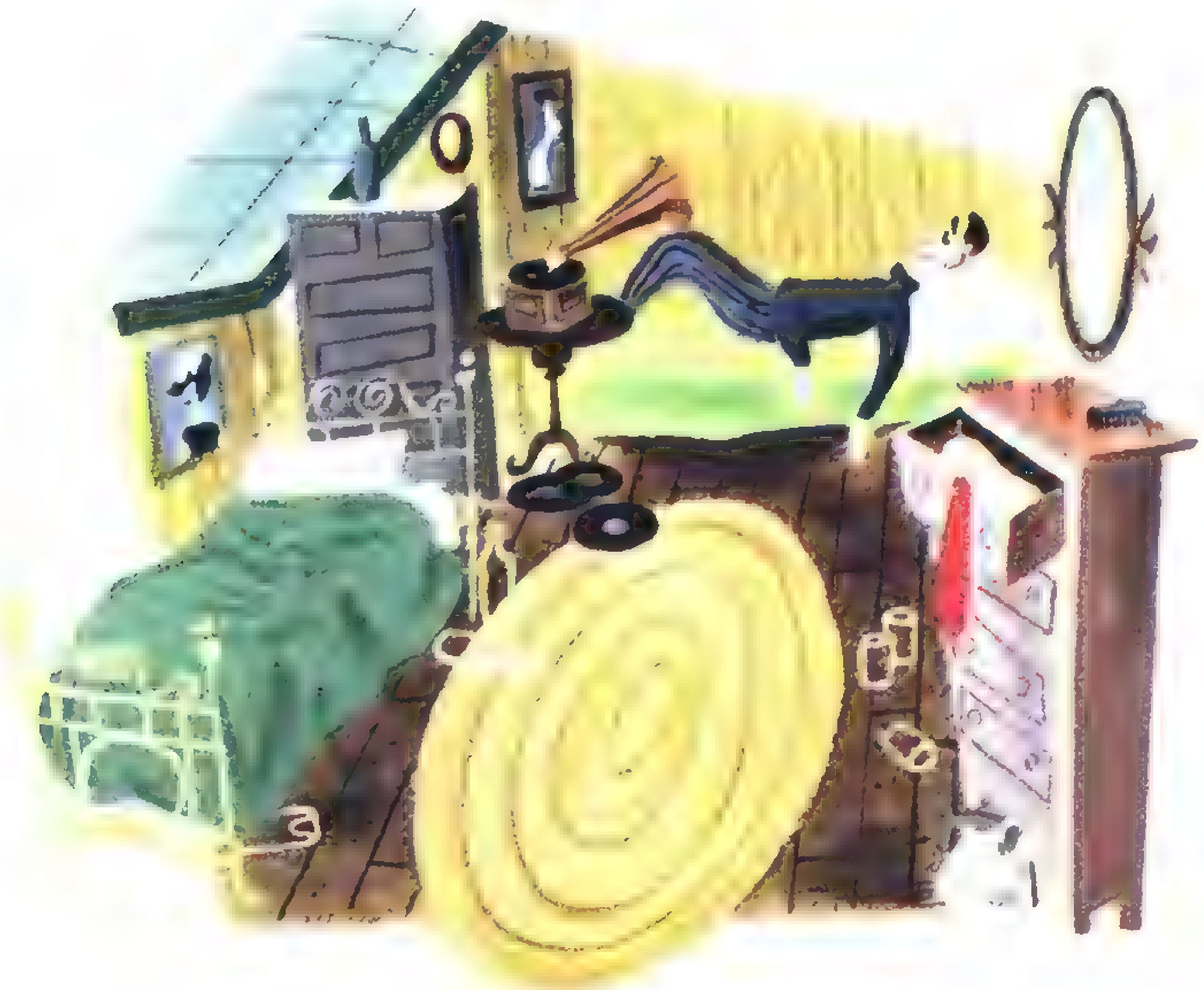
Bachelor...

Drawn and Quartered by VAN KAUFMAN

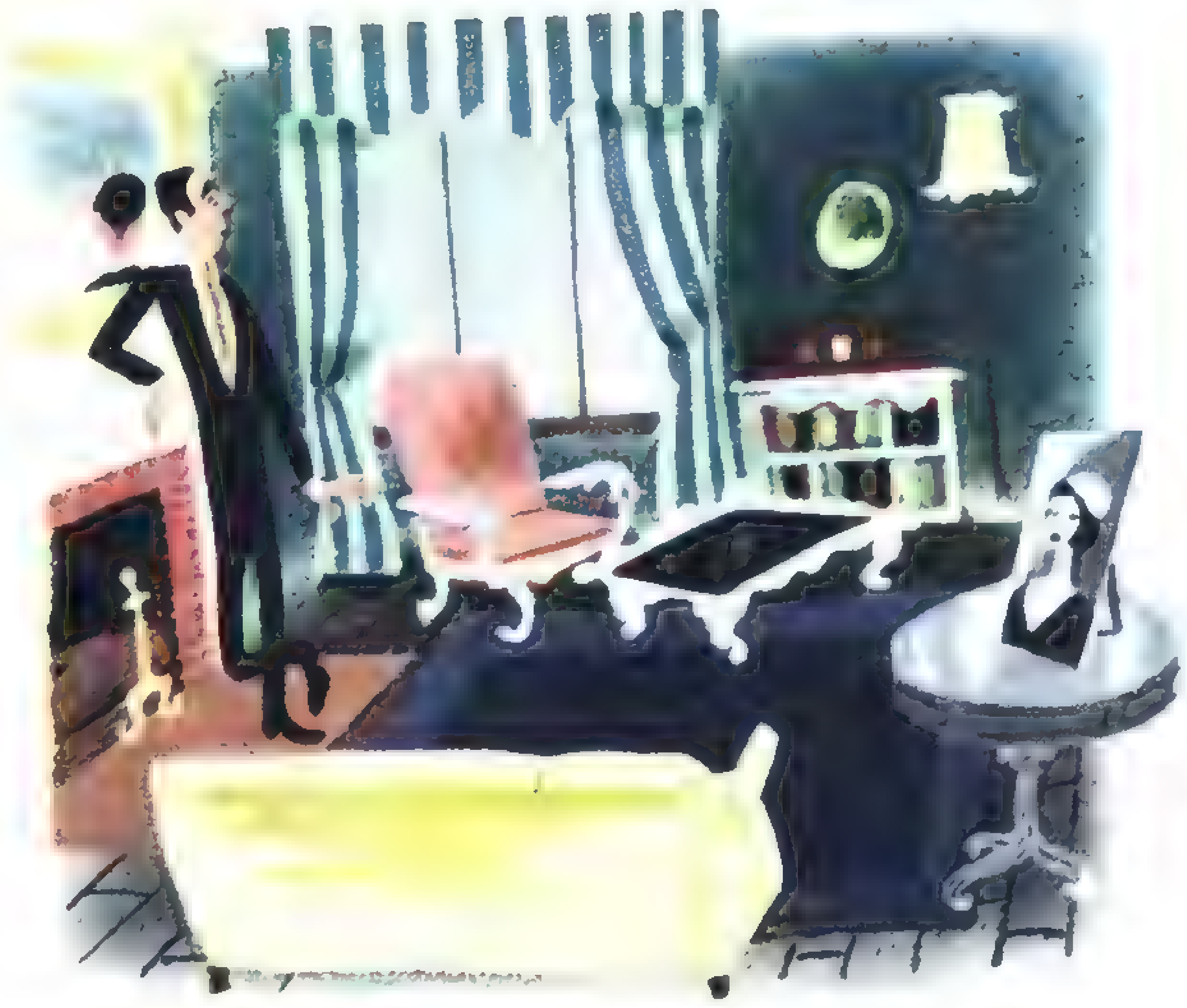
THE male animal, unlike the beasts and birds, cannot reflect the inner glory of his soul with his plumage. He cannot lure his soul mate with magnificent tail feathers or mane, like the peacock or the lion. One of his chief means of luring, however, is by fancying up his lair. This universal trait almost invariably varies with the moods of age. In early youth he is studious. In later youth he is studiously casual. Then he enters into an era of being studiously dazzling. And finally the time comes when he doesn't care at all except to surround himself with trappings of the past, which serve only to lure back memories. These successive stages of man's means of expression and the reflection of his desires are all done without the aid of mirrors—unless perchance he puts one on the wall to assist her in adjusting her hat.



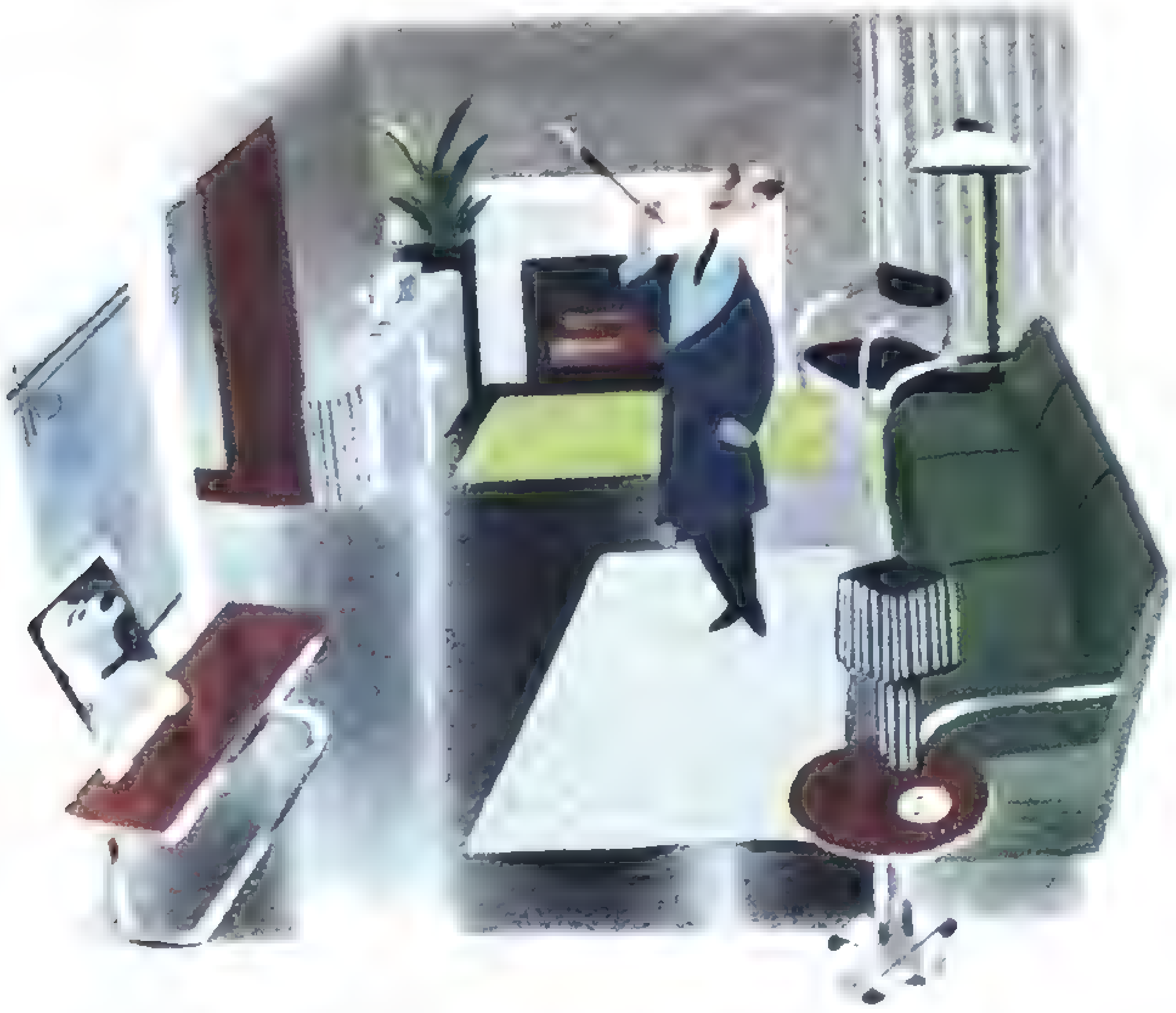
The Student—He inhabits a cave of learning where the mind develops amidst the debris of multifarious activities, and where the lair serves only as a lure to the higher things.



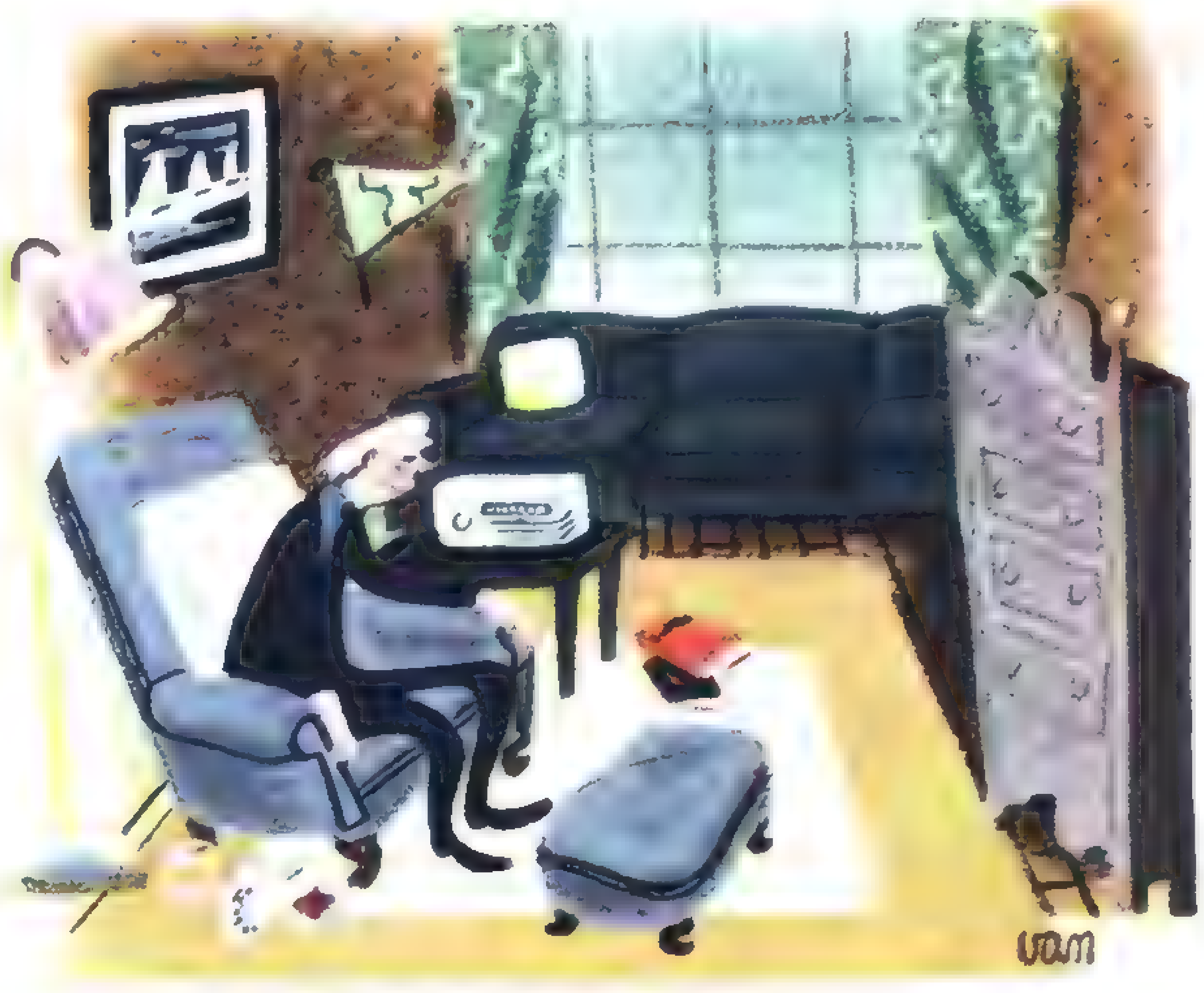
The Bohemian—Facing life with a sheepskin. The décor of deshabille is a reflection of the young man's Epicurean philosophy which has wine, women and song as its theme.



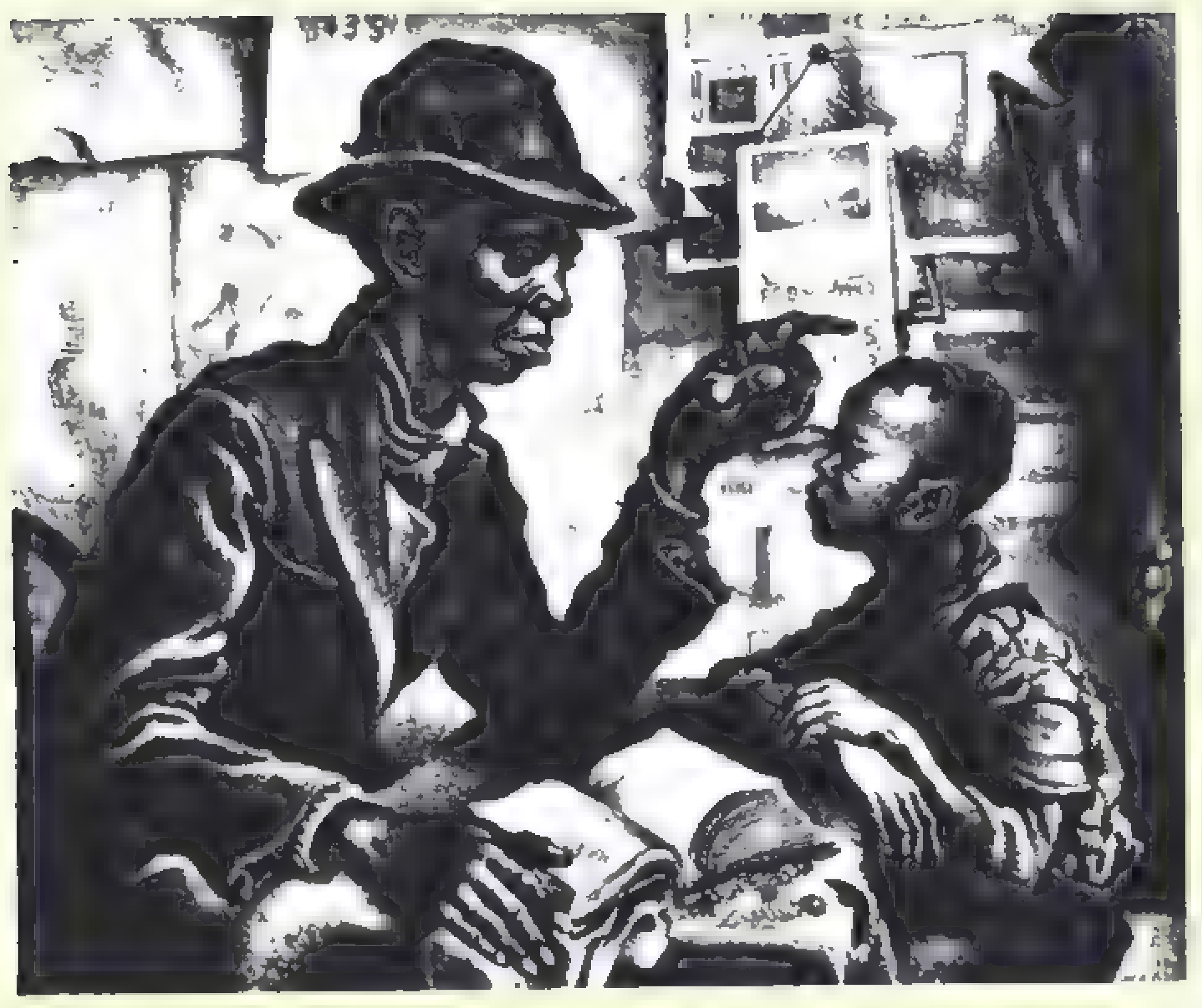
Man-About-Town—The wine has not been abandoned, but it has been discreetly stowed away. Women have their place neatly filed, and song is relegated to a twist of dial.



Habitat Middle Age—Or facing life baldly. The career has developed into a business and so has the luring of life's pleasures—done more smoothly but with varying success.



Finale—The home for old-age pensiveness. Life at this time is lived in reverse. The years past are the dreams of today and comfort is once again for the master, not the guest.



BENTON

Leonidas and the Lion

Truly Heaven provided strength to sustain the frail and the small, when a little man could bend the king of beasts to his will

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

LEONIDAS was scared, scared cold, worse than when Big Sport scared him when he was a boy and he had thought he was going to die. It was not the same kind of scare. Nothing went suffocatingly black and sick-green, and it didn't hurt. Cold swept over him and bumps rose on his lean black arms and legs, as they did on hot days when he'd sweep inside the refrigerated cars. He wanted to shiver but he could not.

Leonidas stared at the lion. He was unaware of the gleaming virid-yellow of its eyes, seeing only the long black slits in each one, stretched thin like exclamation points but without the dot underneath. The lion did not move. The shadows of the iron grating above fell in stripes across its symmetrical loins, its back and massive head, and the only stirring of those shadows was through the slow progression of the autumn sun overhead.

Time was forgotten. Leonidas couldn't remember whether he had been standing there for an hour or five minutes. He moved his head and shoulders to the right, keeping his eyes fastened to the lion's eyes, and the lion moved its head with him. Leonidas swung to the left. Again the lion's head followed in obedient unison. Leonidas crooned softly, and when the lion growled short and low as though in answer, Leonidas' slim back stiffened and quivered shuddery colder than if someone had held ice against it. Leonidas knew then the power had come to him at last.

It had to be the power. When Leonidas had been watching the zebras paw up the grass and frisk in their corral, the lion had spurned all who approached. An old man, carrying an umbrella hooked over his arm, had come up and talked to it, saying, "Hello, Red, you beauty," and the lion had arrogantly padded away. Then when the school children and their teacher had crowded around the iron rail, the lion had disdainfully withdrawn to its cavernous den. The kids had called, "Hey, lion," and "Here, pretty pussy," and one boy ground his teeth with great bluster and growled, "Grrr," and everybody had laughed, but the lion had stayed inside.

From the first second Leonidas stepped near the cage, it had been different. The lion had instantly thrust its head into the sunlight again. It had thudded down the wooden runway, looking eagerly out at him, and on reaching the barricade in a few long, nimble strides, it had halted there, flourishing its immense head from side to side. When Leonidas had scanned the area to see if anyone was around and had seen no one, he began crooning to the lion.

"I am a lion," he had murmured. "I am a lion the same as you are a lion." The audient beast's swinging head had slowed in tempo. "I have the blood of the lion in me," Leonidas had then half-whispered, "and you have the blood of the lion and we are both of the same wild jungle; both from the same black heart of Africa."

Then, like the first giddy drowsiness of hypnosis, their eyes had met and held fast.

All Leonidas could see now were the thin threads in the lion's eyes. The masses of dry leaves crackling as the breeze sent them rolling past, the hum of automobiles short-cutting through the park, the high-pitched screams of the monkeys, did not penetrate Leonidas' ears. Yet he was in command of his senses. He knew he could break the spell when he wanted to, for he had cast it; the lion was transfixed, and Leonidas felt a bewitching surge of mystical cold, as though he and the lion had met and understood each other, and had become firm and fast friends all within the short space of minutes.

The fright had first frozen Leonidas when he discovered the lion needed him, and when he had linked this with his long-awaited power, it kept on flooding chilly through his veins. He kept saying over and over to himself what his mother had said sitting beside his bed after Big Sport had hurt him, that Heaven often grants great powers to the frail and small. Peering intently into the great beast's burning eyes, he could see his mother and hear her again. He had wept, and then asked: "Why do I have Leonidas for a name?" "Hush, child," she had answered, but Leonidas had persisted until she had told him, "Because you are like a lion; you are a lion." Then he had wept again, crying: "That is not what they call me. Everybody calls me Leo, Leo, the Mouse." "But you are a lion," his mother had said, "and you must pay no mind to what others say. I know you are a lion and you know it and Heaven knows it, and Heaven often grants great powers to the frail and small. Someday that power will come to you and then you need fear no man, only God."

The lion still did not move, but the coldness slowly ebbed out of Leonidas as he assured himself it had come at last and as his thoughts roved on. Now he could see Big Sport, who had chortled more than the others and who would laugh and say Leo, Leo, the Mouse, over and over, and make the other boys

(*Continued on page 140*)

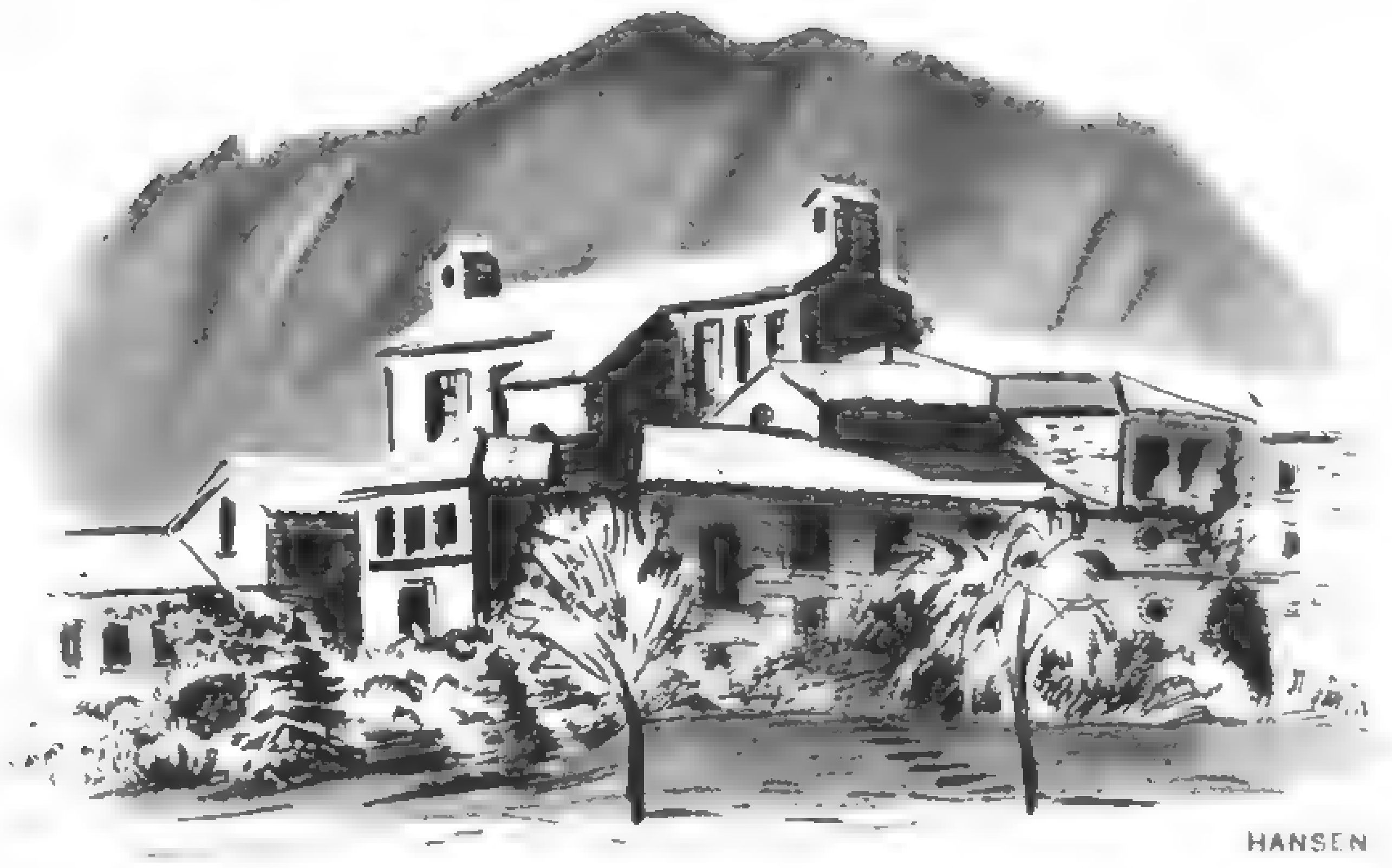
GLANTZ

Cook's Tour: Ernest Engelhardt

Ernest, head pastry cook at one of New York's famous culinary oases, first learned his craft in his native city of Wurtzburg, Bavaria. He put the icing on his cake and petits fours artistries in Munich. He now lends the sweetening touch to Theodore's menus. For a sample of his justly famous desserts, here's his recipe for banana tarts. Pastry: two tablespoons of butter, a half cup of sugar, a half cup of milk, two-and-a-half cups of flour, a teaspoon of baking powder, one egg. Mix dry ingredients, add slightly beaten egg to milk, combine the two mixtures. Roll a quarter of an inch thick, line muffin tins (or place over inverted tins) and bake. Filling: two eggs, well beaten, a half cup of sugar, a teaspoon of vanilla, two tablespoons milk or cream. Mix well, cook until thick, stirring constantly, and fill cooled pastry shells two-thirds full. Lay sliced bananas in a mound on filling, brush with beaten egg yolk and teaspoon of water, return to oven until glossy.

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

University of Colorado



Sealing mountain peaks is all in the day's work for the students at Boulder

by **G. E. PFLEEGER**

To the hordes of Westward-hoing tourists who annually pause to admire the University of Colorado at Boulder, its most distinctive feature is, of course, its incredibly beautiful, postcard-picturesque setting. Hard against the university's spacious campus rise the pine-covered foothills of the Rockies; beyond Flagstaff and Green Mountains, the rugged slabs of red sandstone called the Flatirons, and off in the purple distance loom snow-crested Long's Peak, Grey's Peak and Arapahoe. While the average U. of C. student, or Buffalo, will concede that this spectacular view is mighty pretty, he probably does not share the tourist's awe of the landscape since he is a native Coloradan; and whether he descends from cattle barons, Argonauts, or Spanish *hacendados*, he is geared for heights.

The enrolling freshman, if he reads the university handouts, is informed that the newer campus buildings are constructed of native red sandstone, in Italian villa design. Among the original Collegiate Gothic halls, he is early acquainted with the oldest, Old Main. For the bell in its tower announces classes; and after every football victory he is enjoined to report to Old Main and ring the bell out wildly "for at least fifteen minutes." Freshmen ring the varsity bell longer to commemorate a victory of the Buffaloes over Denver University—the U. of C.'s greatest rival.

When a freshman becomes sophisticated he learns that his pretty classmates are called "swoons," and that since there are two men to every coed, it is never too early to reserve a date for such organized pleasures as the Frosh Smash, Turkey Day, and the Winter Carnival, as well as the numerous steak fries, ski meets and general horsing around in the mountains.

The Student Government tribunal helps the errant freshman remember he must never—well hardly ever—walk on the campus lawn, display high-school insignia, or appear without his official cap, a green C. U. beanie. Aside from bell-ringing, it is the freshman's traditional privilege to carry the wood for the home-coming bonfire. There's a rule against hazing—but what happens in fraternity houses during Hell Week is nobody's business but their own.

While Colorado U. has the usual number of Greek-letter fraternities and sororities, democracy prevails to an unusual degree among the Buffs. Pledges spend their first year outside the house, Independents mix freely with the Chosen, and election to the Viking Club (for men) and Mortar Board (for women) are more to be coveted than Greek-letter pins. Panhellenic Council sees that every freshman coed, whether a "legacy" or "cold canvas," visits every sorority house during rush week. Pan-Hell bends over backward to keep formal rush dinner parties high examples of plain living: rushees, wearing formal dinner gowns, dine frugally on salad, coffee and rolls; while at rush "teas" the prescribed beverage is ice water.

House rules prescribe that "hashers" or male students who earn their board by waiting tables at sorority houses are not to be courted during meals by the sisters; however, hashers are endorsed as dates during off hours, provided the lads are interested.

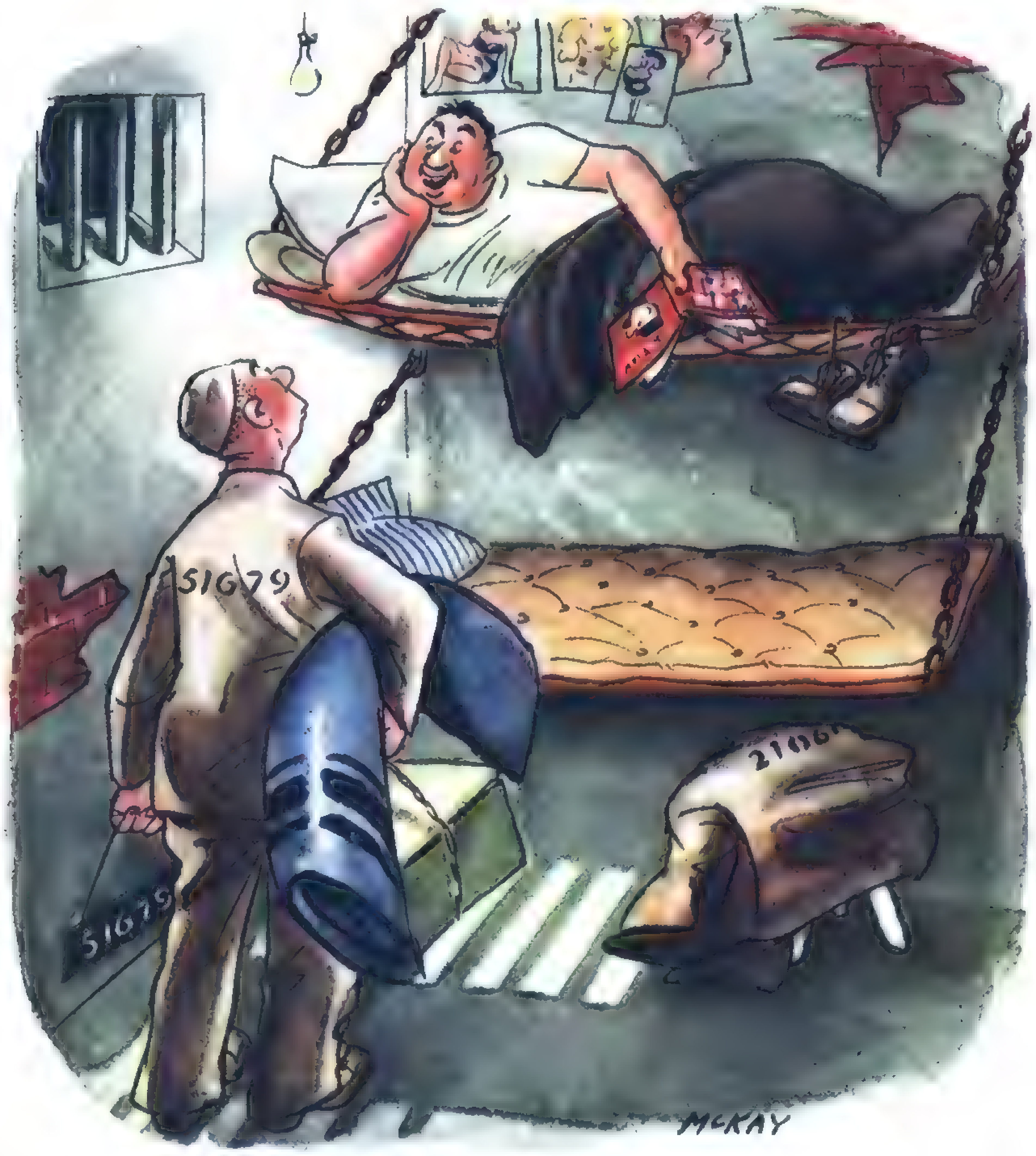
War-veteran students play a vital role on the campus, presenting a new prototype of Joe College—a fellow who often wears a combat jacket over his checked trousers, and considers it no disgrace to be caught with his textbook open. Married vets live in a 200-unit trailer village, and Quonset apartment huts are on the way.

More than 7,600 students are enrolled on the Boulder campus, in Arts and Sciences, Engineering, Education, Journalism, Music, Pharmacy and Law. Premedics and nurses study at Denver, and extension courses are offered there as well as at Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Grand Junction, Lamar and Trinidad. These, together with correspondence courses, bring the Buffalo count to 14,000. While university press releases maintain no course is better than another, advantages of mountainous terrain are obvious for surveying students, and for geology majors who hike up Arapahoe Mountain to view Boulder's own Arapahoe Glacier.

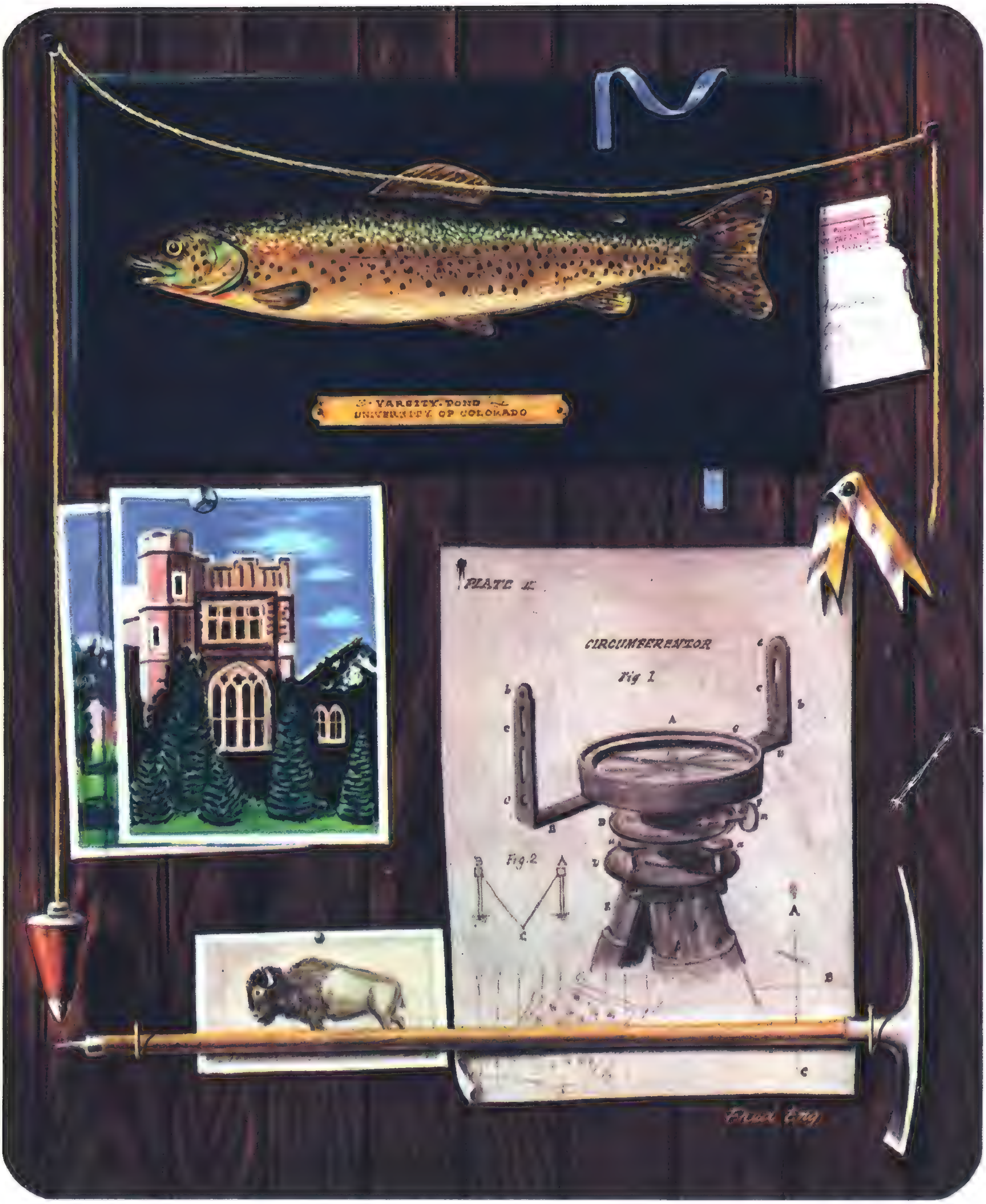
The campus boasts its own lake, called Varsity, where students used to fish for trout and which offers an inviting background to romance, as do Flagstaff Mountain, Bluebell Cañon, and (for impulsive opportunists) the library stacks.

U. of C. undergraduates are inspired by the success stories of such diverse and illustrious alumni as Floyd Odlum (financier and statesman), Byron "Whizzer" White (All-American football star, now chief clerk to Supreme Court Chief Justice Vinson), the late Glenn Miller and Howard Barlow (jazz and symphonic maestros), Florence Sabin (anatomist), and, sans diplomas, but Buffs nevertheless, Gene Fowler (novelist and screen writer) and Mary Coyle Chase (playwright-author of *Harvey*).

And in their serious moments, the Buffaloes look to the mountaintops, and muse on Prexy Robert Stearns' apt reminder: "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Heaven for?" ⌗



"Only twenty years, eh? Will you take a letter out for me when you go?"



UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

A Profile

Painting by Fred Eng

On scanning this painting, U. of C. alumni of the long-time-no-see era will recall the time when Varsity Lake, now reduced to a lily pond, offered highly educated trout to collegiate anglers. Students still fish in the clear waters of Boulder Creek which runs through the campus. Music lovers will remember the pipe organ recitals in Macky Auditorium. The circumferentor and plumb line are, of course, surveying instruments, the pickax is regulation equipment for geology students who annually scale Arapahoe Mountain for a look at the Rockies' largest glacier and (try this on your kodachrome) red snow. Colorado teams are called Buffaloes and it's an old tradition to feast on barbecued buffalo on Homecoming Day.

Spot news of the brave new accessories ranging from expansive shorts to alligator wallets and pianissimo-printed silk ties

In This Spring's Fashion

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

Spring is coming through with a bumper crop of men's new fashions and you can bet one of the new silk ties you'll be seeing, against your old fedora, that men will lightly turn to thoughts of clothes in addition to you know what.

Yes, we said silk ties, and they're in the foreground for city wear. With this luxurious fabric comes a definite lull in the loud designs that have been making themselves heard, and one of the new ties noticed seems to indicate the trend. This has simple bar stripes neatly spaced on a bird's-eye-weave background. Others were copiously dotted, and that elementary motif must have caught the fancy of many tie designers. Some dots form squares, others are alternated with patterns created by larger dots in another color. Some printed silk foulards are punctuated with commas and periods and they'll look as well on you as on a philologist.

You'll be glad to know that shirtmakers are winning their production bout with widespread collar shirts and there are signs of supply almost satiating demand for this model. News here too says that those collar points are losing some of the lengths they've reached.

Accessories are getting their share of this bounteous offering, and braces, handkerchiefs, socks and gloves are well-represented in new ideas. Some braces have four-color striped patterns and the one we liked for ourselves consisted of grey and black, accented by yellow and red. Another was finished with leather tabs and was graced with an elastic inset in the back. Prewar fashions are reappearing in the revival of fine lisle socks with drop-stitch clocks. The clock pattern, incidentally, is the result of drop-stitch knitting, and pleasantly decorates the new half hose. The Swiss are again sending us their finely woven handkerchiefs, and they do a neat job of blending cotton and linen. Slipping into gloves for a moment, check the short side vents in the natural shade deerskins and chamois types.

Underneath all this, underwear is also getting its share of the return to men's apparel production. Comfortable shorts are being shown with button fronts and elastic insets at the side, permitting normal waistline movement and expansion.

For a novel tie holder, there's a solid gold giant pin that slips through the shirt buttonhole and completely crosses the tie. A diagonal ridge design decorates another tooled clip, and similarly marks a thin, trim gold cigarette case. And since it's open season on alligator again, compact wallets are in the making.

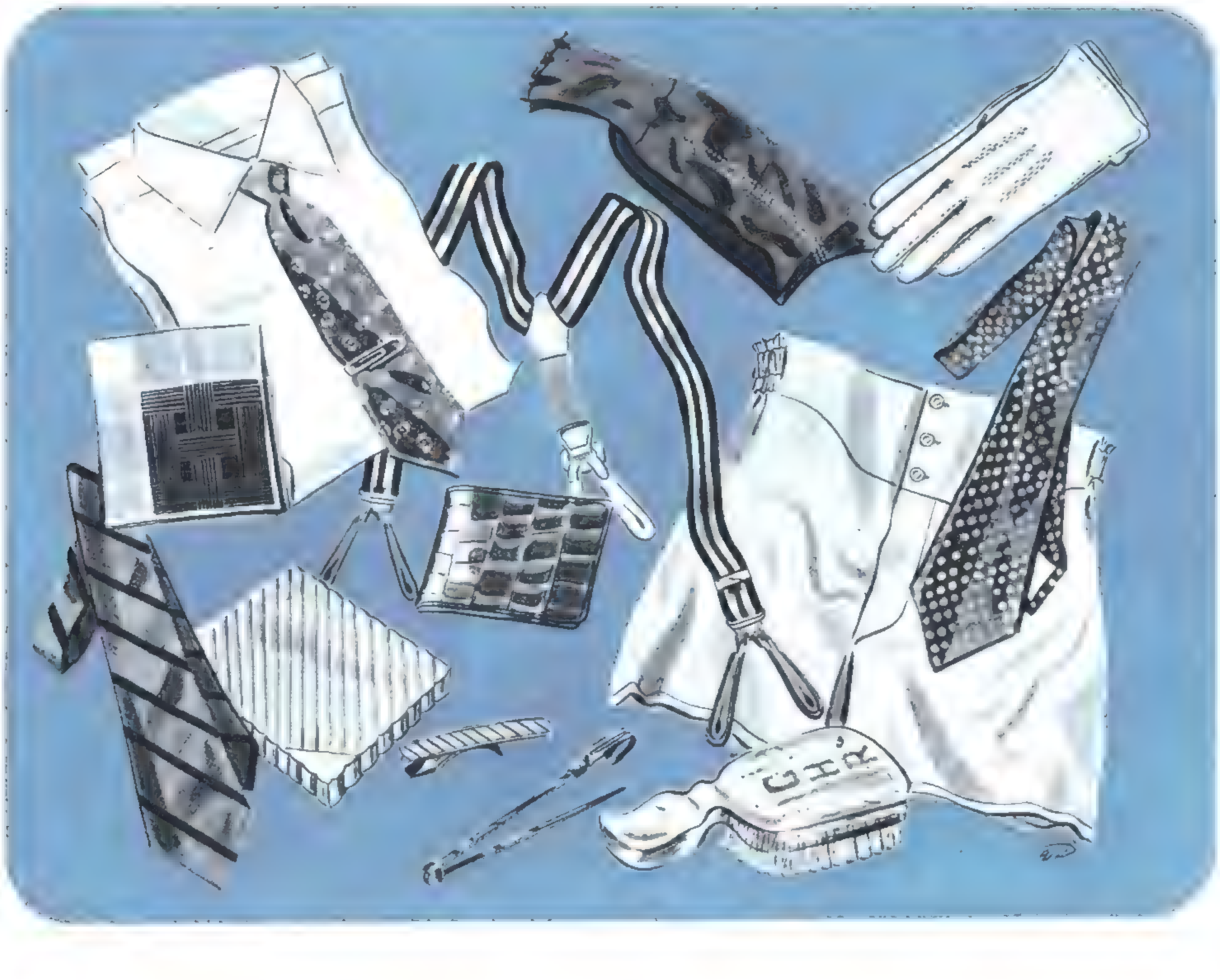
Getting out of the city for awhile, let us look around and see what the country has to offer in the way of what to wear.

Odd jackets always have a place out where the flowers grow, but they've a new character this spring. Their checks are smaller, the diamonds less obvious, and the weaves not as noticeable. Plain fabrics are prominent again, and our old friends the blazers will be with us for awhile. Of flannel, in bright blue, brown, light blue, and yellow, they're pleasant additions to the country colors. Camel's-hair devotees can have their favorite fabric in odd jackets again, and if you favor patch pockets, you should have little difficulty locating them in any of the better shops.

Naturally, you need slacks, and the variety around seems limitless. You've solid-color flannels and gabardines in shades to contrast or harmonize with the blazers up above, or if you choose a pair made of a shepherd check pattern or a Glen Urquhart plaid, you'll be more at ease in a jacket out of a plain-colored cloth.

And just because you're out with the budding flora and capricious fauna is no reason to go around sans neckwear. Not with all those printed wools in sports figures that definitely belong with slacks and jackets. Or the homespun wool ties in checks and tartan designs. You've also a gamut of foulards in either silk or rayon to choose from, and if you're still not sold, then look at the new crochets in striped or solid-color patterns. With all these at your demand, your neckline should be at its decorative best. And if you've chosen Oxford or lightweight flannel shirts (in stripes, solids, or checks), wool or crochet ties are particularly in order.

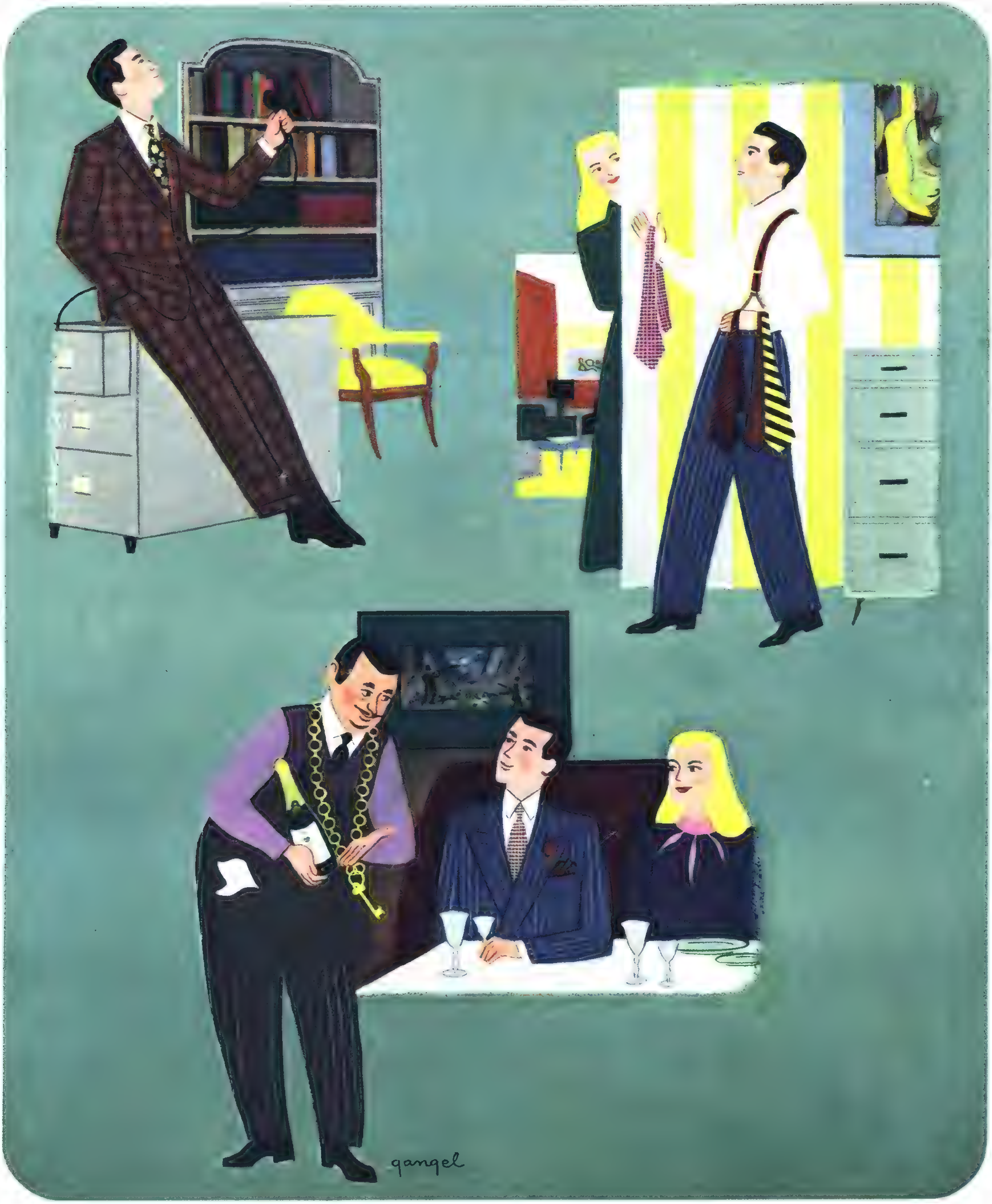
There's been a bit of change in the sweater situation too, and more and more solid-color cardigans are being seen. Those are the jacket-style, button-down-the-front affairs you may remember seeing or wearing awhile back, and they're showing up in sleeveless versions as well. In the hardy perennial field, classic cashmeres with V-neck openings are being produced, though some are being bedecked with Argyle plaids as well as with native designs.



If your role at country sporting events is purely that of a spectator, then be the compleat gentleman and have a head covering. Rough-textured felts, and quite lightweight too, are preferred, and the best models seem to be either pinch-crown or porkpie types. They are finished with narrow bands of either matching felt, ribbon, or wools. You'll find that the new crayon browns and greenish mixtures will best complement most country garb.

You will also need a number of pairs of anklets, or short socks, so spread your purchases among small dotted patterns and broad ribs. Encased in Scotch grain or reverse calf shoes, there'll be no need for you to take a back seat anywhere. As for the patterns, the moccasin and the ankle-strap monk front rank with the best of them.

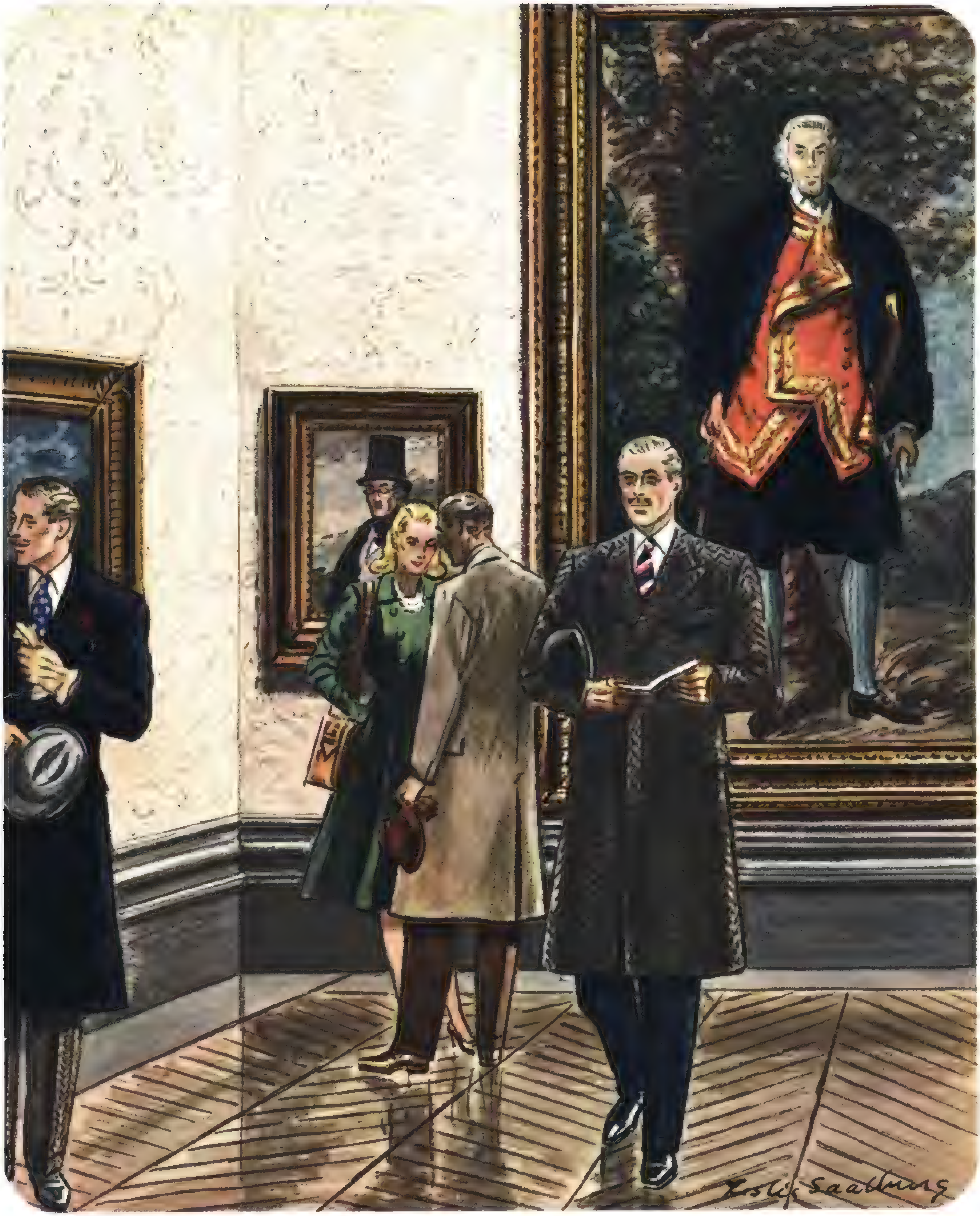
It's been a long time since a spring as well-dressed as this has been seen, so make the most of it in and out of town. ⧻



BENEDICT'S BLISS

Drawing by Richard Gangel

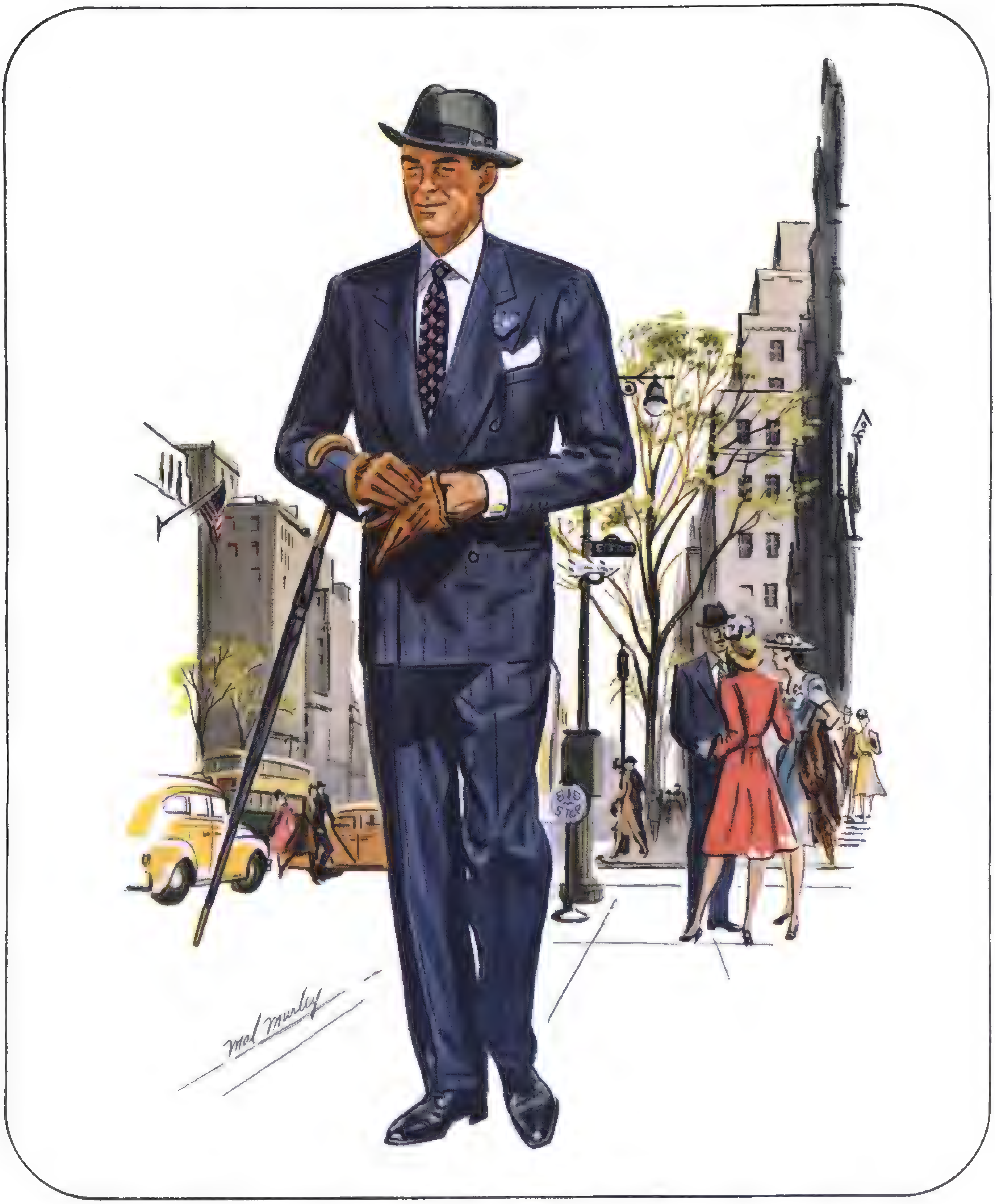
Giving the fellow his due, we'll say right off we don't know whether he married the boss' daughter. Point is, he's still a-courtin' the gal he hitched, and apparently enjoys the routine. Ah love, love. In a brown Glen-plaid Saxony suit, button-down collar and figured foulard tie, he's rushing through dictation, eager for an evening home with the little woman. Naturally, she has ideas all her own, so they prepare for an evening out. Changing from the semi-sports daytime garb, he decides on a maroon and grey tie to highlight his pin-stripe suit. Then out they dine, he being neatly bibbed and tuckered in white shirt, double-breasted jacket. With a wine to choose and with two palates to please, Gaston himself vouchsafes the vintage.



CORNERING BRITISH ACCENTS

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

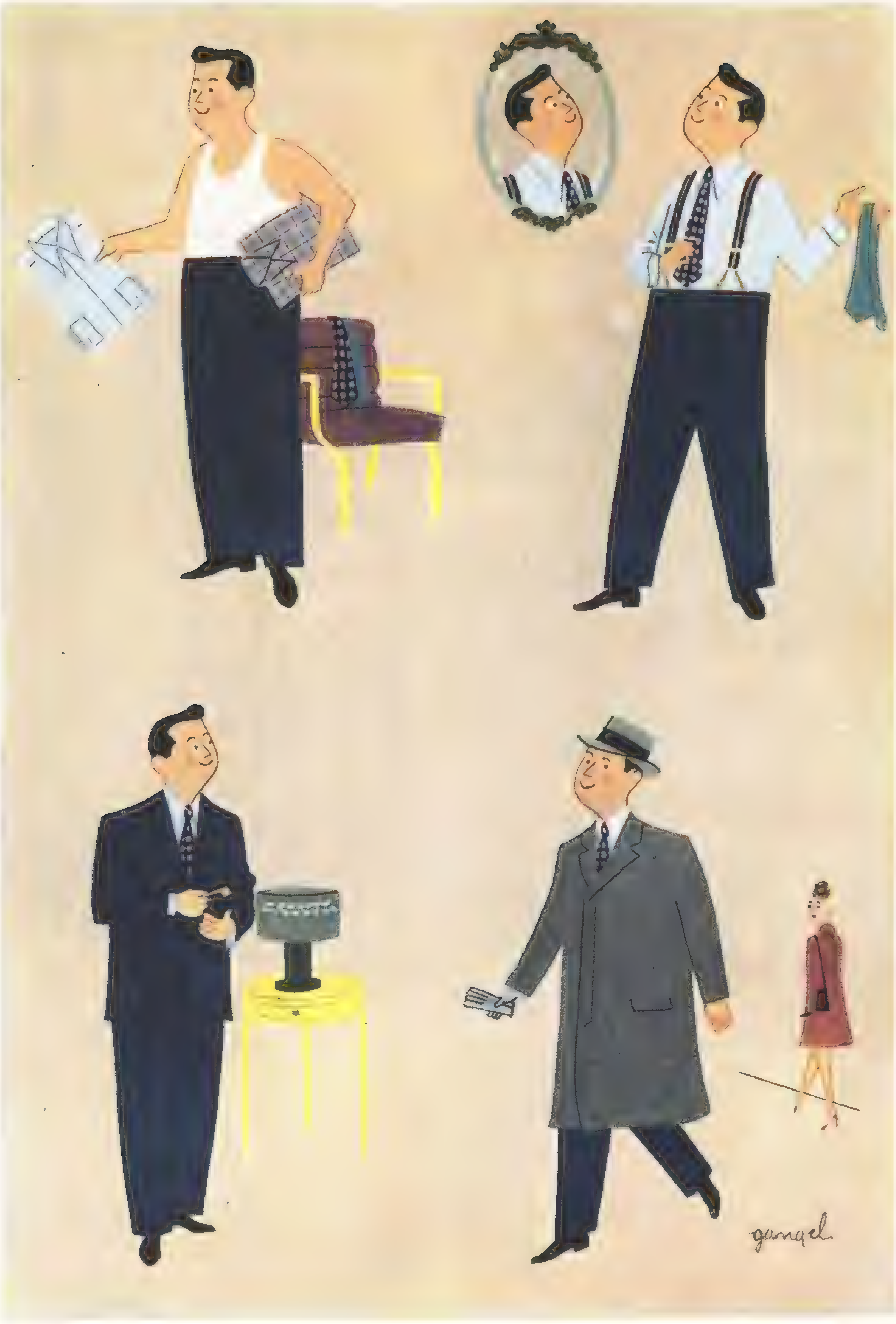
That fellow with the Foreign Office air and bowler cradled in elbow had the chest pocket on his herringbone tweed outcoat flapped, and sensible he is. Flap one pocket, flap them all we say. Peak lapels haven't been too evident recently, so again, welcome. His regimental-striped tie and parade-ground posture are easy evidence of an Army hitch, too. More interested in modern art is the covert cloth clad chap who knows his way around the contemporary field. He combines his topcoat with a striped brown worsted suit. Incidentally, you'll notice Glen Urquhart plaid is still very much with us. Our friend in the foreground found some pleasant suiting in blue-grey. Old wig and weskit on the wall? One of the National Gallery's tenants.



SPRING HARBINGER

Drawing by Mal Murley

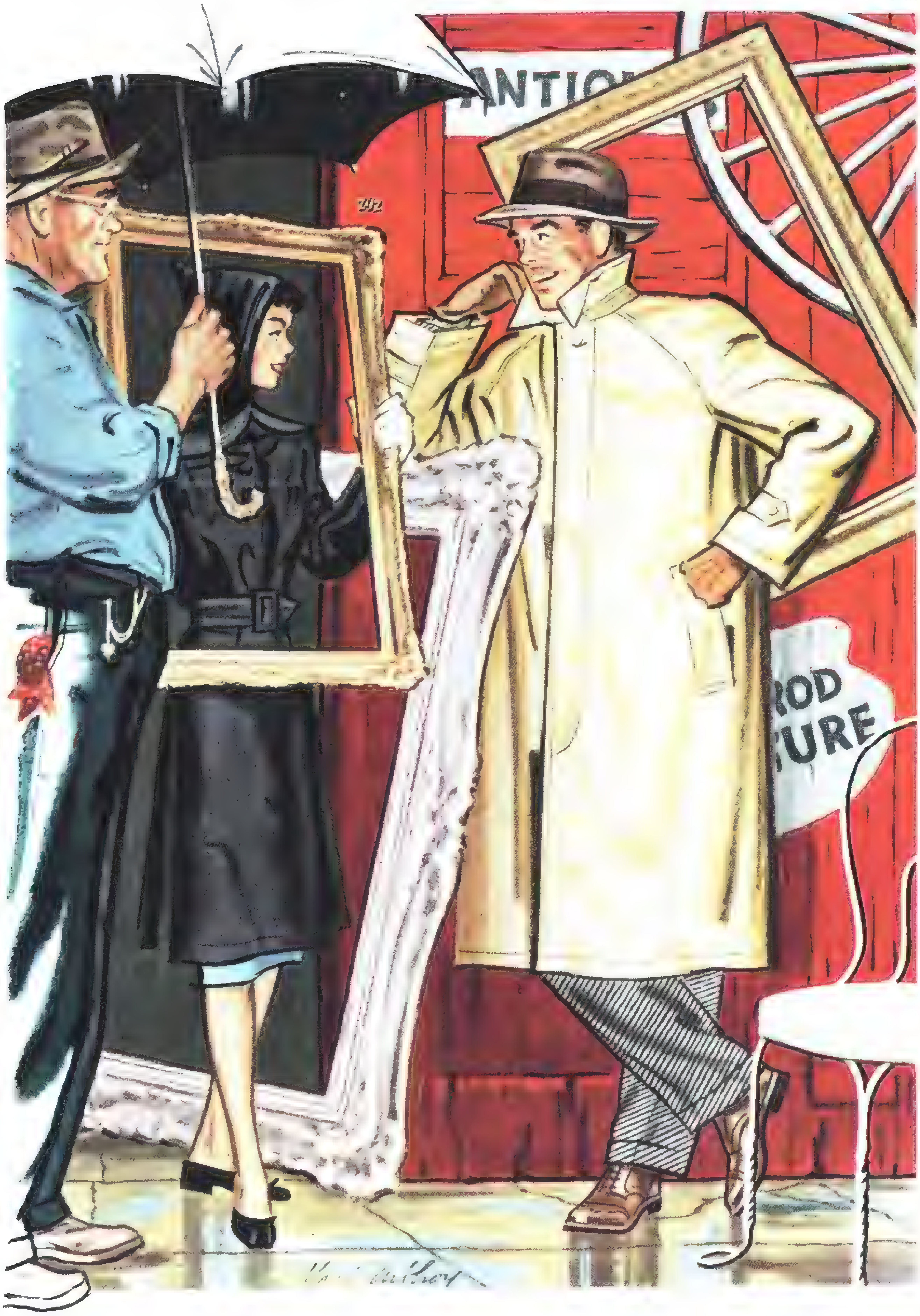
A stroll along the avenue of fashion this Easter Sunday finds this leading man in one of the season's leading colors—Metallic Blue. The lighter blue stripes of his unfinished worsted suit contrast slightly and pleasantly. In keeping with the trend, the buttons are set low on the double-breasted jacket. That wide-spread collar on his white shirt neatly sets off the Windsor knotted blue-ground foulard tie, figured in red, white, and black. The desired formal appearance is cued by his silver grey upturned-brim hat, more acceptable for the occasion than snap brims. Those deerskin gloves with hand-stitched edges are indeed welcome again, and his black blucher shoes provide the desired finishing touches for the Easter parade.



LESS EMBONPOINT

Drawing by Richard Gangel

By simply exercising his choice of colors and patterns judiciously, our portly friend solves a weighty problem. For instance, in choosing between a plain blue broadcloth shirt with long collar and a plaid pattern to complement his blue sharkskin suit, he follows this formula: plain is in, plaid is out. The small-figured tie provides the pinch of color, and the blue regimental-stripe braces are right for the rotund. Note his jacket cut with straight lines in front and lapels rolled to the waistline camouflaging a corpulent curve. In grey snap-brim hat, and herringbone tweed topcoat that emphasizes vertical lines, those definitely favorable glances he's getting are, we think, well-earned. Mocha gloves give him the appropriate hand wear.



RAINY FRAME-UP

Drawing by Karl Milroy

Rain does not prevent the selection of an antique frame for his life size pin-up girl. If your interest in trim lines is similar to his, you will note the light natural shade fly front raincoat of processed rayon blend. It has a convertible collar buttoned closely at the neck, raglan shoulders and adjustable tabs at the sleeves. This full, roomy coat allows a long stride with free action and keeps the rain out. He wears a brown and off-white diagonal tweed suit, a greyish-brown felt hat with a welt edge brim and pigskin gloves. His straight tip shoes of brown grained leather have thick leather soles with storm welts. The girl in the frame?—Her coat with hood is a black processed fabric, evincing the oft-overlooked point that rain calls for fashions, too.

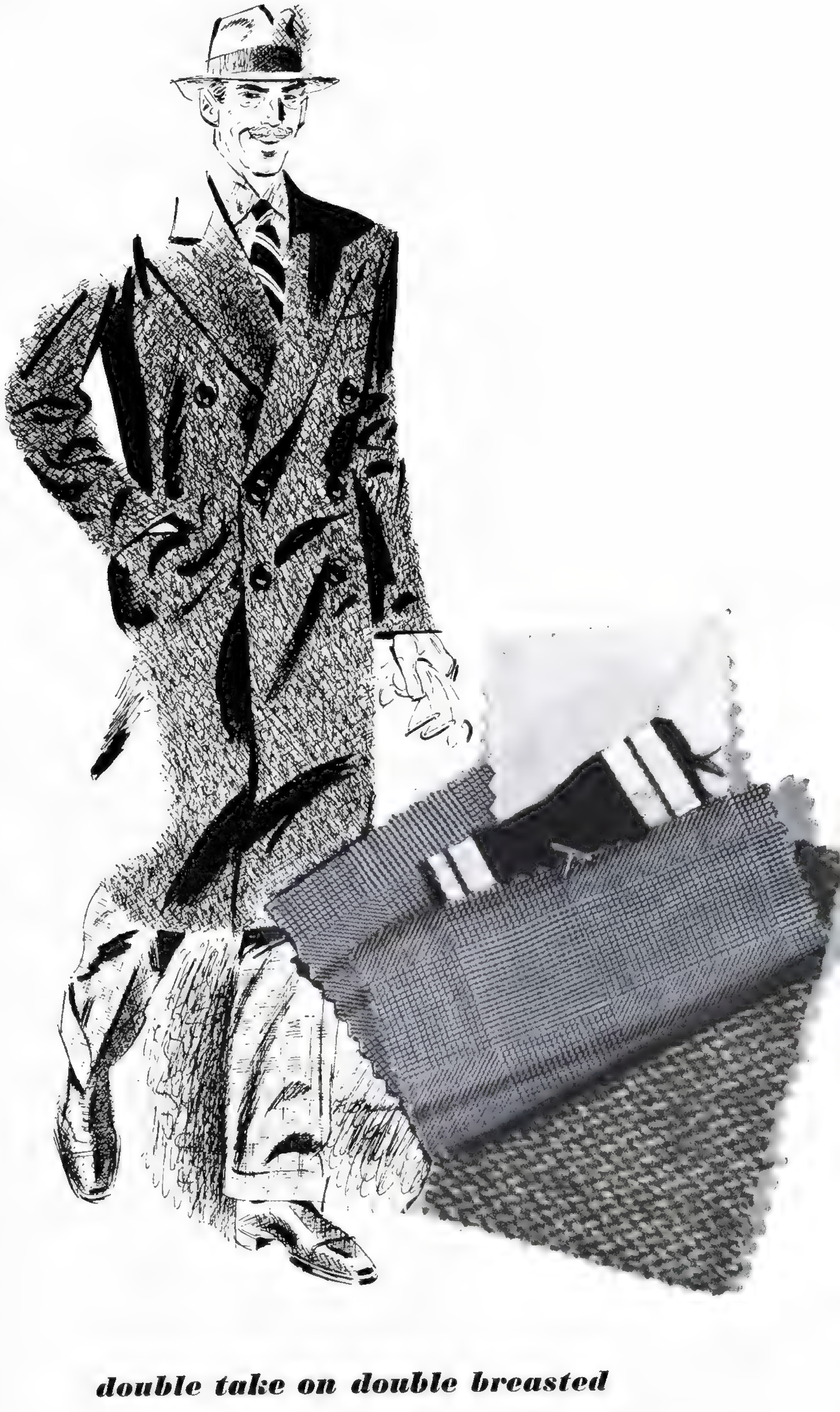
it's a man's world

BILLY ROSE

If you were to call Billy Rose America's second P. T. Barnum, you'd be doing him an injustice. Showman that he is, and on a scale never attempted by his archaic predecessor, Rose operates on the assumption that people should get their money's worth. Even in the never-never land that was New York's World's Fair, more millions "oh'd" and "ah'd" at his Aquacade than they did at the wonders of the world-to-be. Born on New York's East Side, he became the state's shorthand champion because he wanted to be best at something. He took to songwriting, wrote *Barney Google*, and had the nation singing it. In producing a circus, he tossed in a potpourri of plot, zoo, gorgeous girls, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra for good measure. That was *Jumbo*, circus maximus of all time, and its attending publicity was worth a thesis on the Art of Ballyhoo. Down in Ft. Worth, Texas, they still reminisce about his Centennial production. Though Johnny-come-lately as a columnist, 105 newspapers now carry his by-line. "Trouble with showmen," Rose reasons, "is that there are too many geniuses, not enough showmen."

ERIC A. JOHNSTON

When Eric Johnston was being feted by newly met friends on his recent tour of Russia as President of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, he was called on to contribute his vocal share of folk tunes being aired around the samovar. He promptly obliged with *Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot* as an example of one of America's most beloved ditties. To become the youngest president who ever guided the reins of that august and representative body of big business, Johnston made the familiar but infrequent rise up from the ranks of the newsboys. Successive steps along the way saw him in the Marines in World War I, as a door-to-door vacuum cleaner salesman (he wanted outdoor work), earning his way through the U. of Washington as a longshoreman, and establishing an electrical business that became one of the largest of its kind in the Pacific Northwest. Tall, lean, with the hard look of a habitual tennis player, he injected a fresh, vigorous, progressive character into the American politico-business scene. In September, 1945, Johnston became President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.



double take on double breasted

Next time a chap passes in an easy fitting double-breasted topcoat; favor him with a second glance. And by simply choosing a small-patterned tan tweed, this fellow has left himself open to many suit-coat combinations. Glen Urquhart plaid, for instance, suits the coat well. For hand warmth, though, we suggest gloves rather than pockets.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Clothes Help Those Who Help

Esky points out some well-known, but often forgotten short cuts to clothes conservation, citing that since clothes help make the man, man would do well to help himself to the extent of keeping clothes serviceable

Paraphrasing the old wheeze about a man's best friend being his dog, we say that a man's best friend is a closet full of good-looking clothes. We've never heard of a dog getting his master a better job or a raise in pay, and while Fido may have been helpful in bringing about an introduction with the blonde in the park, his master might wish at some later date that Fido hadn't.

Don't get us wrong, though. We love dogs as well as the next man. We do submit, however, that clothes—as well as Fidos—need care. And while animal ailments are usually quickly noted and cured, the easily acquired habit of not brushing suits and of hanging jackets on hooks too frequently gives mute testimony to carelessness and neglect.

Now that the accoutrements to well-appointed wardrobes are making their appearance again, give thought to a supply of shaped hangers for your coats and jackets. These hangers are constructed along the naturally curved lines of the shoulders, and are very definitely a great asset in helping to keep up the built-in contour of your outer garments.

Even if you don't wish to toss your supply of straight hangers into the furnace, be sure to brush the suit thoroughly and often. At least after every other wearing. Dust removal is part of the fixed schedule in well-regulated households, and there's no good reason why clothes should be overlooked. Wearing clothes doesn't rid them of dust. It simply adds it.

It's a good idea, too, to air the garment before hanging it in the closet. Just hang it on the door of the open closet on a valet stand, or anywhere in the room. A few hours or overnight exposure to the normally circulating air of a room will evaporate any moisture collected, and will also tend to hang out the wrinkles. You'd be surprised what the moisture content in a suit does to lessen the life of those important threads that hold the seams together. Elementary chemistry, remember?

And while talking of brushing clothes, don't overlook your pocket linings. They become quite a depository for tobacco crumbs, lint, thread, paper clips, stamps, receipts, odd coins, bills and billet-doux. It's the better part of valor to turn pockets inside out once every so often and whisk broom them conscientiously.

The final word on clothes hangers, incidentally, is to clamp the cuffs into a trouser hanger. Using the hanger specifically made for trousers will help to prolong the center crease and hang out the folds acquired during your day's wear.

A word or two about being rain soaked, now that April's here. Naturally, get out of your wet duds and take a hooker of something about 80 proof. To keep the chill away. Then, before your clothes are pressed, hang them as usual, letting them dry naturally. Putting damp or wet clothes into your closet invites a smaller life expectancy for them.

Tomorrow morning, see if you can change your habit of putting your shoes on before you're in trousers. From a purely practical point of view, trouser-putting-on before shoes eliminates the tension on seams as well as lessens the probability of fabric stretching. A simple switch in that old habit will give you silent thanks from your inarticulate pantaloons.

And before you hastily decide to save time by wearing the same suit you wore the day before, just remember that a rest period between wearings will also require less frequent pressings. Economy? Definitely. Good sense? Certainly.

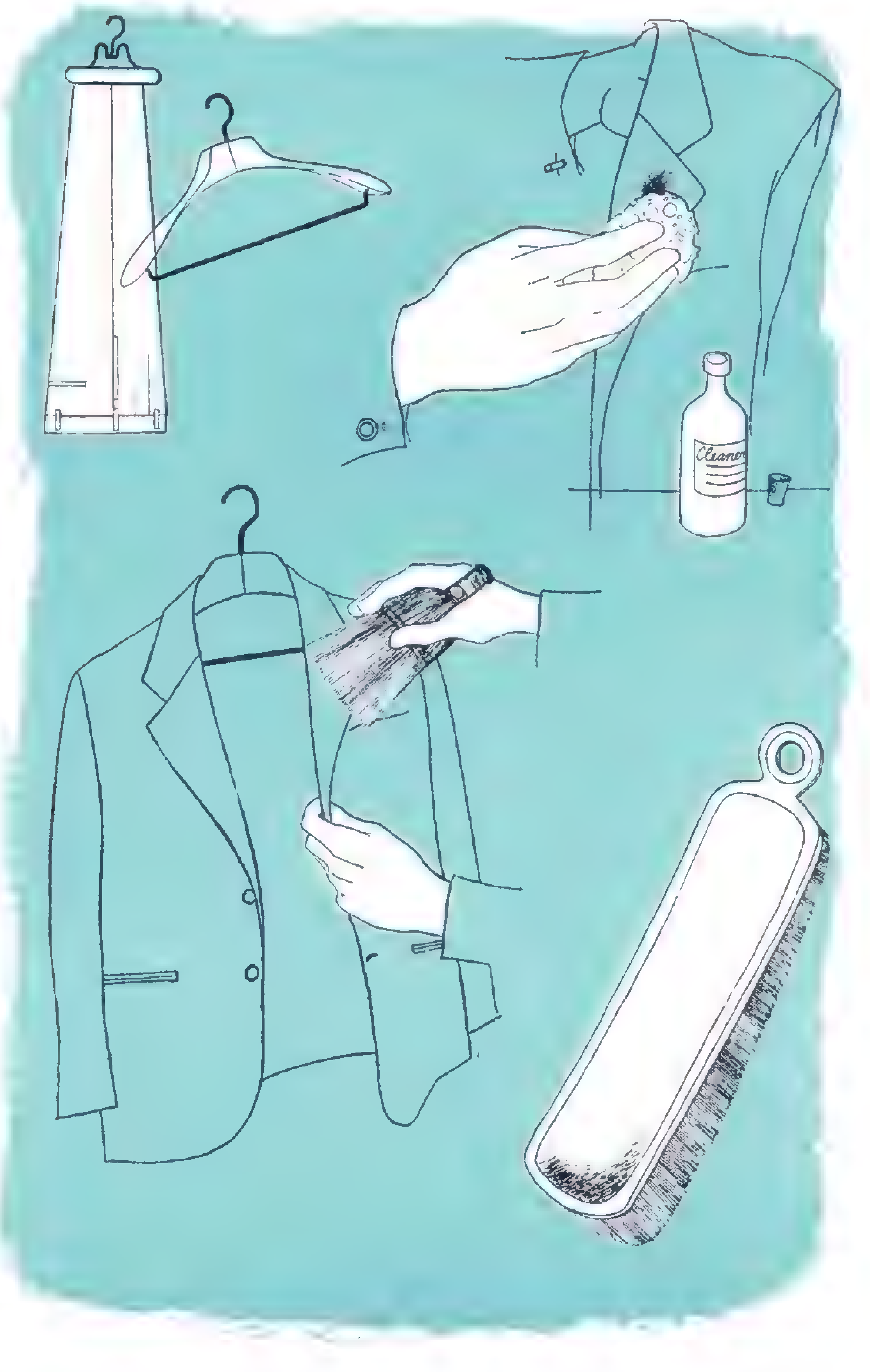
As for pressings, see if you can impress the man who does your steam creasing with the advantages of a rolled sleeve rather than a creased one. Sleeves pressed without any creases look more natural, and hang better. And while maintaining a rolled sleeve will put the press-man to a bit more effort, it's worth your while to insist upon it.

Any small spots that find themselves on clothes now and then may be removed simply by sponging them with a clean cloth, soaked in warm water. That is, provided the removal is attempted before the spot dries. Otherwise a cleaning fluid will do the trick. Of course, a professional job by a reliable cleaner is necessary every few months for over-all cleanliness.

At the end of the season, it's wise to have overcoats dry-cleaned and stored away. Some men like the practice of spraying clothes with moth preventatives. Those who live in the open spaces have them aired in the sunlight, because sunshine is an enemy of moths. At any rate, dry cleaning is advisable to remove any microscopic spots that may magnetize the unwelcome moth. With that accomplished, and with moth repellent in the pockets and around the back, into a cloth or paper bag your garments should go.

As a final word, remembering what your Aunt Abigail used to say about a stitch in time, attend to worn places in linings or any breaks in seams. The same goes for loose or torn-off buttons.

All these suggestions add up to keeping your appearance. And they'll help to multiply by many months the serviceable life your clothes were made to give. #



A toast to that living soul of good grape wine—cognac made in Cognac

The Noblest Spirit of Them All

by MATTHEW HUTTNER

Americans returning from the European war in the not so long ago brought with them a B-bag full of newly accumulated prejudices which psychiatrists and statesmen will be years weeding out. Among these was an aversion to "cognac"—their name for a muddy, heady, amber jolt served at them across the bars of Paris and other points along the Red Ball Highway.

They are herewith informed that the liquid abomination which they consumed only to awaken with aching heads in the morning was not cognac at all but common brandy, and a very ordinary brandy at that. Anything, friends, anything but that peer among drinks, that prince of potations—true cognac.

Brandy is the distillate of apples, apricots, peaches, blackberries, grapes—almost any fruit. Cognac is brandy *par excellence.* "The living soul of good grape wine, one of the purest of spirits," said André Simon, "a ministering angel without wings yet visible, always ready to act and to help." Cognac is distilled from special acid grapes grown in the Charente, a limited district around the town of Cognac, 250 miles southwest of Paris. Only *this* brandy may bear the coveted stamp, "Cognac." That is French law. Sometimes weasel-minded shippers from other districts will try to fool you with labels worded *Negociants à Cognac, Maison fondée à Cognac,* or *Marque déposée à Cognac.* Evasions all. Look for one word and one word alone—"Cognac." Without it, a brandy has as much chance with connoisseurs as a crow at a party of peacocks.

For cognac has class. It is the time-honored drink of kings and presidents, a boon to the delicate palates of prelates and high priests. At a dinner of Cardinals in Rome, Monseigneur Cousseau was asked where his See was. "I am Bishop of Angoulême, Bishop of Charente," he replied with a touch of pride. But no one seemed to understand where that was, so he added hastily, "And Bishop of Cognac." The effect was instantaneous. "Cognac! Cognac!" they exclaimed. "What a glorious and superb diocese!"

Cognac is a jewel in the crown of French commerce. They say the sun never sets on a bottle of cognac. Britishers prize it from the Strand to Singapore. It is the national favorite of high-born Chinese, the choice of *bons vivants* throughout the world. And it is said in Charente, surely without any idle boast, that if two French words are known in India or in the Pacific Islands, they are *Paris* and *Cognac.* If only one, then that word is *Cognac!*

Undisputed after-dinner champ, cognac is also tops as a nightcap or bracer. No less an authority than Charles Dickens rated cognac with water a popular daytime "tipple" and cognac, hot, with sugar and lemon, just the grog for a nippy winter night. Altogether, cognac is superb in fizzes, punches, flips and sours, toddies, cups, noggs and juleps. No connoisseur of "fancy" drinks would relinquish that undertone of authority that even a *soupçon* of cognac supplies.

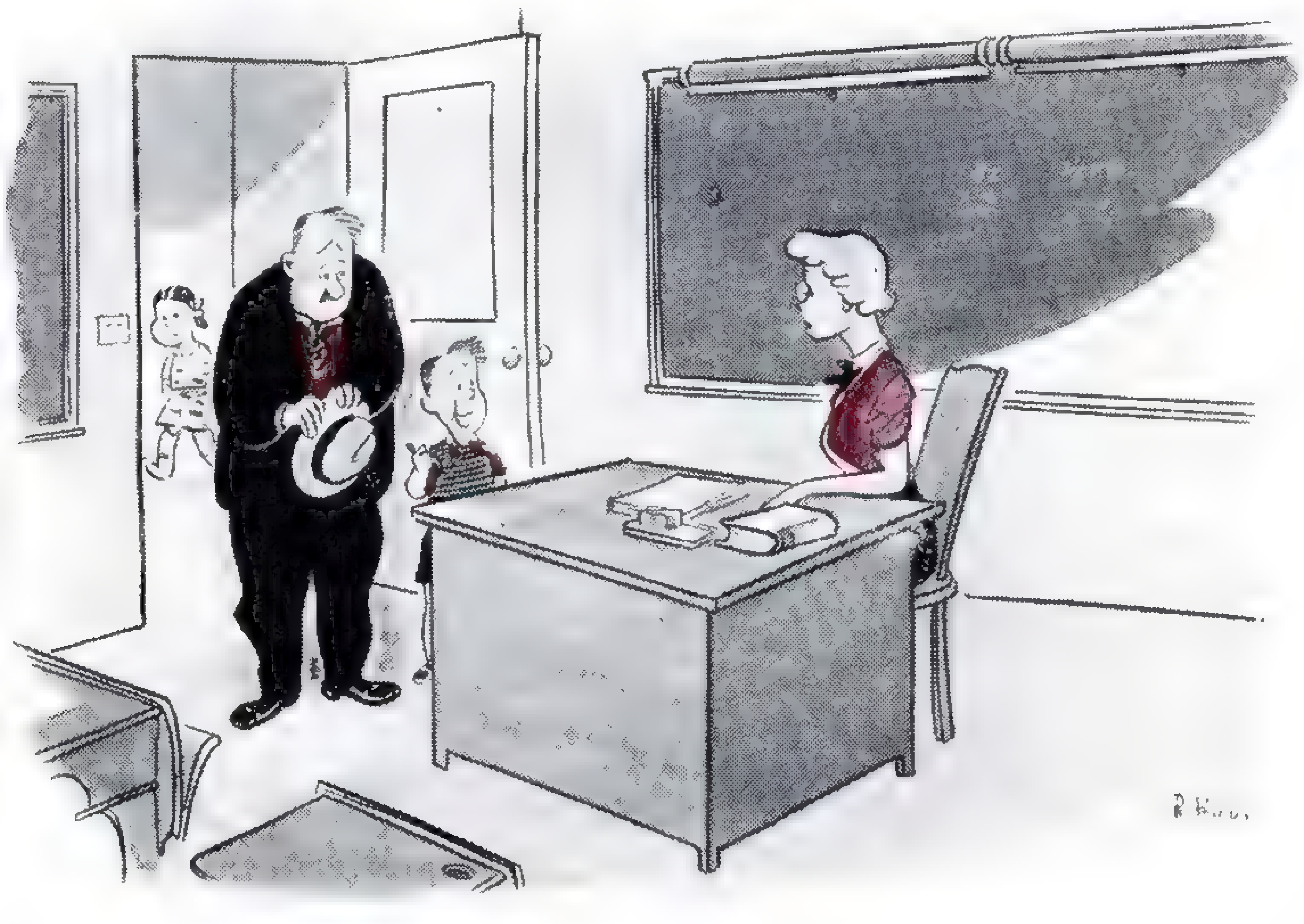
How's your serve? In recent years the fashion in brandy glasses has shown a marked tendency to emulate the goldfish bowl. In its fathomless depths the normal amount for a cognac is literally "a drop in the bucket." Better to use a manageable hand-size pony with an inverted top that concentrates the aroma. Old cognac devotees like Winston Churchill, Mark Hellinger, or the Duke of Windsor think nothing of holding a pony of cognac inside their pocket to warm up the reception. Can you imagine Churchill trying to pocket a *grand ballon?*

And mark you this, men! The Charentais and Chinese prescribe cognac for longevity! They believe that, until something like Bogolomets' serum comes along in captivating blend, cognac indulged in moderately is as pleasant an assist as you can find for living the proverbial three score and ten. Not only does cognac fight off certain infectious diseases like influenza, say they, but it also chases away fatigue and the blues. A Chinese cognac representative in Hawaii screamed his head off when his quota was cut to the bone during the war. "You're robbing me," he cried. "Cognac is the lifeblood of my people."

Nothing new about that idea. Superior grape brandy got the accolade "Elixir of Life" from Hippocrates. And Arnaud de Villeneuve, in his fourteenth-century classic on the conserving of youth and retarding of old age, was so taken with the therapeutic virtues of good brandy that he elevated it to *Eau d'Or,* water of gold. During the Civil War, volunteer nurses were reminded to equip themselves with a bottle of cognac and there are still some very respectable old ladies who blanch at the very mention of wine or alcohol, but who rarely forget to pack a flask of *Eau d'Or* when setting out on a journey . . . just in case.

To make one cask of this "wonder drink" takes ten casks of good wine, many years of blending and aging. That's why you pay over seven dollars a fifth for "three star" cognac and a helluva lot more for the older, rarer blends. Remember also that cognac is an import. This automatically adds to the cost. And federal and state taxes on alcoholic beverages are among the most important reasons for the high price. Then there's inflation. Before the war, the shippers of Bisquit Dubouché, Courvoisier, Hennessy, Hine, Jules Robin, Martell, Monnet, Otard, Rémy Martin, and of some 35 other licensed cognac brands coming to the United States, used to buy raw brandy for less than one twentieth the price they pay today.

But no money can measure the passion and loving care that the Charentais pour into the making of cognac. Not for them is time *of* the essence. It is *in* the essence. A father will spend years teaching his sons how to distill superior brandy, cooper a better cask, raise a finer grape. It has been that way ever since the 17th century, when an obscure Dutch apothecary showed the natives how to boil wine in a simple still, then capture and cool the rising vapors until they condensed, drop by drop,



"Could my father sit in for a few days? The homework is getting pretty tough for him"

into brandewyn (which is the Dutch term for "burned wine").

Six centuries earlier, history first recorded the fame of the Charente vineyards which now produce 2,500,000 hectolitres of wine from a small area of 65,000 hectares. These are the famous *St. Emilion*, *La Folle Blanche* and *Colombar* acid grapes, three big reasons why Charente cognac is incomparable. Spring is the planting season, fall the *vendange* (grape harvest). The distilling season is from November to May. The Hollywood version of stocky peasants laughingly squashing grapes with their bare feet is passé. Man-size mechanical presses squeeze out the living goodness, leaving skin, pulp and juice to ooze out and slowly ferment. The wine is too sour to drink, but the Charentais don't care. The harsher the wine, the better the brandy.

Most of the brandy is prepared by farmyard distillers in turnip-shaped pot stills of gleaming copper perched atop square, stubby brick ovens. This is a tricky business. Fires must burn continually during the distilling operation, heats must be just so. "The pot still has a delicate nose," say the Charentais. "The smallest fault in the wine will be emphasized in distillation."

The first heating produces a cloudy liquid known as *brouillis*, a mere 20 to 30 per cent alcohol. Then the *brouillis* is redistilled. The result looks harmless enough—clear and colorless. Know what it is? Liquid fire—70 per cent alcohol! A swig would flay your mouth like a cat-o'-nine tails. This, sweetened with burnt syrup, is what the Nazis got when they came snooping around Charente farmhouses demanding cognac.

The distilled brandy is siphoned off through copper tubing into an oaken barrel. Not any old barrel, mind you, but one coopered of special oak from the forests of Limousin. And one that is hewn, not sawed. For sawdust would ruin the taste of the cognac. Modern machinery cannot compete with the ax and the hand.

The farmer carts his distilled brandy to a huge receiving depot and there his responsibility ends. From now on the shipper will take all the risk. Hennessy's depot, once the great hall of a monastery, is a wilderness of vats. Here the brandy is verified for quality and alcoholic content, then drawn off into 60-gallon oaken casks for the crucial process of aging.

New barrels for new brandy; that is the inviolable rule. Cognac ages only in the wood. It ripens by the action of air seeping through the pores of the cask much as the sun ripens grapes. In time the essence of the oak blends with the cognac which takes on color, loses alcohol and develops its inimitable bouquet.

All the while evaporation never ceases. A cognac house has to figure on losing 5 to 10 per cent during the first two years of aging. After that, the percentage of evaporation decreases. This heavy evaporation covers the *chais* (storehouses) with a downy layer of dark fungus which the Charentais call "microscopic mushrooms." From Hennessy's tower you can gaze out over Cognac and spot every storehouse in town by those solid black roofs.

The boyhood dream of many a Charentais is to grow up to be a taster. For he is the envied impresario of the whole cognac show. On his sensitive nose and palate depends the reputation of the house. Science can only tell him the specific gravity of the cognac. He, and he alone, must determine its quality and blend. "The taster," they say, "can usually be recognized in a gathering of cognac executives by the ruddy complexion and by a kind of characteristic rolling gait that no one would stoop to call a stagger."

Artist that he is, the taster turns his simple routine into a calculated and colorful ritual. He half-fills the tulip-shaped glass with a specimen of cognac and cuddles it in the palm of his hand. He moves the liquid gently to and fro, setting aglow the gold and topaz lights which excite his admiration. Then he raises the glass. Comes the crucial revealing sniff . . . the confirming sip . . . *c'est ça!*

Among the Charentais, tasting is a family heritage. For five generations men named Filliouх and Chapeau have determined the tastes of cognac and each generation surpasses in skill the one before. It is said of one taster: "Blindfolded, he can swig out of one of his glasses and tell you not only what scalawag of a grape grower is trying to trick him, but in which of the seven main divisions of the cognac country and on which side of the hill the grapes grow."

If you think this is poppycock, consider that the taster is the final judge of the "finesse," "body," and "age" of cognac. He knows the brilliance or liveliness of the bouquet as well as an art critic knows brush strokes. His tastebuds are so sensitive they recoil in burning horror at the slightest hint of harsh blending, his insight into age so keen as to arouse the envy of a diagnostician. Let a batch of cognac not measure up to the standard of the house and, by heaven, it will go back to the big vats for filtering and reblending with brandies of finer *crus* or growths. Then it is ready for the *chais* and another nice rest.

The big *chais* look like an ideal setting for a *danse macabre*. For generations nobody has as much as brushed a cobweb or dusted a cask. Thousands of them (32,000 in one storehouse) just lie there and age. A trip to *Le Paradis* where they store the oldest of the old is unforgettable. The taster gets a big kick out of letting you sample the various vintages, particularly a superannuated hogshead chalk-marked 1815. He removes the bung, sticks in his little glass thimble and fishes out an amber sample. It is not as good as you might think. Sad to report, cognac dies a natural death after sixty years or more in the wood.

Away with those tall tales from lucky men who swear they have picked up a few odd-shaped, cobweb-covered bottles of some really remarkable old stuff, and for a song too! Where from? Oh, it was unearthed in the cellars of some noble earl or foreign potentate long since passed away, so they confide in glib stage whisper. Suckers! They might as well claim it came from Noah's special reserve, saved after the Ark settled on Mt. Ararat. The best rule in buying cognac is to select a reputable brand. There is only one indication of the age of a bottle of cognac—the markings on the neck label. Three stars signify run of the vats (10 years old); VSOP is very superior old pale (20 years old); VVO (very very old) or XO (extra old) is aged 45; and X (extra) is the rarest of the rare, sixty years in the cask. Before the war a bottle of X might have brought $28.75.

Science gets in its best licks in the bottling of cognac. On the floor immediately above the bottling plant are many smaller vats filled with different ages of cognac. These vats connect with bottling tables through a system of piping controlled often by an electric switchboard. The packaging materials ride in at one end of the tables, the bottles at the other. Talk about precautions! Every empty bottle is rinsed only in brandy so there will be no chance of impairing the taster's artistry.

Brandy merchants all over the world have tried hard to duplicate the incomparable quality of Charente cognac. They have cultivated the famous acid grapes; they have copied the distillation methods; they have even kept the brandy in identical vats. But nary one measures up to the quintessence of cognac. Agronomists claim it is because the Charente have such a rare combination of chalky soil and a dry growing season. Distillers say it is the long experience of the Charentais that spells the difference.

Beyond the realm of nature, science and local savvy, however, lies another reason, perhaps even more important—the spirit of a people who are convinced that cognac is their unique gift to mankind. Never was this better illustrated than seventy years ago when the voracious phylloxera parasite invaded the Charente and devastated roots, vines and fruit in one fell swoop. It was a dark day for Cognac, its one and only industry on the brink of disaster. But the Charentais were *magnifique*! Miraculously salvaging a few old shoots they worked for fifteen years grafting them onto new and tougher roots which resisted the phylloxera and developed a finer, sturdier crop.

Poll now the 17,452 citizens of Cognac on their favorite country and they would probably ring up an overwhelming majority for the United States. That's where the rugged roots came from! #

The Romantic Rogue

WJ
FPS
TML
RCP

Before his crimes caught up with him "Sir Harry Cooper," the bogus doctor, won many a lady, forged many a check

by ALAN HYND

Police of four continents—North America, Europe, Africa and Australia—never were able to learn the real name of a romantically inclined super-swindler and phony doctor who played hide-and-seek with them for more than a third of a century.

The man's origin was blurred in obscurity, but it is believed that he was born in Ireland around 1870. He became known as Sir Harry Westwood Cooper, his favorite among the score of aliases that he used at the beginning of his long career of crime.

Sir Harry, at eighteen, opened his criminal offensive in London by posing as a kin of the Royal Family and laying down a barrage of bad checks. By the time Scotland Yard recognized him as a forger to be reckoned with, he was in Melbourne, Australia, practicing bogus medicine under the name of Dr. Ernest Moore Chadwick. He specialized in nervous disorders of women—any women, so long as they were pretty or wealthy, or both.

The impostor's career in Melbourne hit a snag, however, when a young husband returned unexpectedly from an out-of-town business trip to discover his wife engaging the practitioner for other than professional reasons. Sir Harry was sent to prison for illegal practice.

At the age of twenty-one he was released and went to Brisbane, where he again practiced medicine, talked bankers into cashing forged English drafts, married one of the wealthiest girls in town, got control of her money, and fled with her to Canada.

When he had run through his wife's fortune, he deserted her and married another rich young girl. He was safely on the way to Chicago with her when some $50,000 in rubber checks snapped back and stung startled Montreal victims.

In a Chicago rooming house, Sir Harry "divulged" to the landlady that he really wasn't married to the Canadian girl. A week later, after he and the landlady were secretly married, Harry and his Canadian wife had departed with the woman's life savings. In San Francisco next, he deserted his Canadian wife and went on a mulcting and marrying binge. In a single month, he married three different women under three different names, and deserted them all after obtaining sizable parts of their fortunes.

By 1898, when he was twenty-eight years old, Sir Harry had probably married and deserted at least twenty women, and in his first decade of crime he had bilked his victims of about $2,000,000!

Apparently Sir Harry had more than one motive for his behavior. He craved luxury, thus his need for large sums of money. He was also an egomaniac who loved to play the role of big shot. But above all, Sir Harry had an inordinate interest in women. While part of that interest had a strictly monetary basis, some women—young, pretty ones—fascinated him for cosmic reasons. His paramours came from every strata of society, ranging from daughters of the elite to common streetwalkers.

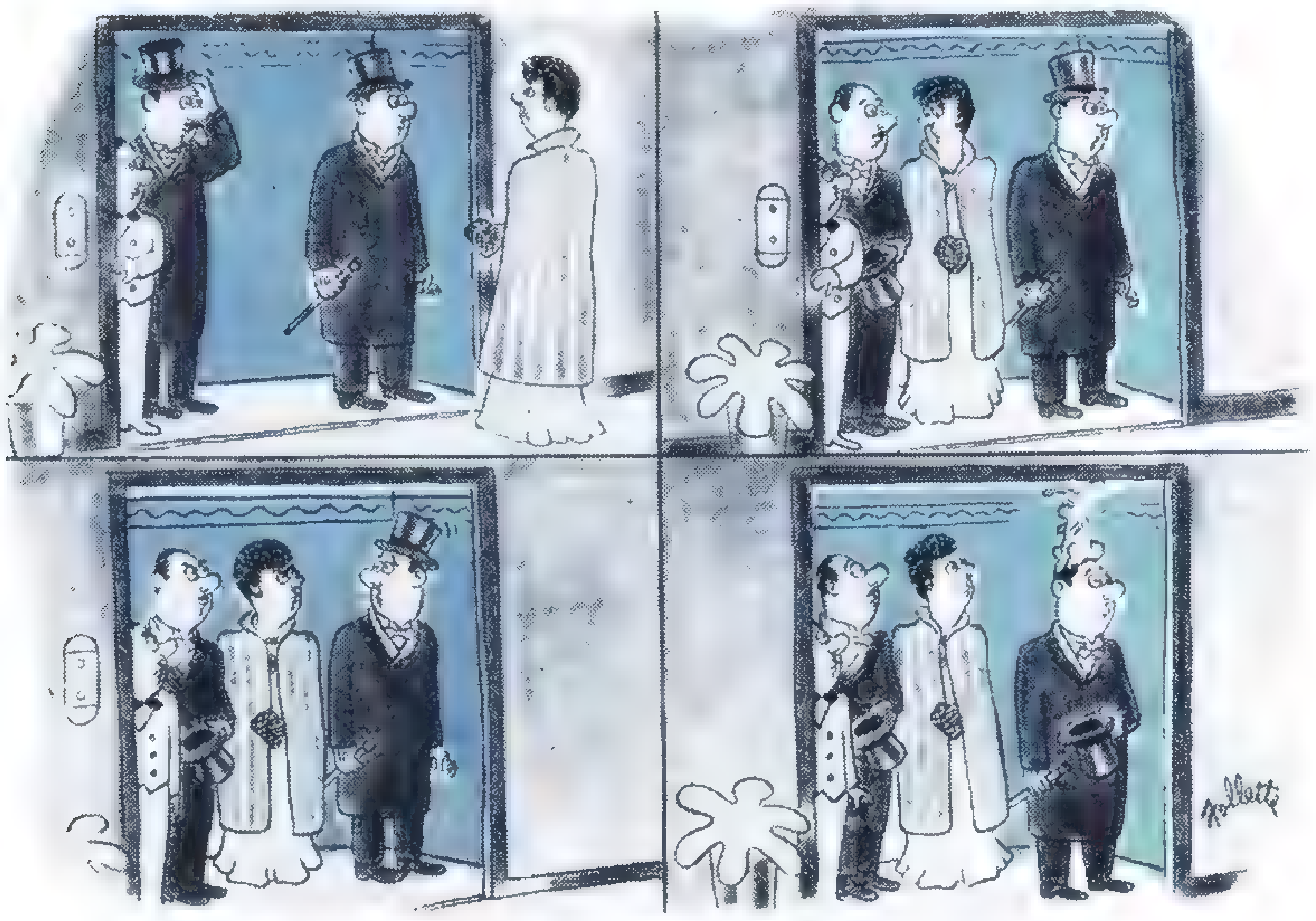
Clever as he was, Sir Harry often lacked caution in his dealings with women. In 1898 a forsaken New York chambermaid received a letter from him, postmarked San Francisco, and took it straight to the police. Sir Harry was arrested in Frisco and sentenced to San Quentin for forgery. In prison, he cast off his charm and became one of the most incorrigible prisoners in San Quentin history. After several attempts at a break, he spent most of his time in solitary confinement.

Released in 1901, he went to San Francisco, where, within a week of his release, he took banks, hotels and business establishments for almost $100,000.

He next proceeded to suburban Crockett, where he married the daughter of a wealthy businessman. Honeymooning, he was taken off an eastbound train in Utah, tried, and sentenced to ten years for forgery.

In the county jail, pending appeal, Sir Harry married a missionary worker who had come to save his soul. While awaiting transfer to San Quentin, he presented county jail authorities with a cleverly forged document, perfected in his cell, which called for his release and bore the spurious signature of a Superior Court judge. The ruse failed just as the cell doors were opening.

Although past forty when he was released from prison in 1911, Sir Harry was only getting well-started in his career of crime. Posing as Dr. Milton Abraham, a noted English surgeon, he prevailed on an Oakland bank to cash for him a huge draft on a New Zealand bank. Thereupon he married a pretty nurse and vanished.



Next, he appeared in London and Paris. Between the years of 1912 and 1916, he commuted between the two cities, marrying at least a dozen times, posing now as a doctor, now as a second cousin of the King of England, courting innumerable barmaids, streetwalkers, chambermaids, society girls and actresses, and clearing approximately 25,000 pounds sterling annually.

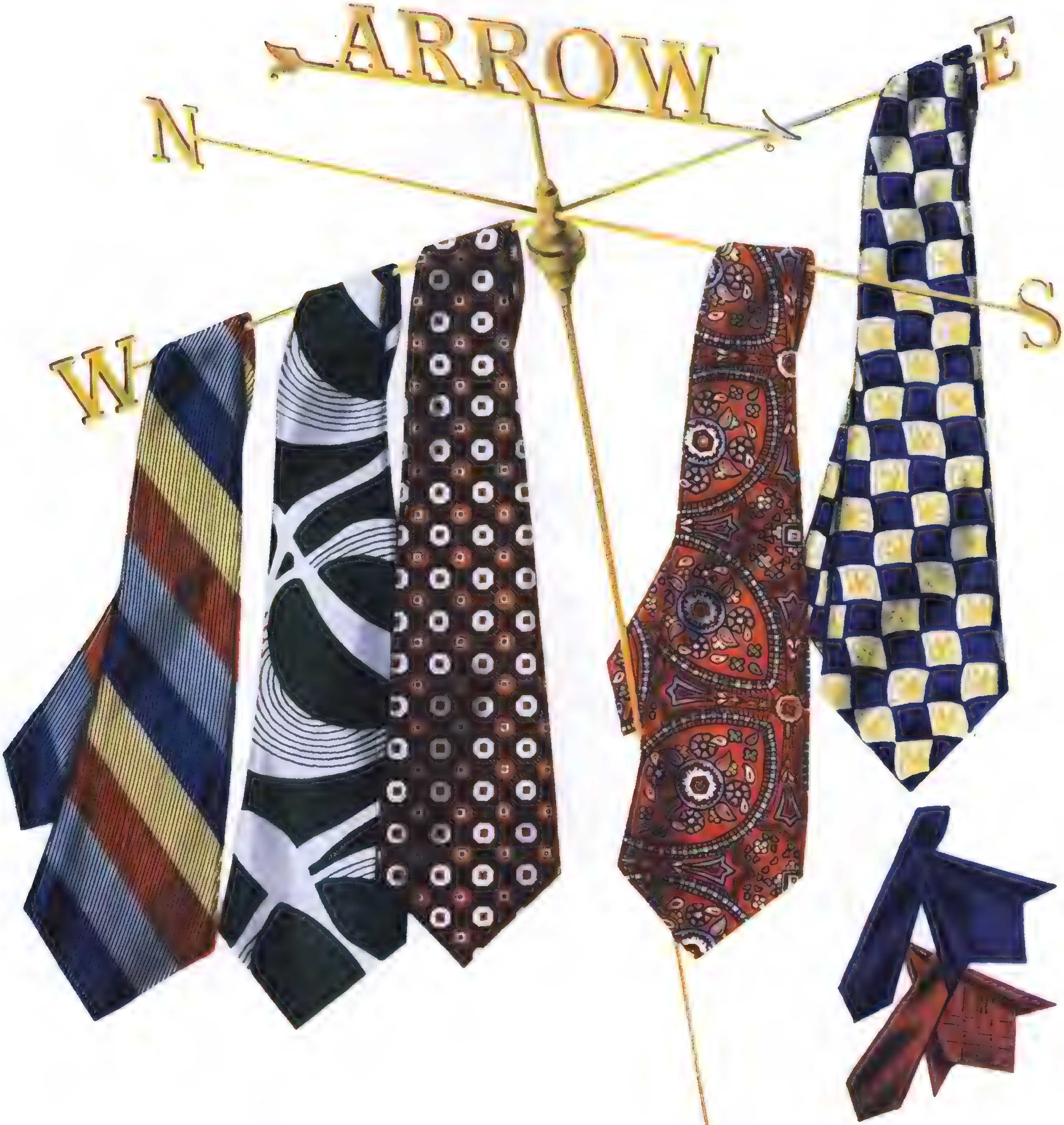
When England and France got too hot for him, Sir Harry lit out for South Africa. There he took a bride and several financial institutions before he was caught in Johannesburg and sent to prison.

Upon his release in 1920, he returned to England, where his forgeries went unchecked for five years. But in 1925, a barmaid he had scorned betrayed him and he was sentenced to prison for a term of seven years.

Although Sir Harry was about fifty-five when he began his stretch, he looked much younger. Then suddenly a third of a century seemed to descend on him in a matter of months.

His health failed. Even his brilliantly alert mind went back on him, and his right hand, ever as steady as that of an engraver, faltered so that he could hardly write his own name, let alone forge the name of others.

And so, in 1932, when he was about sixty-two, he shuffled over the horizon from an English prison gate, wrecked in mind and body and spirit, returning to the oblivion whence he had come. ⧺



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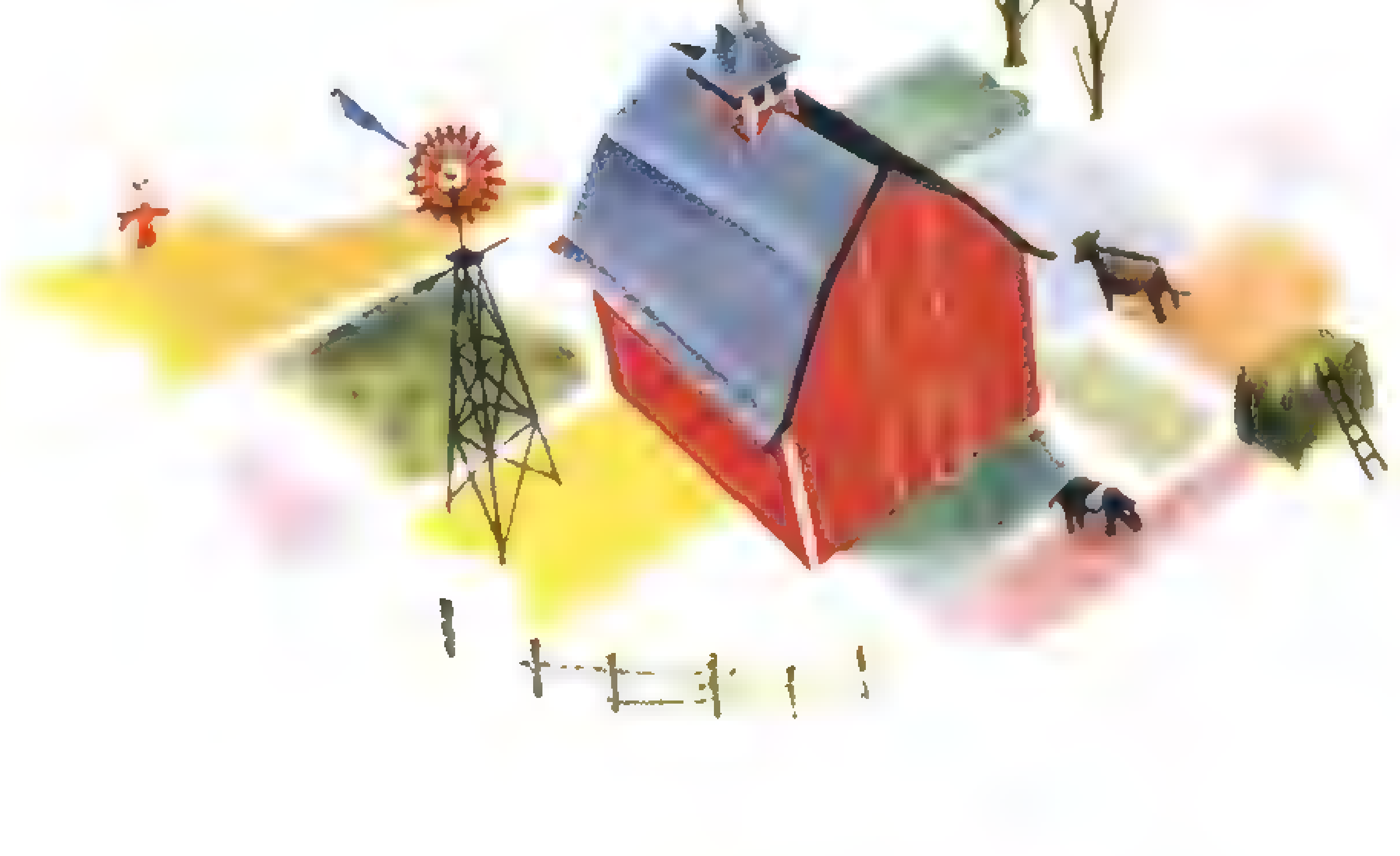

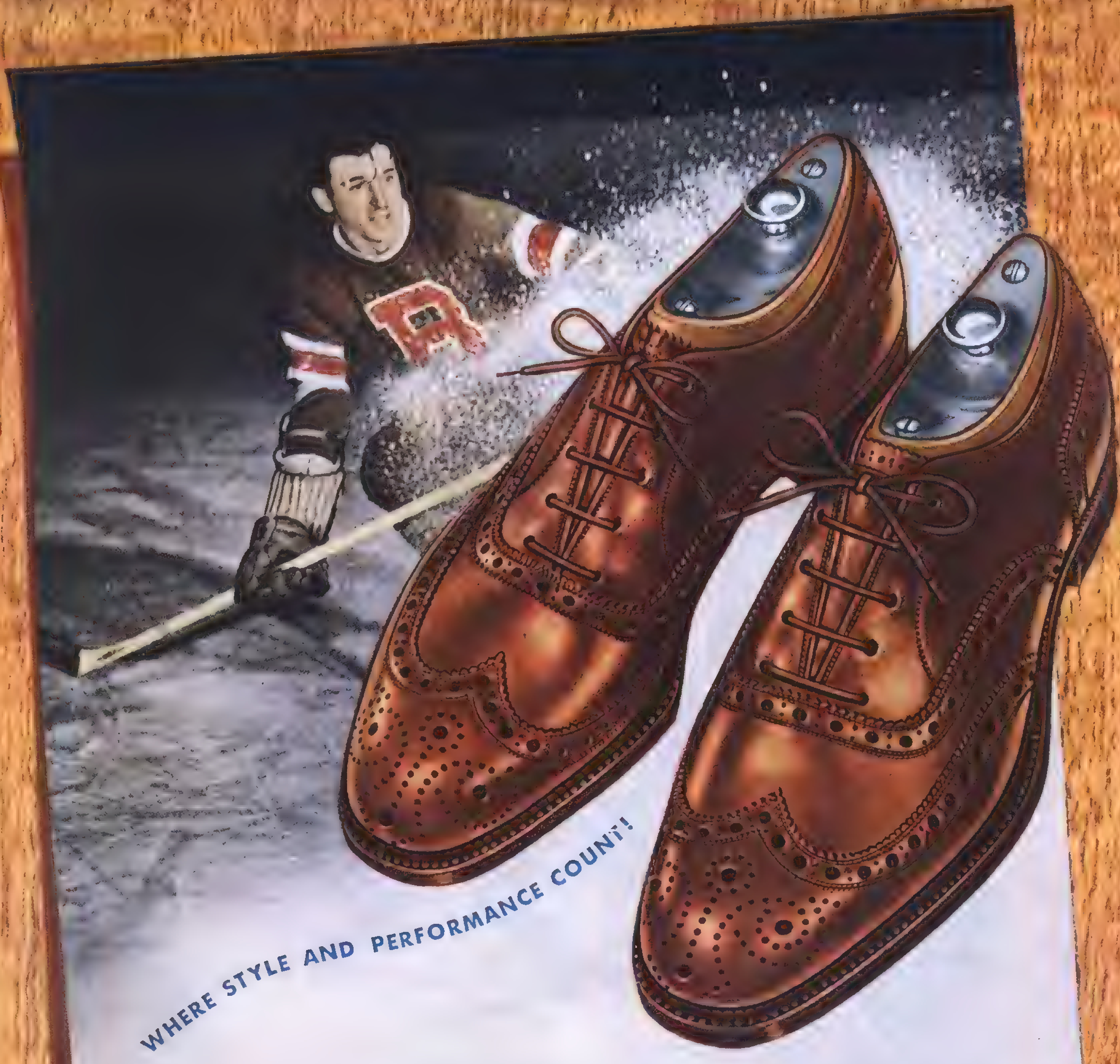
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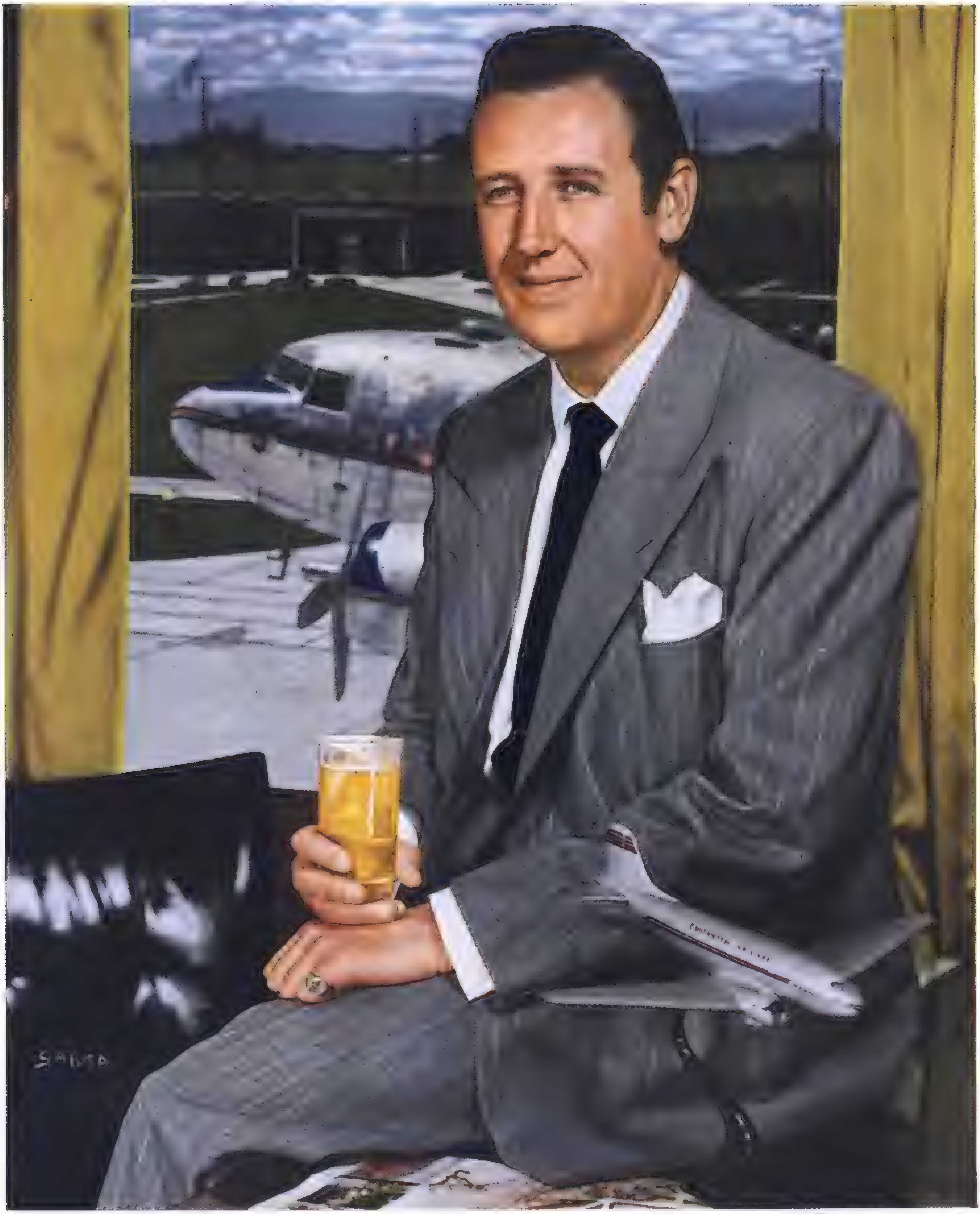

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The Not Well-Tempered Gallico

Continued from page 47

of free speech. When do you begin to use them, boys?

The Domestic Front

Not long ago there was an interesting piece in the papers about a very good-looking little English tomato of the brunette variety who, with her likewise English gentleman friend, was in considerable difficulties with the authorities over the matter of some passport shenanigans practiced on the Immigration chaps to enable the lady to enter this country as the wife of the gentleman.

The purpose of this fraud was not the usual one. The lady and the gentleman had formed a business partnership to housekeep and buttle at the home of a wealthy party in Greenwich, Connecticut, which may sound to you like a second-rate fiction plot especially when I reveal that the lady used the passport of the butler's divorced wife to get in here and she herself had left a husband in England.

But it goes even more Hollywood, because it developed that the gal was really serious about the wife-in-name-only business. The butler-husband-in-name felt love overcoming him and got to choking his partner because she did not reply in kind, and pretty soon the strident sounds of this give-and-take emanating from the servants' quarters brought the gendarmes and the whole plot was revealed. Thereupon the Immigration authorities stepped in with a great show of indignation and organized to toss the pair of them all the way back to England, a great mistake when one considers the difficulty of getting two people these days who can housekeep and buttle.

I can understand the government not caring for foreigners taking liberties with our passport regulations, but when they express indignation over the moral implications of this business partnership, I must hasten to enlighten them, as an old English part-time resident, that this is done all the time over there and nobody thinks any the worse of anyone for it. Somehow it seems to work out that a male and female who under no circumstances could dwell together conjugally can combine with great success as a "couple," housekeeper-cook and butler-valet.

I am not blaming the authorities for getting huffy, for all this is an acquired knowledge. I am only trying to give them the benefit of my own experience, which began back in 1936 when I was in London, interviewing couples to set up bachelor housekeeping in my newly acquired property in Devon.

On hearing of my search, a valet at the hotel, a young man, approached me, saying that he wouldn't mind going to the country, and that if the idea was acceptable to me he would ask his fancy whether she wouldn't like to team up with him and take the job.

After I had cleared up the language barrier between us and determined that his "fancy" was the young lady with whom he was keeping company at the moment, I explained with delicacy that I didn't have single rooms for them in my house and that my couple would have to occupy the same quarters. He said that that would be all right, he didn't mind and was sure she wouldn't either. Then I inquired why they didn't get married and he explained with considerable logic that he was not that fond of her. Marriage was a serious business and should not be entered into lightly for the sake of a temporary business advantage.

Being a fellow of high moral principles, I naturally rejected this offer with its disturbing implications of illicit romance and nocturnal goings-on in the establishment where I was planning to prepare highly licit romances for sale to family magazines in the United States, all of them ending properly in wedlock.

Instead, I engaged a prim, elderly and highly dignified couple. The guy was a balding gent with an atoll of hair around the edges, an aging Jeeves who would not see sixty again, she an antique battle-ax. It was obvious they had been wedded for centuries. He could say, "Very good, sir!" with just the right intonation. This looked like it.

For months my household ran smoothly—too smoothly. Then one evening after considerable hemming and hawing and references to the salubrious and stimulating climate of South Devon, Jeeves broke the news to me. Mrs. Jeeves was expecting. At last, their happy union was to be blessed.

Well, it was nice for the Empire, but not so hot for me, because the kid when it arrived was like all other kids and hollered all day and all night, and me a guy who had fled to England to avoid that kind of thing and turn out deathless prose in peace and quiet. And then I used to catch Jeeves setting my table with the little nasty on his arm with no pants on —not Jeeves, but the little nasty —and my wash lines were pennanted with diapers. I realized that this could not go on, but didn't know what to do because I didn't have the heart to throw the guy out just because his long and happy union had been blessed. It was a bad spot, brothers, and there did not seem to be any solution.

But there was. One day another battle-ax came charging into our domain, laid hands upon Jeeves and shouted, "Aha! I knew I'd find you—you and that shameless hussy. I've got you now. You won't get away from me again. Gallivanting around with the likes of her . . ."

It was the butler's real wife

Continued on page 126

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The Not Well-Tempered Gallico

Continued from page 125

who had tracked him down and who revealed that my ancient, prim and dignified pair were likewise a business arrangement which, under the douce air and moonlight-on-the-channel nights, had sprouted romantic overtones resulting in Junior, a complication no one had foreseen.

Now inured to the system, my moral indignation was purely assumed as I packed Butler, Fancy, Abandoned Wife and Junior into the next London train and sent them hence, to resume my literary pursuits in childless quiet and with some regrets on the score of the complications of life amongst the British domestics, because up to the moment when nature asserted itself they were an excellent couple, and there is nothing wrong with the system.

Actually I learned to be surprised at nothing or no one encountered in that profession in England, because at one time at someone's house I met socially a very charming middle-aged couple—they really were married—a retired Army officer and his wife of some means. They owned a house in London and another in Devon and lived in one while they let the other during the season. But several times they found themselves with their leases overlapping and no place to go. They solved this impasse by going into service as butler-housekeeper. In this way, they said, they got a home and something to do and were very happy. It also amused them no end.

Savonarola Junior

It has been a little over a decade now that I have had anything to do with the sports industry, or cared very much about it one way or the other, and thus having acquired some distance to it I must own myself to being amazed at the increase in moral laxity in both amateur and professional games and the tolerant cynicism with which these conditions are received by the public, the players, the authorities and even many of the sports writers. Indications that players of games or promoters or supervisors thereof are major or minor crooks, or stupid lunks with no particular sense of honor, or playboys who keep bad company appear to be kissed off with, "Oh well, boys will be boys, and after all, what can you expect?"

Well, chums, I am a little too old to set up as a local Savonarola, but if we cannot expect a rigid code of ethics in our vast sports world maybe it is time to junk the whole setup and put it in the hands of people who will give it one.

This goes for boxing, amateur as well as professional, football, professional and college, basketball, foot-running, baseball, or any sport that has over- or undertones of chicanery or hypocrisy. We know that after every war there is a drop in ethical and moral values. The way, after one of these big international shooting matches, invariably leads downhill, aiming for the sewer at the bottom. The skids are nicely greased and nobody seems to realize we are on them until we land in the mud pile. Brothers, we sure are on our way. What we need is a new set of guys at the top of the sports heap, fresh, clean minds and spirits. The old ones are a little high, and growing increasingly fragrant.

And if you ask me what I am driving at, I will tell you and name names so as to make it easier for you to understand what is on my mind.

For instance, I would take a type like Mr. Leo Durocher, manager of the Brooklyn baseball team (against whom I have nothing personal and about whom I know only what I read in the newspapers), and toss him right out of professional baseball as being a character whose personal comportment as reported in the press is detrimental to the game and the ethical concepts of millions of youngsters who love the sport and worship its players.

After him I would heave Mr. Branch Rickey, owner of the club who employs Mr. Durocher in the face of his public shenanigans in New York and Hollywood, and after them both I would throw Mr. Happy Chandler, baseball's high commissioner, who puts up with Mr. Rickey and others without a murmur.

That would make three, and a good beginning, and there must be more candidates for Gallico's ash heap in baseball, possibly Mr. Larry McPhail, head of the Yankees, who was responsible for setting up Mr. Happy Chandler in office. I think Mr. Eddie Eagan is doing a punk job as boxing commissioner in New York, and Mr. Bert Bell not a much better one as commissioner of the National Football League. The A.A.U. is badly in need of a new set of faces, and the college football crowd is setting a new high for cynicism and shysterism in the conduct of a so-called amateur sport. Basketball is being run like a bucket shop.

You may inquire if I am not being a little rough on that good-natured and playful character Lippy Durocher who, after all, has committed no crime beyond getting his name in the papers in connection with some extrovertism and association with odd characters, fast cars and pretty ladies. After all, a man's private life is his own business, and that, brethren, is where I interrupt and say the hell it is. Not when he makes a fat living out of playing a game that attracts the attention and following of the young and impressionable.

Speaking now in general, and not specifically referring to the Lip, I have no patience with the

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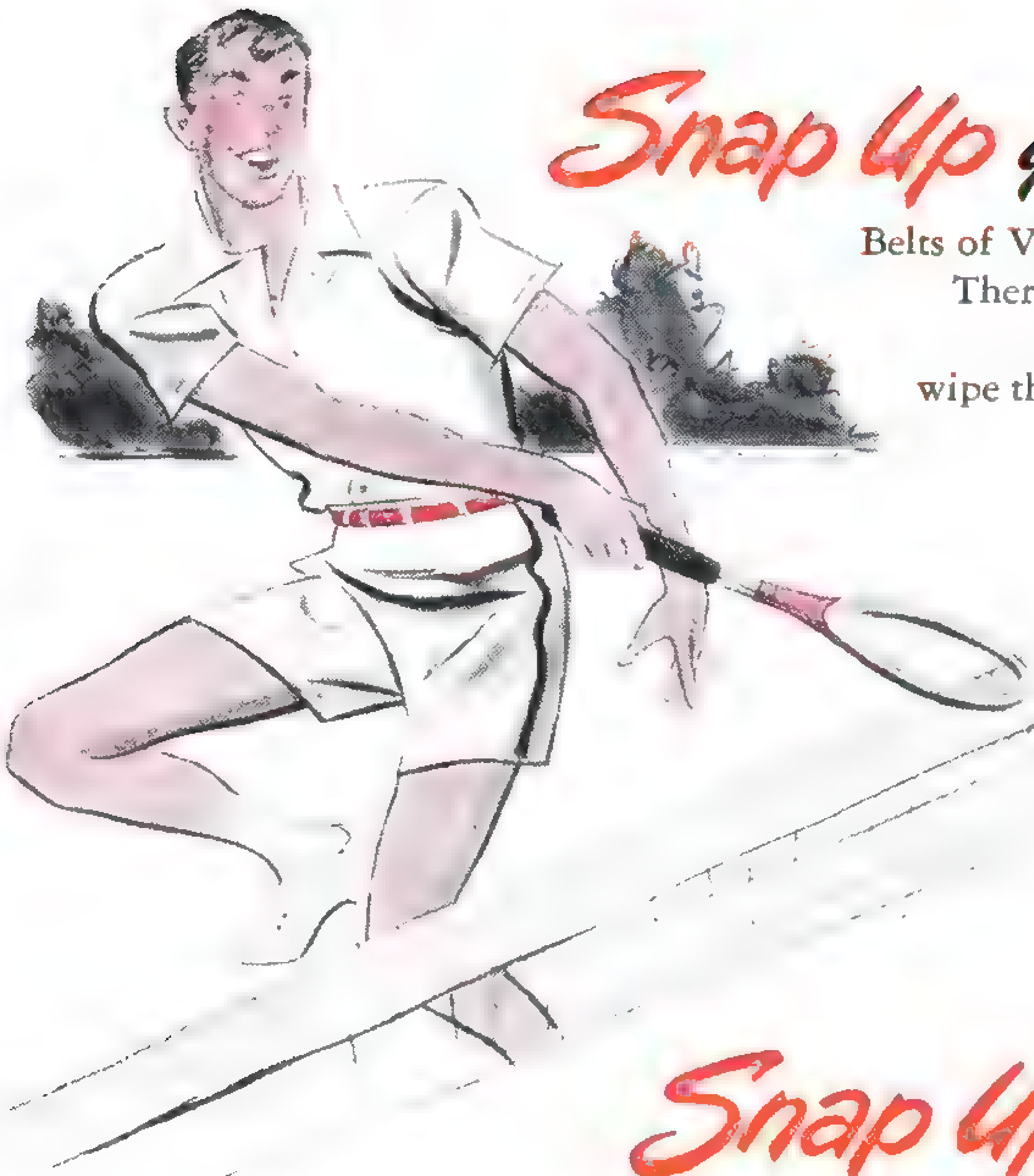

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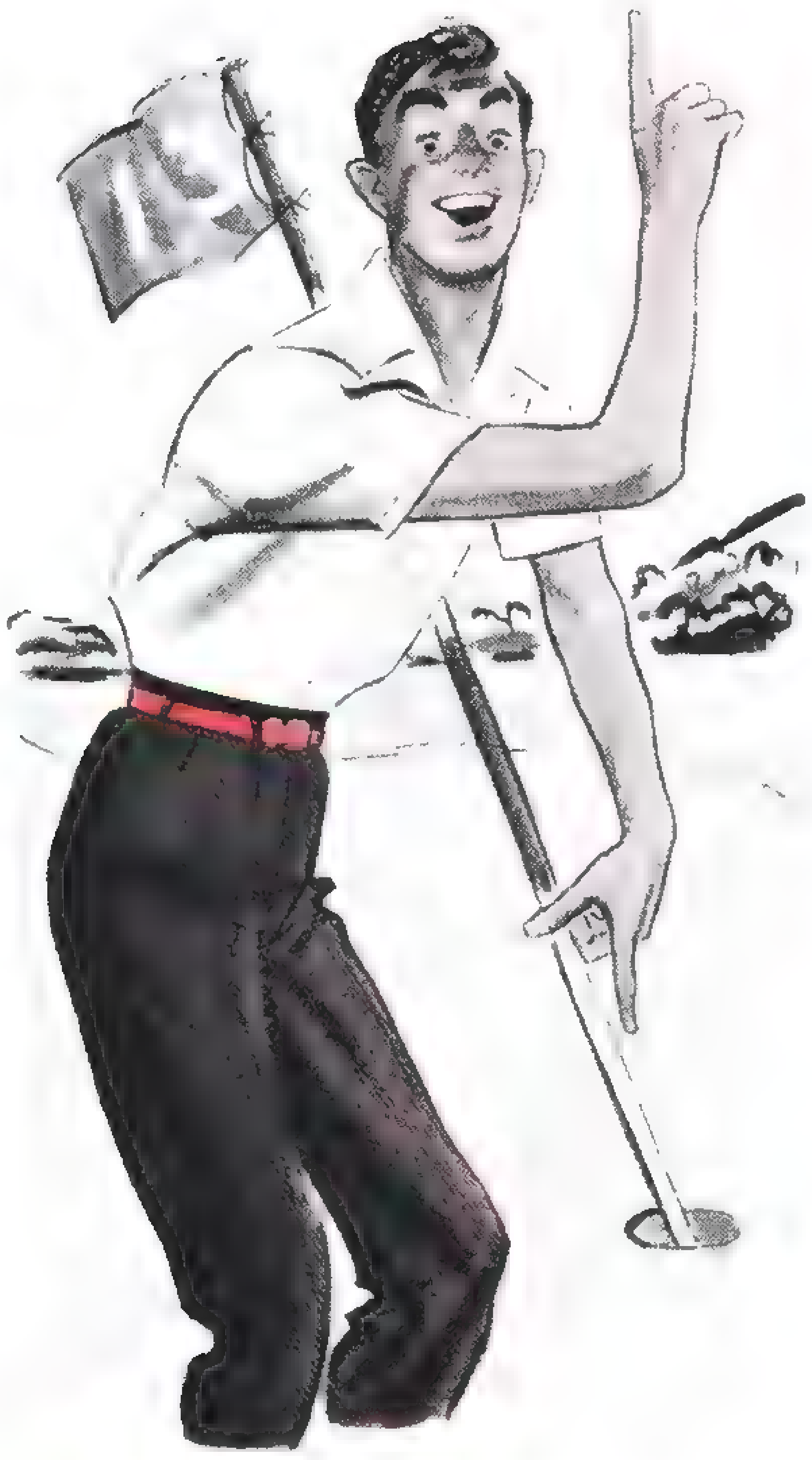

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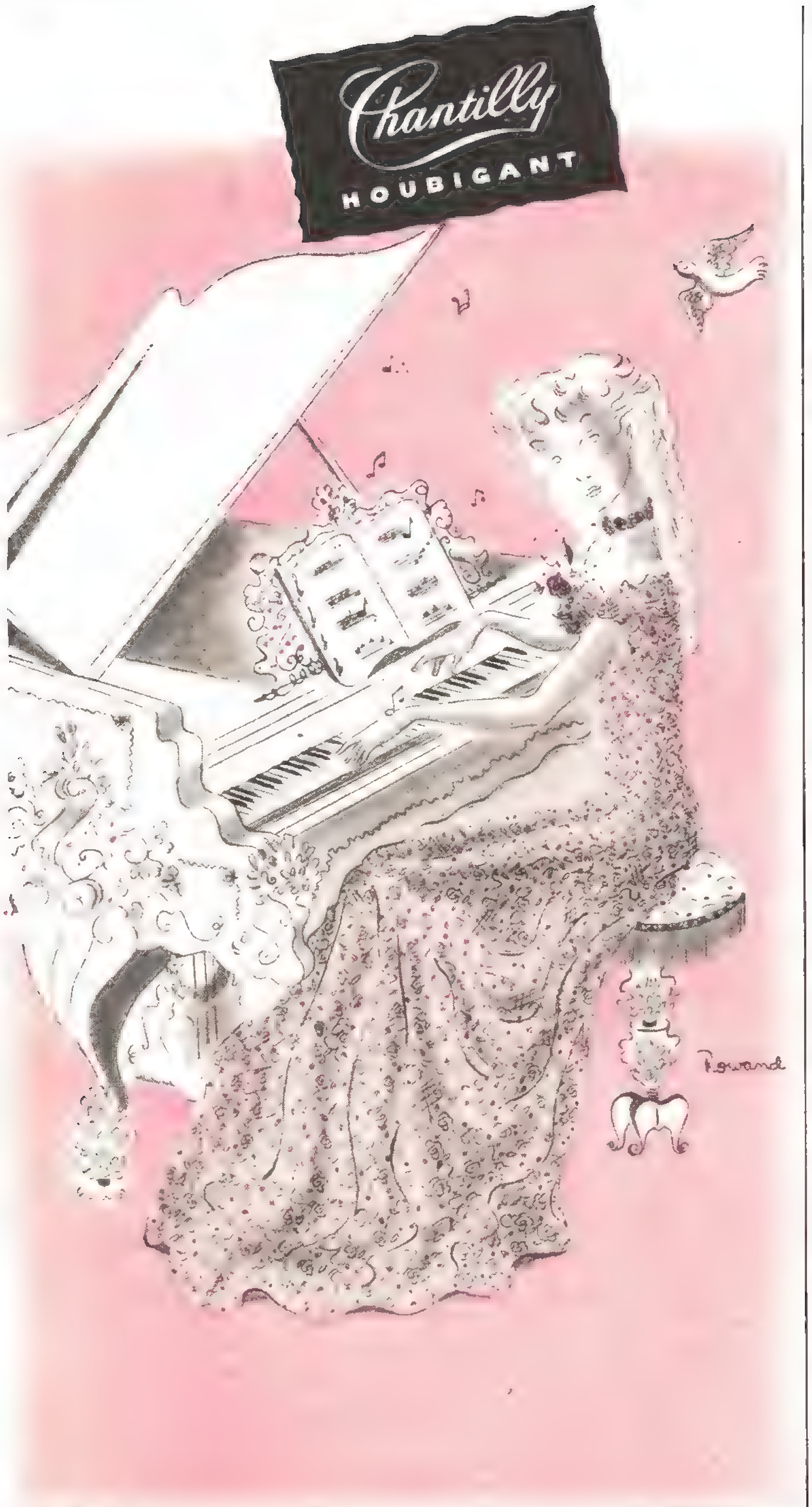

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The Not Well-Tempered Gallico

Continued from page 126

greed of athletic lunks who take a living out of some sport or other far ahead of what they could earn at anything else and still want to cut up in public and be playboys, Romeos, and Good Time Charleys. To me they are swine and best removed from the public eye. And if it is a cliché to suggest that like Caesar's wife they must at all times be above suspicion, it is also a sound principle and one that makes ethical sense.

And I will shroud myself in Cassandra's mantle a few paragraphs more and depose that I believe, unless new men of high and uncompromising principles are brought into the game, baseball will see a scandal eventually that will make the Black Sox affair of 1920 smell like a perfume factory, and the same goes for some of the other sports mentioned.

The cleanup must take place from the top down. When there are intelligent and courageous men in promotional and administrative positions in sports, the little crooks in the rank and file of the game do not dare. But when the cynicism comes from on high, that is when all the rats come a-scurrying from their holes to get theirs.

The entire sports setup in our fair land is badly in need of an ethical shot in the arm. What do you think?

Personal note: Hi, Jack Moffitt! I'm back. Lets you and me not fight. I like your stuff, and anyway I won't have a new picture coming up for some time. Peace, brother, it's wonderful. ⧺

Continued from page 47

Sharks

Continued from page 50

eaten by sharks," said Negresco.

I looked about me. There was nothing but blue space, blue water, blue sky, with a heat haze at the horizon. We were lost, absolutely lost.

Like grey torpedoes the sharks followed us. Sometimes I could feel their backs grating against the bottom of the boat.

"Take the oars and row," said Negresco.

We obeyed. Two hours passed. You have been in the hottest room in a Turkish bath? It was hotter in the boat. At the end of the second hour I collapsed, half-conscious.

Through a kind of woolly haze, I heard Hammer say: "I can't stand this."

"If you don't like it, get out," said Negresco.

"Right," said Hammer. He stood up, balanced himself for a second and jumped. I heard a low bubbling noise, similar to the noise you might make by unscrewing the valve of an inflated inner tube under water.

I looked. Hammer had disappeared.

"Row," said Negresco. I looked at the pistol and then at the sea of sharks, and began to row.

Then my heart began to beat, throbbingly. I thought I was seeing things. "It must be the heat," I thought. A hand had gripped the stern of the boat. An arm appeared. I recognized the arm. It was twice as thick as an ordinary arm and covered with bleached yellow hair. I shut my eyes and pulled at the oars. Then I heard a terrible scream and opened my eyes. Negresco was leaning back. The arm was locked about his throat. There was a crash as the pistol went off. Then it fell to the floor of the boat. Negresco's legs flew up, his hands clutched air, he screamed and went overboard.

The water boiled red. Hammer struggled back. "You!" I said.

"I know sharks," said Hammer. "There are two things they can't stand. One is a bubbling noise under water; the other, if you slap the surface hard with the palm of your hand. You can scare any shark that way. Remember: bubble with your mouth or slap with your hand. I thought everybody knew that."

I looked at the sea. Negresco was gone.

"Snap and finished!" I said, and began to laugh like a woman.

But Hammer turned and opened the locker.

"Water . . ." I began. And then I saw Hammer held the pistol.

"Row!" he said.

I stared. Hammer took out the keg and shook it, grinned, opened it and raised it to his lips. I could not move; I was stunned. Then I heard a coughing noise, opened my eyes, and saw Hammer spitting, black in the face. Five minutes passed before he could talk. And then his voice sounded like the rustling of paper.

"Coal oil!" he said.

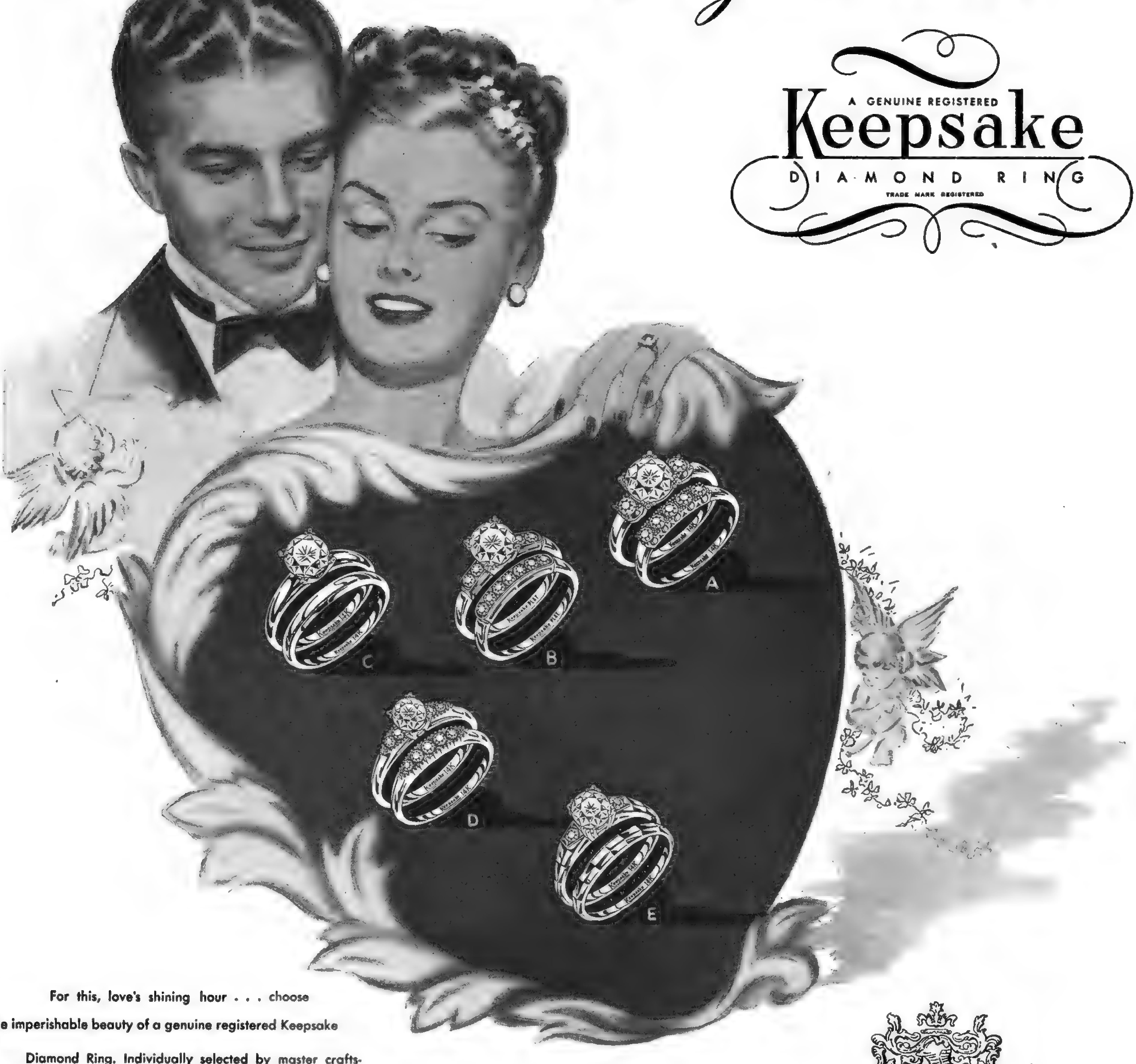
After that he said nothing. The day passed. I fell into a kind of sleep. There are limits to what your body can stand, and agony brings its own anesthetic. Beyond a certain limit you feel nothing. Remember this; it may be useful.

It was night when I awoke. The coolness refreshed me. I looked. Hammer was gone. Thirst is a terrible thing. No doubt he simply jumped overboard. A shark bite is quick. Or perhaps he shot himself. The gun was gone.

Had it been there I should have shot myself, too. But sharks are things I cannot face. No, it may be quick, but I would rather die of thirst. I waited for the sun to finish me. But the sun did not finish me. Twelve hours later I sighted land. Then I touched the coast of Lomoa, where the natives gave me water and food.

It was a miscalculation. We had been no more than three days from land. Negresco and Hammer both could have waited. ⧺

Never a Love so True.....
Never a Ring so Cherished



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Mr. Shiga's Tea

Continued from page 80

utes, they skipped around like the Rockettes before my bifocals in the damnedest optical illusion.

After fifteen minutes of staring, I went into a slight trance and really was as completely relaxed as I ever have been. I just couldn't think of anything at all. Then, suddenly, I felt sharp pains in my crossed legs and thighs. I simply had to stand up or scream. My whole right foot was asleep and I almost fell sideways into the little elevation with the flower, just so, and the drop of water on the bud.

All of Mr. Shiga's guests started to laugh and stopped relaxing as I massaged my thighs. Mr. Shiga, really disturbed, indicated I could pull my legs up in front of me and not trouble the spirit of the gentleman who thought up this tea ceremonial.

I sat back on the pillow with my legs buckled up and that felt more logical. Then the gong sounded again in the background and one of the walls slid open and revealed a girl on her knees. Another girl, no more than eight years old, walked in carrying a black lacquer tray. On the tray was a large cup, one leaf-shaped bowl with a square, puddinglike substance and a fishtail on top of the pudding, a china jigger and two chopsticks.

First this girl stood straight before me. Then she sank to her knees and put the tray on the floor in front of my pillow. She bowed low and long, her forehead almost bouncing off the mat, and then finally she got up and left. She had never looked in my face.

Wham—in slid another girl, some years older, and she went through the same ceremony in front of Mr. Matsuno. This was the procedure then, and each time a different girl and each girl dressed in a different silk gown.

When we were all served Mr. Shiga spoke—through Mr. Matsuno—and gave me a running description of the stuff they had set before us. Mr. Shiga said that the cup contained a special soup made from herbs and that the square in the leaf-shaped bowl was a vegetable. There was a breadlike glob floating in the soup. I tried the soup, holding the cup with both hands, according to custom, and it was fine.

I had a tough time with the chopsticks, trying to pierce the vegetable square, but managed to shovel some of it in by holding it close to my mouth. It was like eating nothing. The fishtail on top of the square seemed to wag and I carefully worked around it. Mr. Shiga said the fish was caught that very morning. I was going to ask him what happened to the rest of the fish, but decided not to.

As soon as we finished, the procession of girls began again with another round of weird dishes. However, the formality collapsed like the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere when the eight-year-old came up from her bow and saw how I was sitting.

She started to giggle and couldn't help clicking her eyes at my face. She reminded me of the dolls the girls had when I was a boy. She bit her lower lip as she pushed the tray towards me but it didn't work. Tears filled her eyes and her whole frame quivered with sealed-in laughter. A few of the other girls started to giggle now and, from Mr. Shiga's mournful look, I figured the only way out for him would be to gulp down another cup of tea and then step into the next room and disembowel himself.

The unfortunate one gave up and bowed out. As she slid the wall open to make her hysterical exit, I saw a whole slew of kimonoed girls jump away from the opening as if they had been caught peeping in on their older sister in the parlor with an ensign.

Then a replacement came in and, aside from Mr. Shiga's downcast expression, nothing was said or done about the incident.

The tray being served now contained a plate of things that looked like fried shrimps, a tiny sweet potato, a cucumber-shaped fish, head as well as tail, *sake* and tea.

The *sake* was served in the tiny jigger left over from the last round. This time the girls squatted in front of us, studying our toes. My big right toe was, by this time, completely out of the sock. The girls kept refilling our jiggers from a thin china pitcher. The complete feeding procedure went on for about an hour. Everybody ate very slowly and didn't say a word. I ignored the fish, ate the sweet potato and was sipping the tea when Mr. Matsuno, pointing to the shrimp-shaped food, said:

"When Charlie Chaplin visited here in 1933 I introduced him to this vegetable, which should be fried fifteen minutes after it is dug up. Mr. Chaplin—I called him Charlie—liked it so much that we used to make it for him three times a day. Maybe now you will be flying refrigerator planes to the States and I can have some frozen and send it to him. How is Charlie?"

I was going to explain about Mr. Chaplin's romances but figured it would never work, so said Charlie was fine and dandy.

The gong rang again and Mr. Shiga stood up and pointed to the garden. A girl brought a pile of

Continued on page 132

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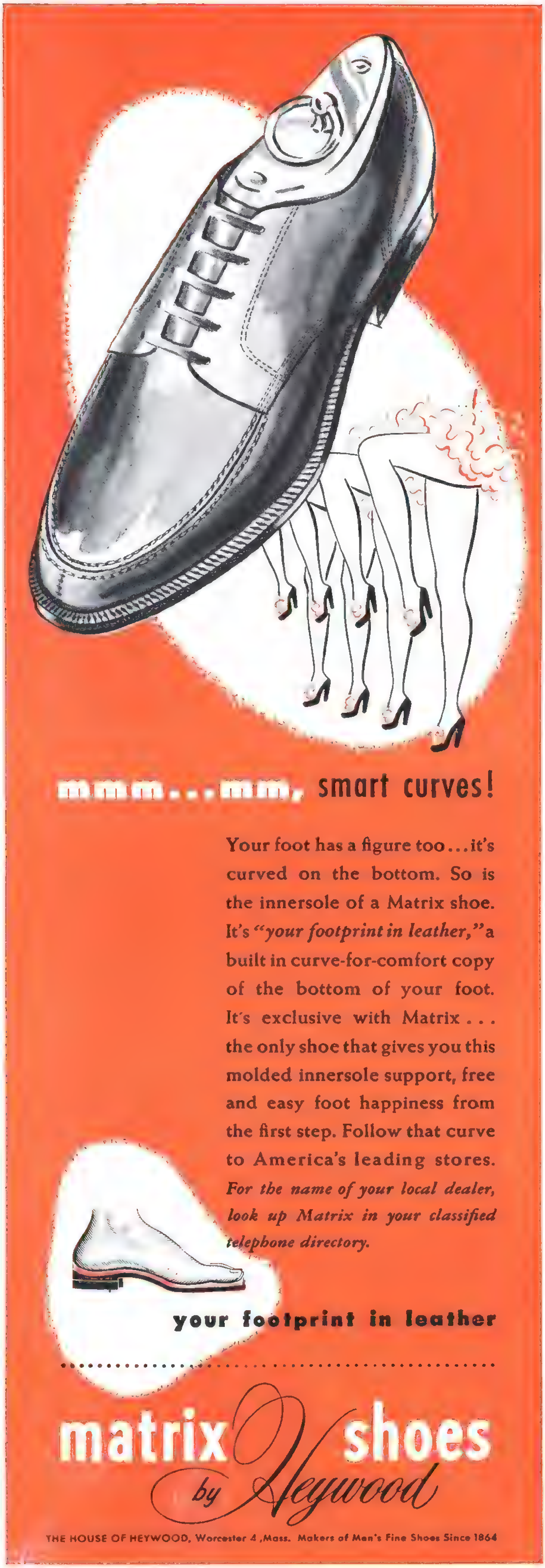

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Mr. Shiga's Tea

Continued from page 130

heavier slippers and we changed. Mr. Shiga led us around his garden. He said I should let the tree branches whisk my face "to drive any remaining irrelevant thoughts from the mind."

I did just this and a branch promptly whisked off my glasses. I lost both slippers grabbing for the glasses, which I caught inches above the moss-covered blocks of the garden path.

After circling the garden a few times we came to an ancient well and Mr. Shiga pulled up a bucket of water. He told me to step forward with my hands held straight out, palms up. It reminded me of a school child who was going to have his palms slapped for tossing a spitball. Mr. Shiga used a wooden dipper to pour water on my hands. He said I should let them dry themselves.

I had a most irrelevant thought at that moment. I thought of the last time I encountered a Japanese well. It was on Okinawa and I peered down the well and there was a very dead Japanese soldier. I will always worry about how he got there. Maybe it was some Marine's idea of a joke or a crazy bomb blast.

Mr. Shiga reminded me again that all these steps we had taken—the walk through the garden and the water dripping through the fingers (not washing!)—was according to the tradition established around 1545.

And now our irrelevant walk was over and we entered a third room through another sliding wall. We squatted again on a long line of red pillows. Three girls I had not seen before came in carrying a giant sizzling tea kettle, a tray of blue lacquer dishes, a small whisk broom and a scoop of tea leaves.

The previous ceremonies were as fast as a drugstore lunch compared to the movements that surrounded this serving of tea. One girl pounded the tea leaves in a plate with the broom. The second polished and repolished the cups with silk handkerchiefs. She used a different colored handkerchief for each of the seven cups, carefully unfolding and then refolding the handkerchief before and after each polishing. She kept them in the silk sash around her middle. I never saw any person concentrate so intensely on a job. The third girl poured boiling water into each cup after the mashed tea leaves had been distributed.

To drink this cup was the greatest sacrifice I had made since I gave my favorite brown tweed to UNRRA. It tasted like nothing but grass and boiling water with a bit of garlic for spice. As Mr. Shiga said that this cup was to be consumed rapidly, I suffered, I am sure, first-degree burns.

We were immediately served a second cup. Since there was no place to spill this tea, and Mr. Shiga, I am sure, had enough breaking with tradition already this day—Imperial Rescript of Surrender or no Imperial Rescript of Surrender—I drank it.

The gong was sounded and we were off again. Into a fourth room—set up just like the second and third we had been in—marched Mr. Shiga and his six guests. And, of course, another line of pillows, this time green, another wave of colorful gowns and another goddam cup of muddy tea. At least I was relieved of the necessity of watching them prepare this tea, as it came sailing in captained by one of the girls and already cooked. For the first time I realized we did not have sugar in the tea.

Mr. Shiga toyed with his cup in this fourth room for twenty minutes or so and by this time my big toe was popping out of my sock practically to the ankle. Suddenly Mr. Shiga stood up, bowed to me, and proclaimed that the tea ceremonial had ended. Hallelujah! He then made a short speech via Mr. Matsuno, which could have been recorded by the *March of Time.* He said:

"Shortages of tea imposed by wartime conditions have reduced our ancient ceremony to a mere skeleton of its former self.

"My students are years away from perfection in the art of preparing and serving our tea. My humble, miserable household stands apologetic before your gracious visit. I can only implore you to visit with me again at a time when peace and relaxing is more prevalent and our two ways of life disregard for all times their differences."

I guess I should have gone into a formal speech extending the compliments of the Supreme Commander for the Allied Forces and a Free American Press, but I was just dying to run screaming from Mr. Shiga's house, so I said: "Thanks a hell of a lot, Mr. Shiga," and groped towards the exit.

I slid off the strait-jacket slippers and was convinced that amputation of my big toe was necessary. Mr. Shiga lined up his entire platoon of girls, including the eight-year-old, who was quite sober again, and they bowed like the cast of a musical comedy after the grand finale.

The lackeys in the garden opened the door of my car and we were about to drive off when Mr. Shiga came running out, waving and jabbering and looking hurt. I had forgotten *The Manual of the Ancient Tea Ceremonial*, or whatever it is called.

We drove through the now darkened, shattered streets and when we reached press headquarters, Mr. Matsuno said: "Won't you stop in at my house for a cup of tea before dinner?"

I'm afraid I said, "No" too definitely, bolted into the hotel and down to the bar and elbowed two colonels aside to order a double rye, neat.

That night I fell asleep with my shoes on. ⧺

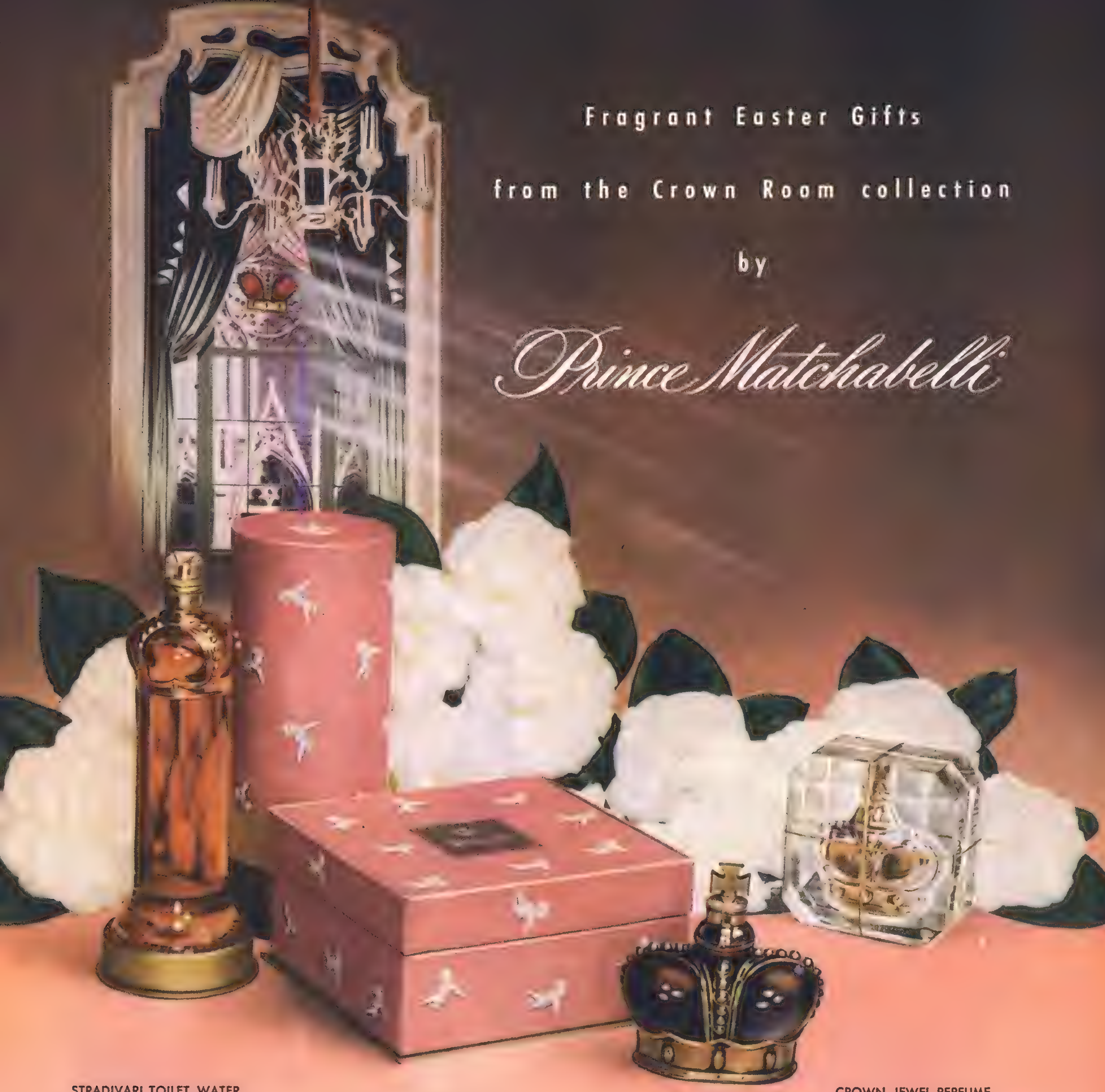
Continued from page 80

Fragrant Easter Gifts

from the Crown Room collection

by

Prince Matchabelli



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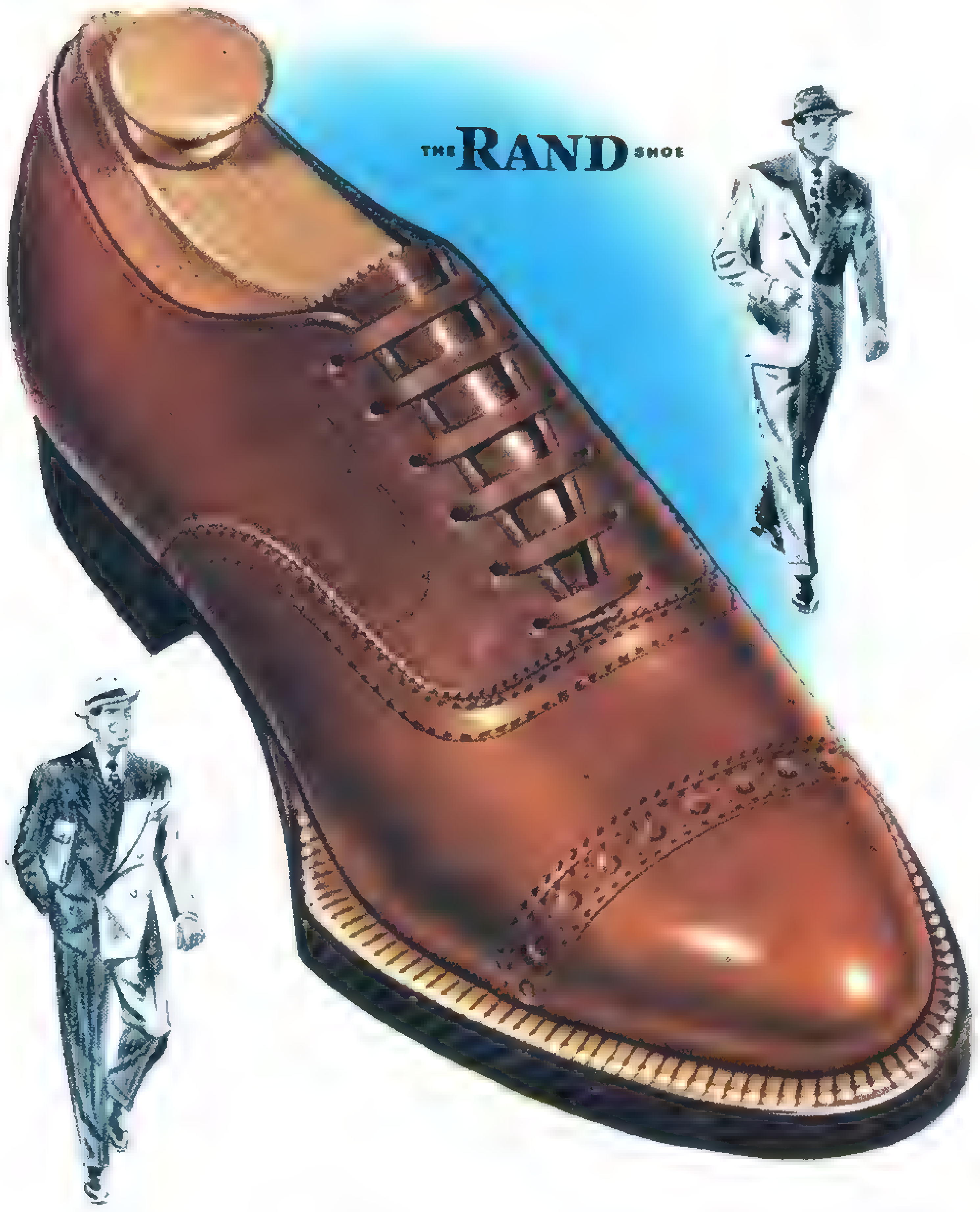

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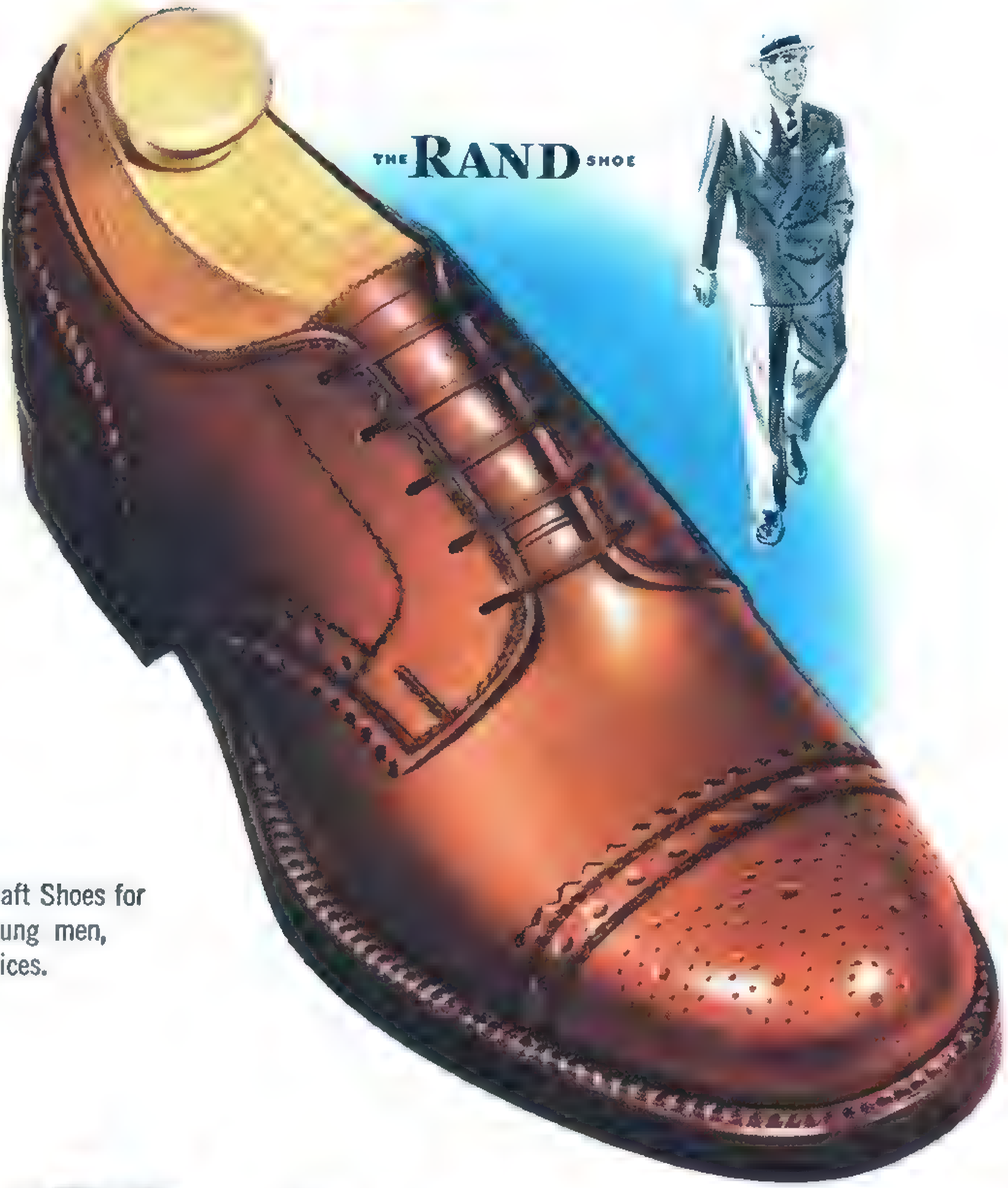

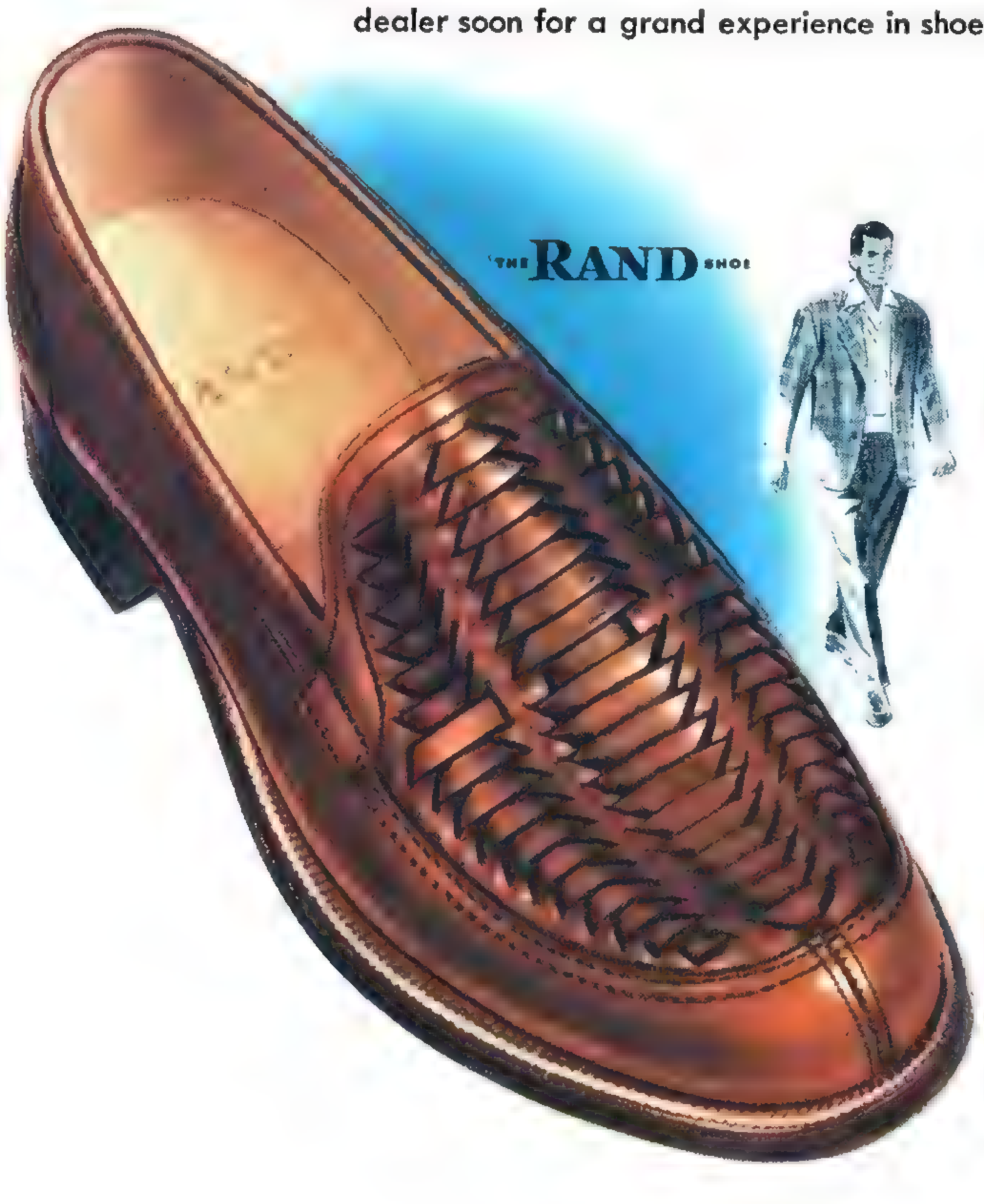

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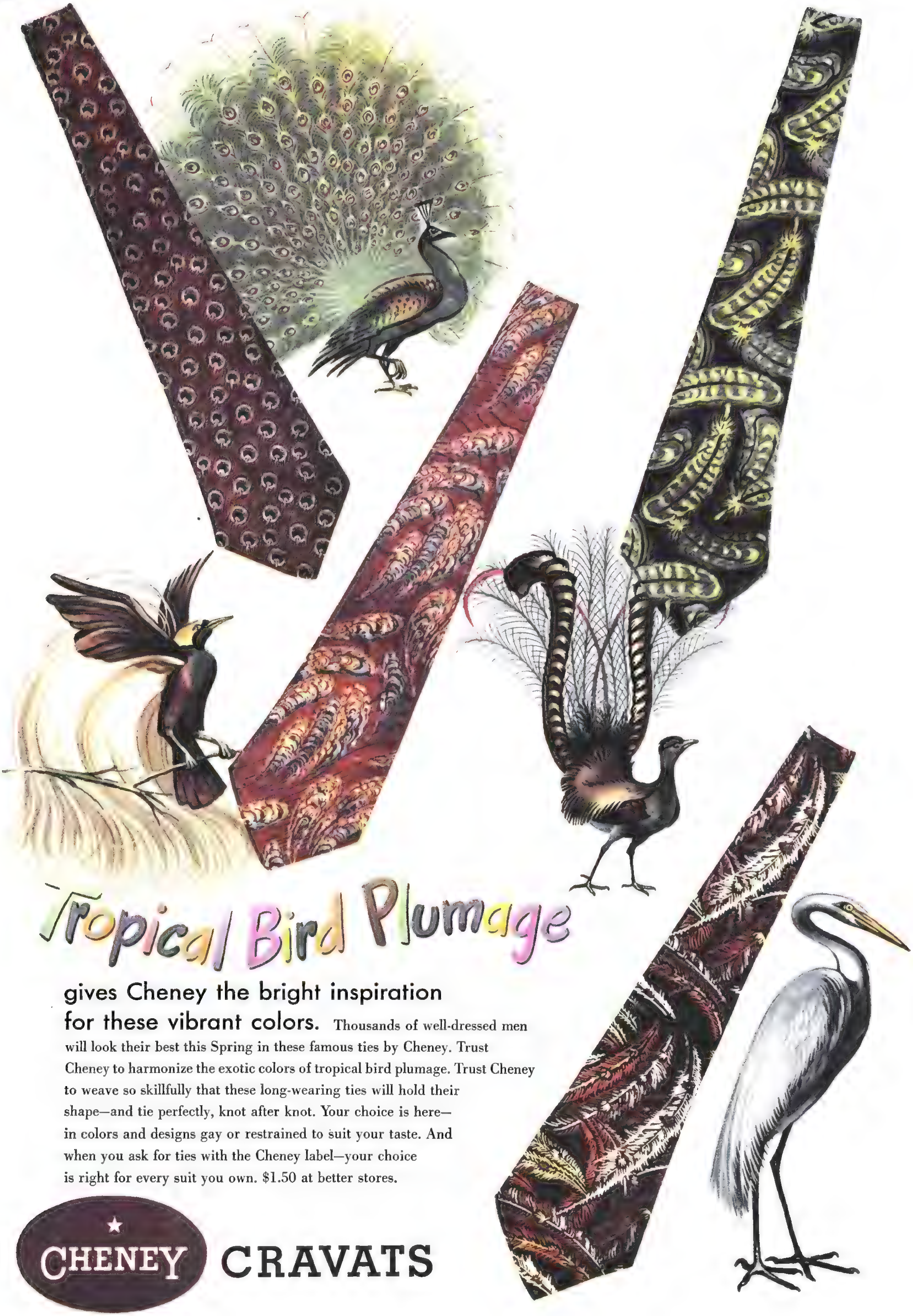

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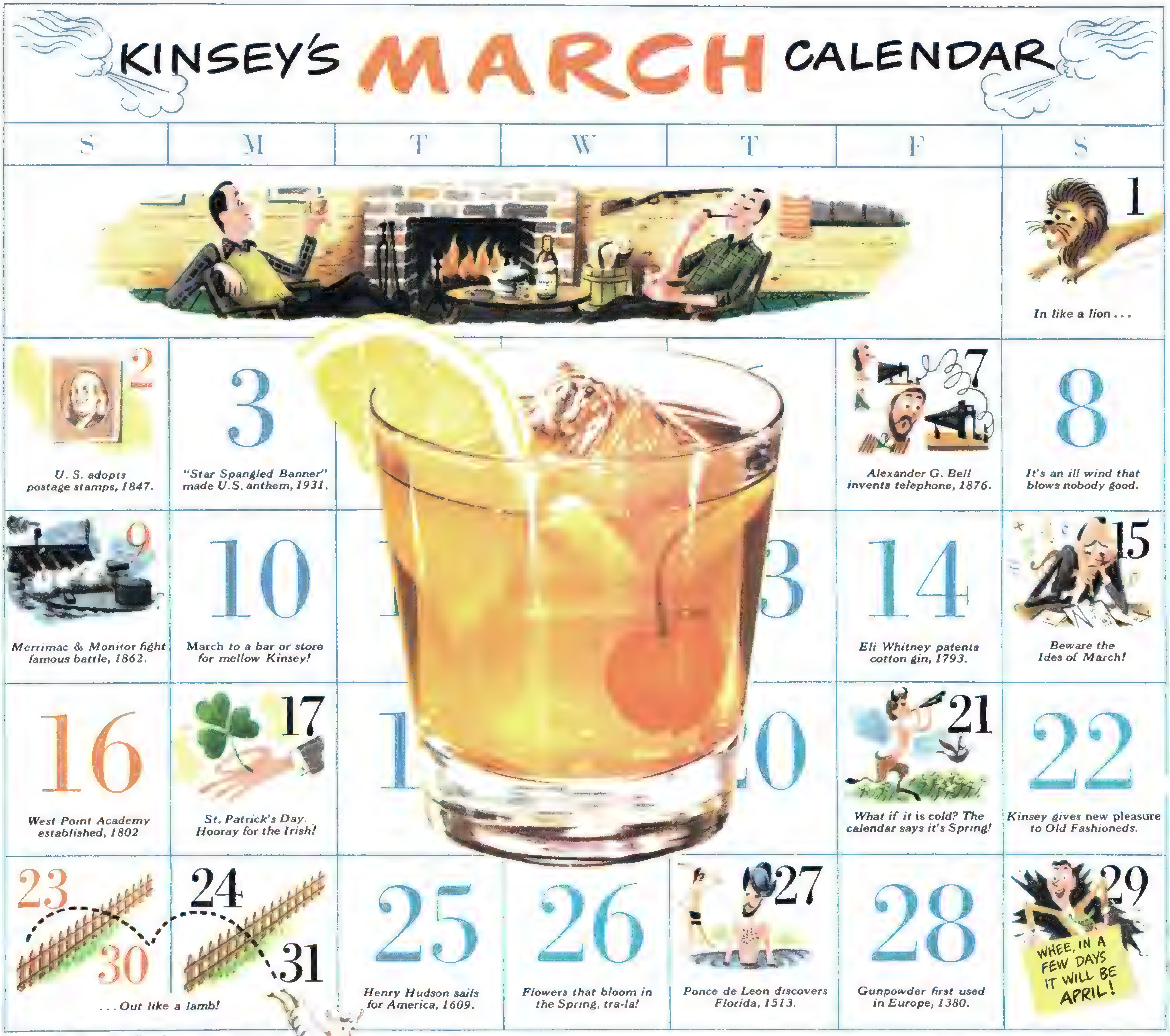
gives Cheney the bright inspiration for these vibrant colors. Thousands of well-dressed men will look their best this Spring in these famous ties by Cheney. Trust Cheney to harmonize the exotic colors of tropical bird plumage. Trust Cheney to weave so skillfully that these long-wearing ties will hold their shape—and tie perfectly, knot after knot. Your choice is here—in colors and designs gay or restrained to suit your taste. And when you ask for ties with the Cheney label—your choice is right for every suit you own. $1.50 at better stores.

CHENEY CRAVATS

KINSEY'S MARCH CALENDAR



1 In like a lion . . .

2 U. S. adopts postage stamps, 1847.

3 "Star Spangled Banner" made U.S. anthem, 1931.

7 Alexander G. Bell invents telephone, 1876.

8 It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

9 Merrimac & Monitor fight famous battle, 1862.

10 March to a bar or store for mellow Kinsey!

14 Eli Whitney patents cotton gin, 1793.

15 Beware the Ides of March!

16 West Point Academy established, 1802

17 St. Patrick's Day. Hooray for the Irish!

21 What if it is cold? The calendar says it's Spring!

22 Kinsey gives new pleasure to Old Fashioneds.

23 30 24 31 . . . Out like a lamb!

25 Henry Hudson sails for America, 1609.

26 Flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!

27 Ponce de Leon discovers Florida, 1513.

28 Gunpowder first used in Europe, 1380.

29 WHEE, IN A FEW DAYS IT WILL BE APRIL!

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In March, when winds become impassioned, Try Kinsey's wonderful Old Fashioned!

This March, you'll come in like a *social* lion if you serve your guests delightful Old Fashioneds made with superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

½ lump sugar . . . 2 dashes bitters . . . add enough water to cover sugar and muddle well . . . 2 oz. of mild, mellow Kinsey. Stir well. Add ice cube, lemon rind, slice of orange, lemon and a cherry.

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Concerning the Brush

Continued from page 76

kit. First thing he does after openin' the lid is reach in there and pick up the rabbit's foot. He holds it in one hand and starts strokin' it real easy with the other, in the direction the fur goes.

After about six strokes his mouth relaxes into a sort of smile and his eyes become almost soft and dreamy. He's kinda croonin' to himself as he sits there strokin' this rabbit's foot. Then he starts strokin' the foot in the opposite direction, against the fur. And quick, just like that, his face screws up in a painful expression and he starts whimperin' over and over to himself.

"Ain't that square! Ain't that square! Oh, man, ain't that square!"

He's doin' this stuff, goin' about it just like no one was in a hundred miles of the place.

Next he picks up a piece of velvet and goes through the same procedure with it. First strokin' it with the weave, then against the weave; first goin' wild with joy, then almost passin' out from pain.

And he goes on to the next one, on through his entire collection.

Finally he comes to the last feeler, the rattail file. He starts strokin' it with the tooth and his face lights up with ecstasy and he turns and says unexpectedly to Harry the drummer, "Ain't that fine? Feel that. Ain't that fine!"

Before Harry can get his tonsils to workin', a studious expression comes over the cat and he starts strokin' the file the other way. He hunches up his shoulders, screws up his face and exclaims outa the corner of his mouth, "Oh, ain't that square! Just feel that. Ain't that square!"

About this time I'm edgin' toward the door. All of a sudden I've developed a terrific dislike for closed-up places. And I'm not the only one. A false move at that moment and a small riot might have come about right there in the band room of The Deuces; eight men scufflin' to get through a one-man door.

But nothin' touches off the fuse. And we see that this character has closed the lid to his kit and locked the padlock and has picked up his trombone again and has even taken off his overcoat.

I glance at my watch and see it's time to go on again. You're probably wonderin' if this cat is really serious, if he really gets his kicks from feelin' these things.

Let me positively assure you that he does. And he's always goin' round feelin' new stuff, always lookin' for new objects to add to his collection.

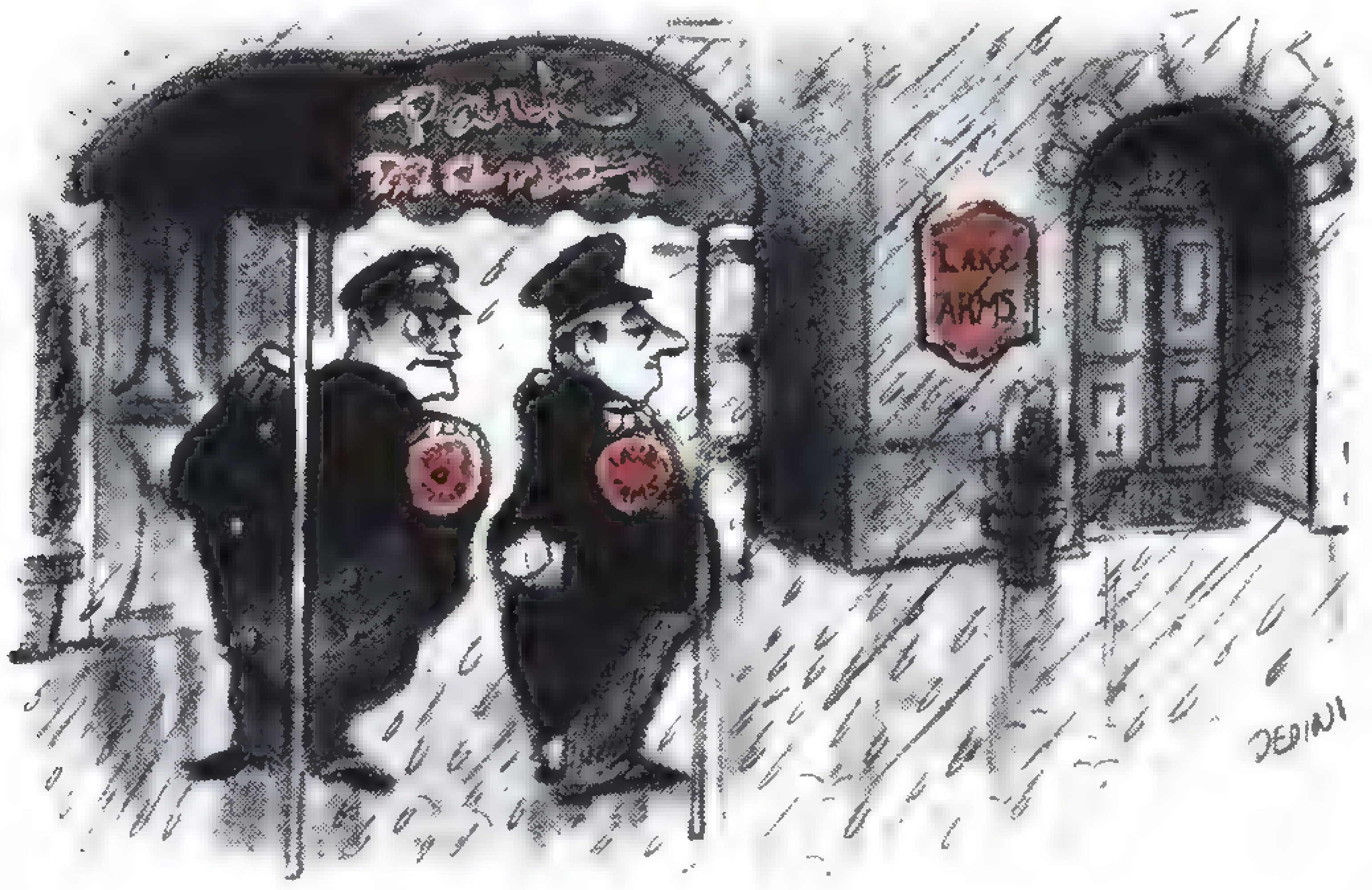
Now I don't know if this is true or not, but I later heard he has a safe-deposit box down at the Chase National Bank and keeps a giant pine cone in it. Keeps it in a safe-deposit box because the insurance companies won't insure it for him and because it's a rare specimen and has a superfine feel. He takes it out when he needs a drastic lift.

Well, anyhow, we hit the stand and The Brush knocks everybody out from his first chorus on. From the very beginnin' he starts layin' down a lotta screwy, weird chord changes and frantic phrasin' the like of which nobody's ever heard.

So it is a big night for all us cats havin' such a frantic character as The Brush fall in on us unexpectedly. And it's a big night for the whole Street, too. In no time at all the word gets around, and before the night's over almost everybody in town has fallen in to dig him. He's even signed his name to a bunch of contracts, for recordings and stuff. You'll be hearing him soon.

Well, that's about the whole story. There's only one other thing. I wanta take this opportunity to tell you about the idea I'm workin' on at the present. It's about how different colors feel different when you touch 'em. It's kinda hard to explain cause I don't know how to use words like The Brush does. But get yourself a piece of material that has different colors on it, close your eyes and feel it real carefully. See if you can't feel the different colors.

Ain't that fine? ⌗



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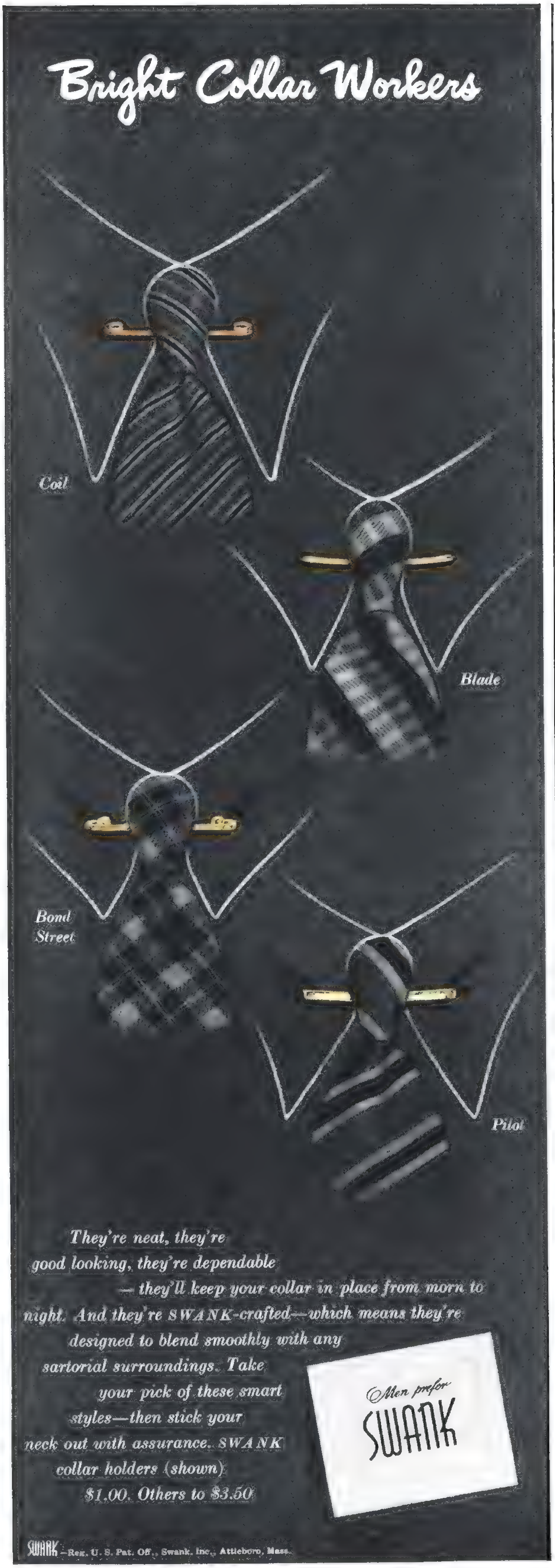


They're neat, they're good looking, they're dependable — they'll keep your collar in place from morn to night. And they're SWANK-crafted—which means they're designed to blend smoothly with any sartorial surroundings. Take your pick of these smart styles—then stick your neck out with assurance. SWANK collar holders (shown) $1.00. Others to $3.50

SWANK—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

And Points West

Continued from page 89

what she might have expected, as you'll hear in the brutal crudities of the club car while you ply the complainant with cocktails and wait for the conductor to straighten the situation.

Eventually, however, a very nice bedroom is found with pretty blue walls and a disappearing dooley and night lights and everything. "But it faces backwards . . . and you *know* how queer I get, riding like that—just whirly, kind of . . . Get off in New York looking the wrath of . . ."

You are now, it appears, a designer of Pullman cars.

So you return to the club car, but not until (a) everything short of window boxes and cooking utensils has been unpacked and distributed about, and (b) the silk has been exchanged for the wool, nail polish and all, on account of the air conditioning. She's *blue* with cold, so you read the instructions which begin by telling you the room is all taken care of in the air department but that, if you want to be a sourpuss about it, you can warm it up or cool it off with your own fair fingers; and you turn this and poke that and get out what looks like a harpoon and play around with a kind of sewer in the ceiling.

Whereupon it becomes too hot.

The club car is just ducky; all that chromium and indirect lighting and the banquettes and a barman who has nothing to do but throw together pink cocktails all the livelong afternoon. Furthermore, there is a lovely selection of magazines, the very ones, in fact, purchased in the station.

The trek to the diner is more than exciting, probably because you lack a certain finesse as a tracklayer. There is much flinging from side to side, with which, naturally, three-inch heels have nothing to do, and, if you precede her, the doors keep clunking her in the puss; on the other hand, if you trail, everything appears to be nailed shut so you sort of reach around and over and behind her in order to maintain reasonable mileage. There is, of course, a *third* method, but it's not done in extra-fare circles.

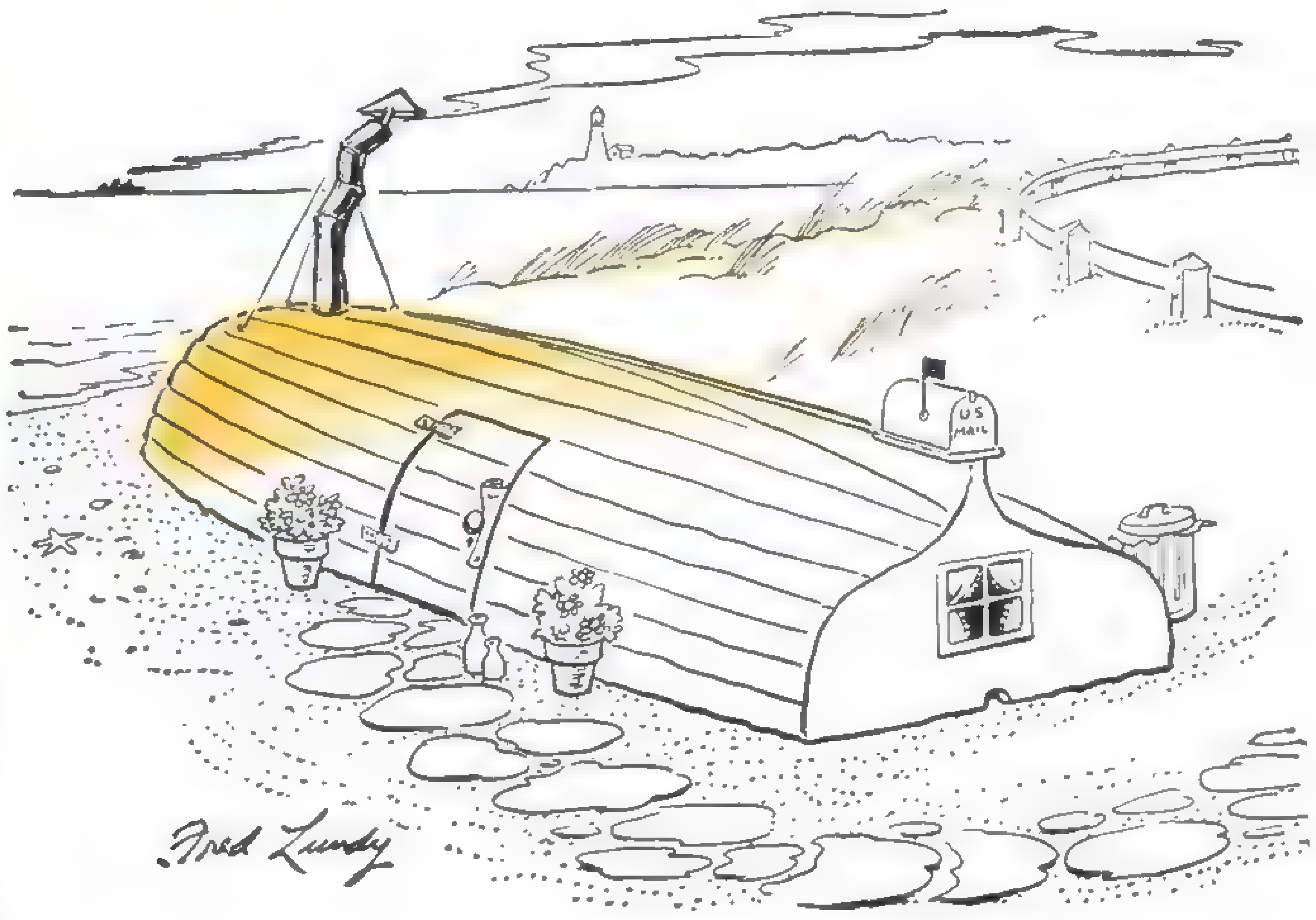
Nonetheless, these perils past, you finally get to stand in line in the diner for forty minutes and when the menu arrives it appears to contain everything. It appears to, but it doesn't; there is absolutely *no* salad dressing a goat would touch—just French and mayonnaise and Roquefort and Thousand Island. True, not more than two of these has appeared on the domestic menu this past decade, but you must now send out for oil, lemon, tarragon and a bowl; or famine, unimpressed by sea-food cocktail, steak and vegetables, will definitely ensue.

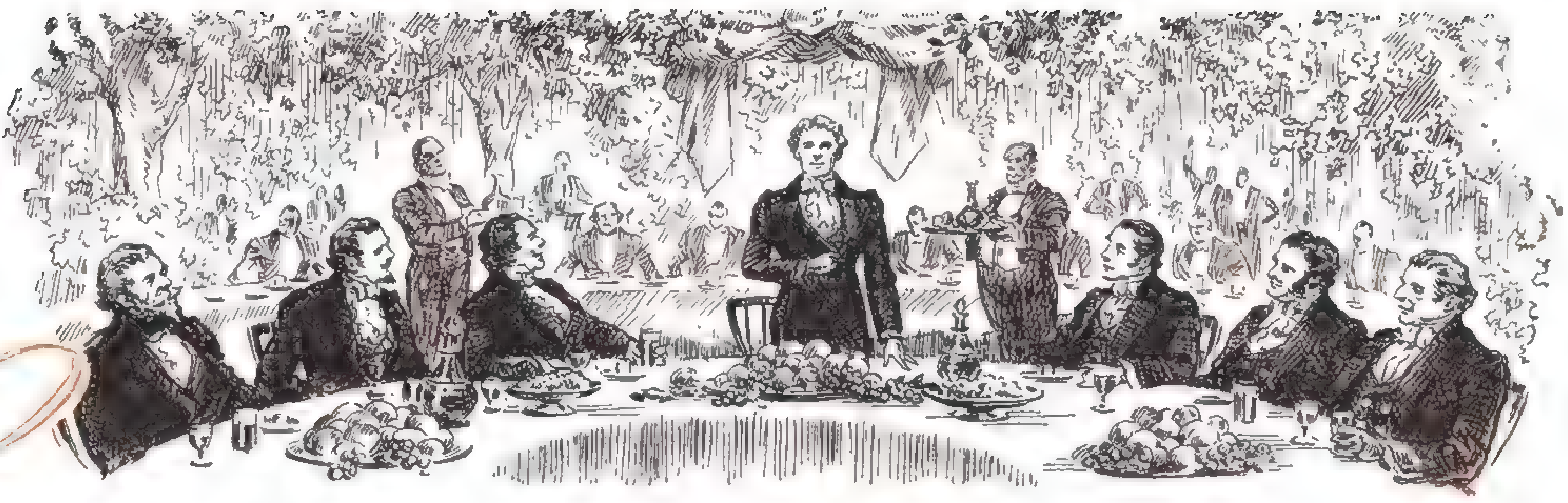
Still and all, there'll probably be sufficient strength remaining to permit you a couple in the club car before mushing toward that backward bedroom and you'll be glad that you had them when the succeeding turmoil develops.

In the first place, while the shades are drawn and the train is stock-still in Toledo, the lady of the bedroom is nevertheless perfectly aware that it is facing backwards and it gives her that whirly feeling just to think about it, which is not surprising inasmuch as the bag with the cold cream is at one end of the berth, while the black job with the nightie is at the other, and you are smack in the middle with much to-and-froing going on. After she's in the lower, though, you'll have a little more room till the upper enfolds you for a good night's rest: that's where the hatbox is that wouldn't fit on the rack or anywhere.

Mornings are easier, except that you take too much time shaving and probably never will again since, all signs and notices to the contrary, madame has clanked shut the basin to retrieve a vital item and has thus dumped your brush and your razor somewhere along the right-of-way; and the mere thought of breakfast sickens her; also, what do they *mean*, bringing the train in on time when she's got all that packing to do?

Well, with dogs, you just take 'em off at each station. ⌗





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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

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Leonidas and the Lion

Continued from page 107

laugh. Before he had quite known what he was doing that day, Leonidas had screamed at Big Sport, "If you call me that again, I'll kill you," and Big Sport had put his hands on his hips and laughed down at Leonidas and said, "You is a Leo, Leo, the Mouse." Leonidas had swung his small fist and smashed it hard into Big Sport's hard stomach muscles, making Big Sport's eyes go back in his head so far there was nothing but white. Then Big Sport had howled and cursed and crashed his fist against Leonidas' right ear, then his left ear, and a million times into his face. Big Sport had knocked him down on the sidewalk and kicked him and then sat on his stomach and kept hitting Leonidas again and again, first on one side of the face and then on the other, until everything started to go black and Leonidas had thought he was going to die.

When his eyes, straining from the concentration, began to well up, Leonidas did not lose control of the lion. "Lay down," he said quietly. The tawny beast dropped over on its side, but still watched as Leonidas rubbed his eyes with the back of his shaking hands. If he could only command Big Sport like that, he thought. Or Alexandra. Bitterness clawed through his chest at the thought of her. "Alexandra is a tiger," he said to the lion, "she is—"

Roaring laughter cut off Leonidas brusquely. As the lion leaped up, Leonidas looked around and saw the two keepers, who seemed even more pleased that his chagrin was so great. "Well, Daniel," said one who had a round, red face, "you tamed old Jim Dandy yet?" The other one laughed and shook his head. "No, you mean Androcles. You mean Androcles and the lion." Leonidas began to retreat, even before the red-faced keeper snarled, "G'wan, hardhead, get away from that cage before that lion rips your arm off."

Scorn rang in his ears, but Leonidas did not care now. He had discovered he was strangely endowed and, too, he was so accustomed to scorn that it fell lightly on him. They couldn't have seen it all, or they'd have been afraid of him. Leonidas knew, and as he fetched up at one of the bear cages, he dismissed them as not only unworthy to scoff, but too low to be ridiculed themselves.

Leonidas proposed to try his strange power on the bears, but they were engaged in settling their own prowess. A bulky cinnamon-colored bear had cornered his mate near the entry to their stone den. He batted his smaller, black companion up against the stone wall. The small bear spat and yowled, sitting on her haunches and trying to fend off the slow, ponderous blows that smashed her on each side, just below her extended forepaws. But she couldn't, and the big bear hammered her until he grew weary of it and lumbered sullenly, his long white claws snapping snickety-snack on the concrete deck, to the other side of the pen.

The man with the umbrella who had called the lion "Red," came around the cage, holding his spectacles in his fingers. "Just like a couple of married folks," he remarked. Leonidas said, "Ya, uh," but only smiled a little bit, because he was thinking of the lion and of Alexandra. The old man put his glasses on and peered at Leonidas. "Funniest thing I ever saw," he said. Leonidas stared, saying nothing. The old man cleared his throat as though he would say something more, but instead he turned from Leonidas and hurried toward the elephant house. "He knows now," said Leonidas to himself. "He is afraid to look at me."

Leonidas looked at the black bear, still cowing against the wall. "I should beat Alexandra like you got beat," Leonidas mused. "I should whip her, and I should whip Big Sport. I should break off her fingernails that she scratches with and smash her hard white teeth out. I should shoot Big Sport down in the street."

He rubbed his hand across his cheek and forehead, feeling the sore ridges and valleys her nails had left on him. Then he cupped his palms over his ears as though to drown out the memory of her shrill, awful laugh that made him sick-hot inside, or her voice ragging him, "Leo, Leo, the Mouse, you run along home to your mammy, I don't want no truck with little you."

If he had only had his power then, he bristled, he would have fixed her. But he hadn't had and when he had tried to put his hand on her and stroke her arm and shoulder and beg her to stop, hoping that she would go soft and sweet like she did sometimes, she had dug into it with her nails and flung it back, and then she had cut up his face with her nails. "I'm Big Sport's woman now," she had sneered, and from that moment Leonidas had hated her more than Big Sport, or more than anyone or anything he had ever hated.

Leonidas attempted his newfound sorcery on the bears, but

Continued on page 142

frenzy
FRENZY
jet
JET
Toujours Moi
TOUJOURS MOI
TZIGANE
TZIGANE
POSSESSION
POSSESSION
PARFUMS OF LASTING FRAGRANCE
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collar Is it low enough in back to expose 1/2 inch of shirt collar?

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IT'S Wilson TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Leonidas and the Lion

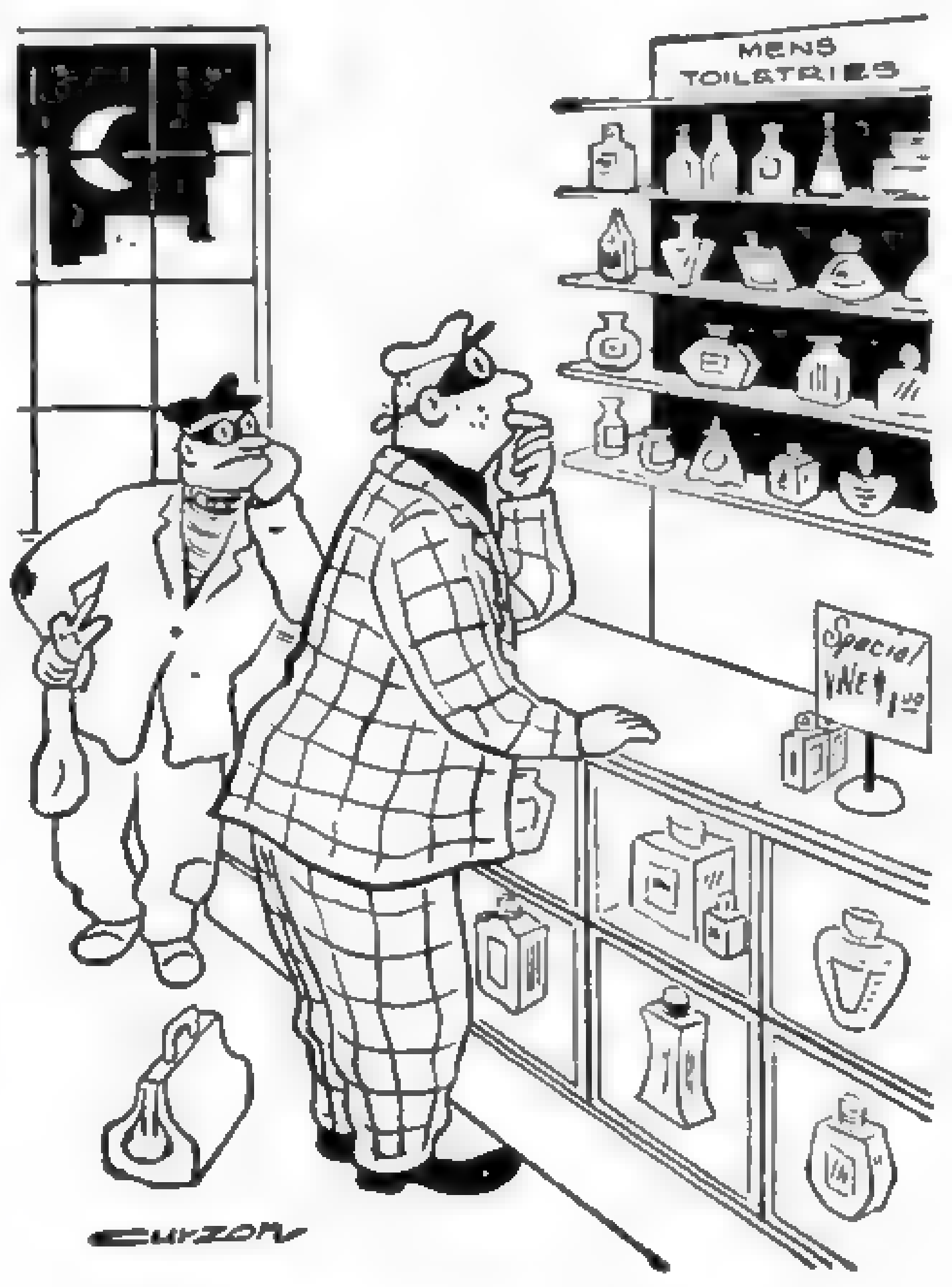
Continued from page 140

neither minded him. He went on to a polar bear's pool, but it was plunging to salvage stale bread the children tossed on the water. He tried it on a rhino, on the elephants, the giraffes, but none fell prey to the rays he shot from his eyes. Then Leonidas looked all around. No keepers were about. He went back to the lion's cage.

The huge lion hulked out of the den and into the sunlight, leaping swiftly to Leonidas and looking up at him as dog to his master. Leonidas leaned on the iron rail four feet from the bars. "I loved a tiger once," he chanted. "A tiger beautiful and hard. Sharp claws to cut your flesh. A tiger with a heart like a black steel knife that cut and cut. Sometimes she would curl up in my arms, sweet, sweet, and lie quiet, and I would sing, lying beside her. Angel voices would sing back to me."

The enormous beast yielded with tranquil magnificence, and Leonidas knew then his power was reserved only for this king of all beasts. The lion remained motionless. "Now I love a lion," Leonidas said, almost singing, "because I am a lion, too. My heart is a lion's heart. I am one with you and you are one with me; great, great, from the depths of darkness, from hell, from heaven, from God and the Devil."

A transcending desire captivated him. He wanted to pet the lion, and the longing, seizing him like a fit, sent new, frenzied chills through him. Leonidas peered up and down the concourse. The only persons in sight were the children. He stooped under the iron rail and stepped forward until he could reach the lion.



"I just can't decide what scent dad's like"

He shoved his hand in and touched the crinkly hair of the lion's mane, pinching it between his thumb and fingers. The lion pulled its head aside and upward. It licked Leonidas' hand, its tongue rough like hard, wet sandpaper. Now more sure than ever, Leonidas placed his other hand in also and rubbed the lion's ferocious jaws.

No one came to bother them. Leonidas bent over and held his cheek close up against the iron bars. The lion snuffed its cold nose against his skin, and Leonidas could feel the frigid sensatory stream rolling down the middle of his back. "I will come and get you and make you free," Leonidas chanted. "I will come and you will come with me, and I will show you the tiger."

A premonition swept him. Leonidas scrambled back under the rail just as a keeper appeared from behind the monkey cages. "You still here?" the keeper yelled. It was the red-faced one. "I told you to beat it." He started toward Leonidas, but it was too late, for Leonidas, who had made up his mind what to do and how to do it, ran speedily away.

At 11 o'clock, Leonidas drove a stolen truck up Shoreham Avenue, around the lake and into the park, leaving the highway that runs through it and heading for the less-used road near the zoo. He pulled the vehicle to the roadside, waiting to see if the guards had seen him. Then he got out and went up through a grove of tall trees and thickets and came down exactly behind the lion's den. He heard the elephant trumpeting and the monkeys shrieking but he went on, until, arriving at the heavy door at the rear of the cage, he kneeled and huddled against it in the darkness. He crooned as he tried key after key, wires and hairpins, screw driver and pliers, on the immense lock. Once it almost sprung open, but he had to twist and stab for a full hour before it gave way. Then after the wooden door he had to open a grated door.

Leonidas clenched his fists until the muscles of his wrists and arms ached as he tried to stop shaking. He sucked in a deep breath and opened the grate.

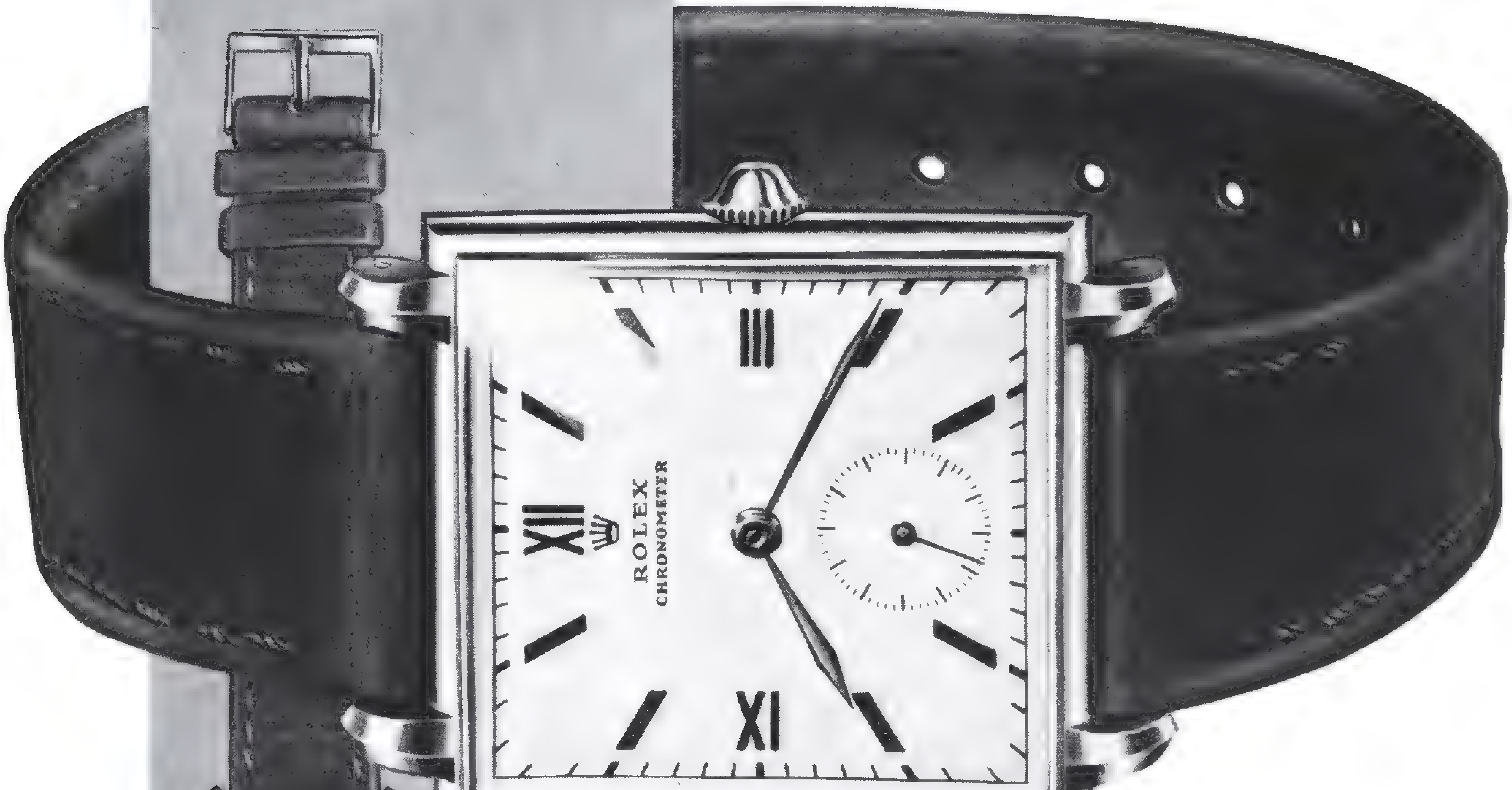
Leonidas stood back, waiting for the lion to bound out, but it did not. He had to peer into the den and call softly to it. Then the beast, its yellow eyes burning, loomed up at the door and stepped measuredly outside, rubbing up against Leonidas and almost knocking him over. But Leonidas was master. The lion followed him in his hushed retreat to the truck and leaped up into the paneled rear, its claws tearing into an old blanket lying on the flooring.

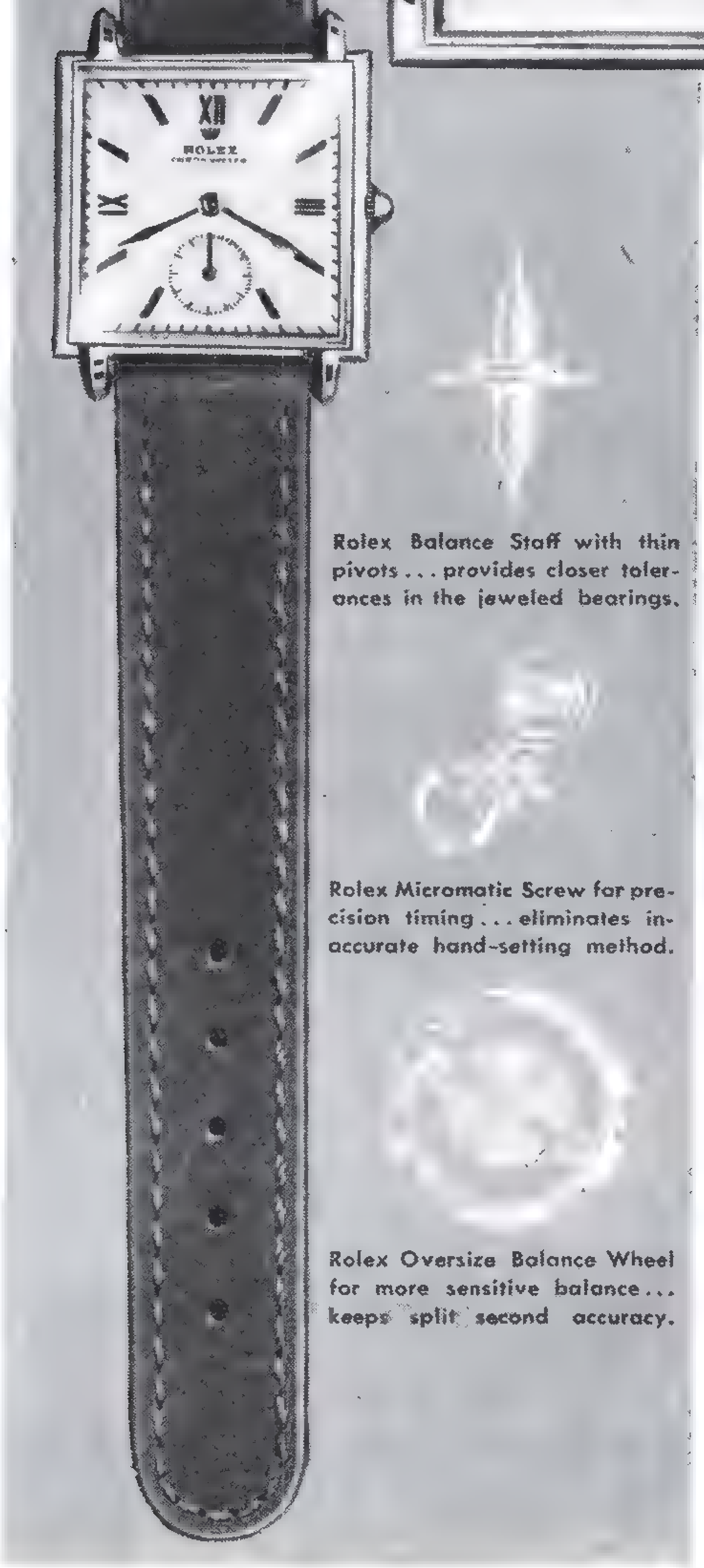
Leonidas closed the door gently, then hurried up front to the seat, starting the truck and heading for East Lemon Street. He thought of the screams and panic he could arouse if he stopped at Dink's Bar and took the lion in. He smiled at that glorious picture of himself and crooned to the lion, which lay calmly on its side in the back. Nothing like that for Leonidas! That would be misusing his power, only showing off! Leonidas was out to square no small accounts.

When he drew up in front of the darkened apartment building, Leonidas talked to the lion. "Stay

Continued on page 144

Eternally Modern





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AT THE BETTER* SHOPS

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Leonidas and the Lion

Continued from page 142

where you are. I will come and get you."

Leonidas slipped into the house. He was almost laughing when he came back. He wanted to laugh out wild and loud, but he promised himself that joy for later. A trolley car on the late run had just gone by and it stood on the corner, waiting for the traffic light. There was no one about. Leonidas waited until the car went on and then he let the lion out. It heeled him, leaping up the steps and into the black hallways.

"Listen," said Leonidas, "listen to the tiger." The lion shoved against him again, as if it had understood. "You listen," he said again. "You hear her screech. Now everything is fine. She screeches at that Big Sport. We got the tiger and we got the snake. She says she loves Big Sport. Hear her fight with him!"

Leonidas' luck was beyond his hopes. He had contrived for Alexandra only, but here they were together. He knocked on the door, then slipped back away from it. The shouting inside stopped. A shaft of light appeared and Leonidas heard Big Sport yell as the lion charged in. Leonidas pulled the door shut. The screaming and yelling did not last long. Soon there was no noise at all. No one came from the other apartments. They had been hearing the fighting and now they had thought this was only a part of it. Good, thought Leonidas.

Soon he heard a heavy scratching inside the door. He opened it. The lion lapped at his hand as Leonidas stepped hastily across the threshold and closed the door after him. Alexandra's green slip with white lace was slashed and torn, as though great fingernails had ripped through it. She did not look like Alexandra any more. A razor, dripping, lay beside the crumpled form of Big Sport. His yellow shirt was soaked with red. Leonidas tapped Big Sport's shoulder with his toe. "I could kick you now, Big Sport," he said, "but I won't."

The lion lay watching. Leonidas, reeling from the devastation he saw and the overpowering smells in the room, strode over and stroked its mane, and only then did he see the large red tear across its lower ribs and very deep in its belly. The beast growled. Leonidas swung around and kicked the inert Big Sport viciously, until both his feet ached and tears came into his eyes. He didn't want to laugh now. He was weak. He wanted to save the lion, but nothing he could think of suited except that at the zoo, in its cage again, the wounded animal would be found by dawn and perhaps kept alive.

Leonidas opened the door, glanced into the hallway, and then went to the street. Finding all clear, he opened the truck door again and went back for the lion. This time he had to get under the lion and push it into the truck. His back strained and blood fell warm on his hands and across his coat and pants. Leonidas sped across town, through the park and to the place he had parked before, and led the sluggish lion back to its cage.

Leonidas pressed himself close to the lion, which lay still in the darkness of the den. "I got to go now," he said. "I got to leave this town awhile, but someday I'll come back and I'll come to you here." The enormous beast lay breathing agonizedly. Leonidas' fingers pulled back instinctively when they touched the sticky pool under the lion's belly. The smell was strong and sweet. Leonidas felt sick. Before he closed the grate and the heavy wooden door, he was crying again.

Leonidas drove the truck to Lindley Avenue, leaving it and running down an alley when a policeman, patrolling the store area, approached him at a stop light. He headed for the Pennsy's main line, remembering what he'd heard said once in Dink's Bar, that when you're in trouble, go north. Not that you get a lot better treatment up there when caught, but it's a little better.

Leonidas knew exactly where the Pennsy freights began picking up speed en route to Harrisburg. As he plunged down a gravel incline to a slow-moving line of freight cars, trying not to be seen from the signal tower, two small amber lights gleamed almost from the ground. His heart thudded. Then he saw it was only a kitten. It scurried away.

Leonidas was tired from running. He ran alongside the thumping cars and almost caught hold once but he had to shove himself away. Bruised, he tried again right away, but this time he was knocked spinning back across another track. He lay stunned. When he came to, he saw the kitten's eyes shining in the blackness. It was too far for him to reach. Everything was too far. Leonidas couldn't rise.

Sweat from his constant running streamed out again on his forehead. He tried to push himself up with his hands but there was no strength in them. His fingers touched the cold steel of a rail and faintness made his head whirl. The ground reverberated and shook him. He knew a train was coming and he could not get up. He watched the kitten, which seemed to be waiting. Then the whole truth struck. The lion was dead; Leonidas' power was done, and Leonidas of the lions was to join him.

Leonidas did not take his eyes from the kitten's eyes, and the kitten did not move, even when the vast yellow lights of the locomotive came on and on, nor when its whistle screamed, nor when it clanged and shuddered to where Leonidas lay, and then thundered past, on north to Harrisburg. ⌗

Continued from page 107

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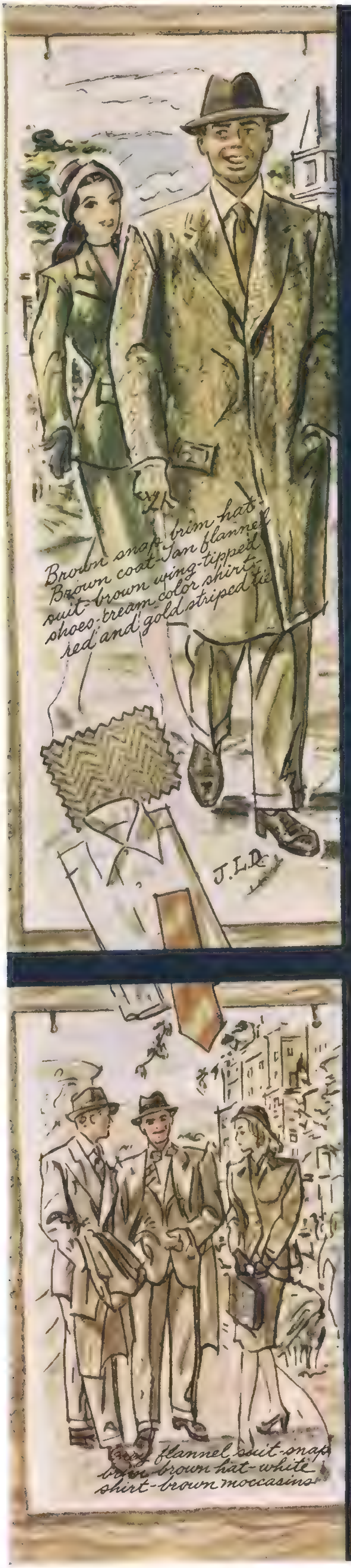
Brown snap brim hat-
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suit-brown wing-tipped
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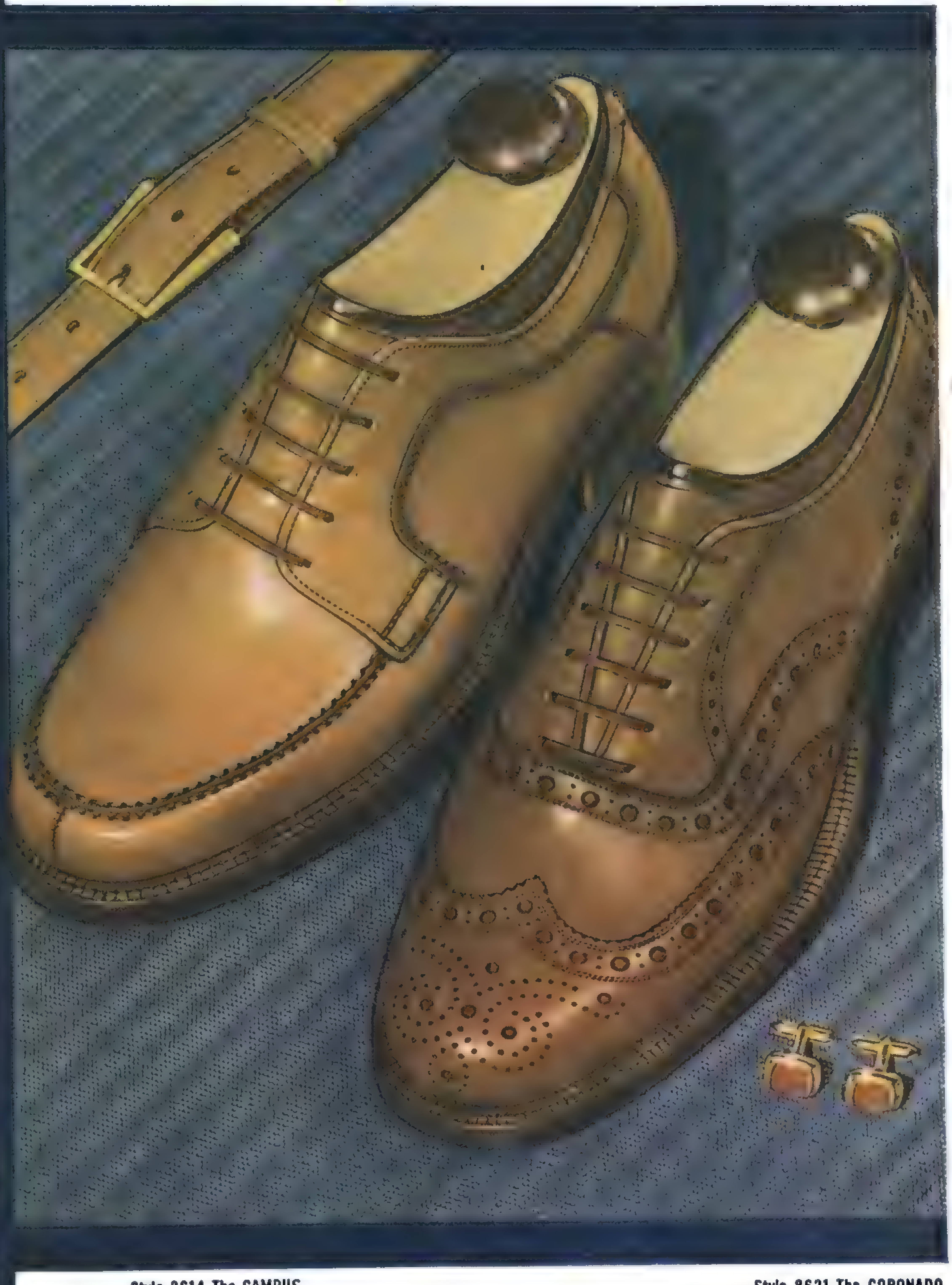

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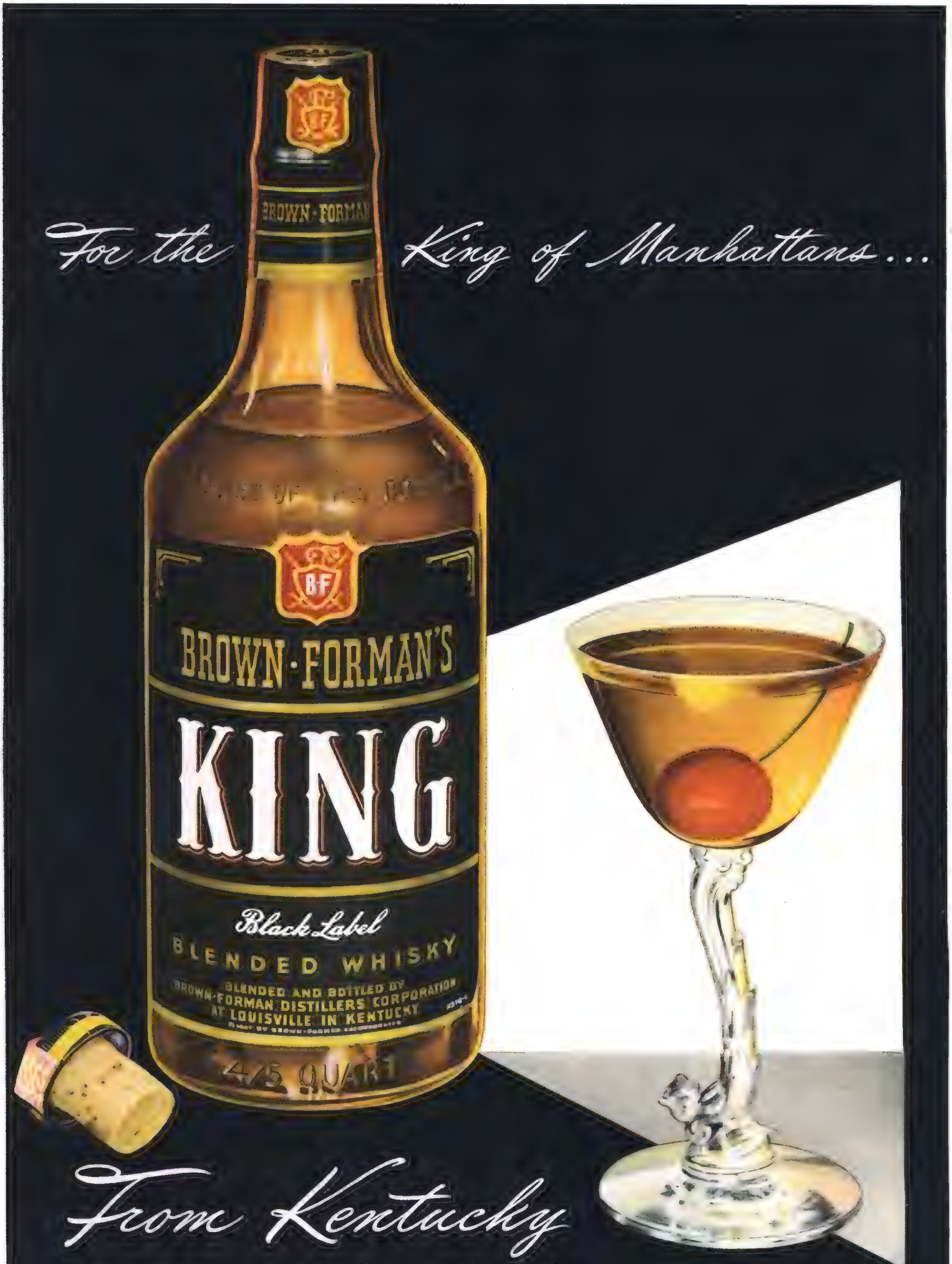
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Midwest Madness

Continued from page 67

fists go into the air simultaneously, several thousand pairs of feet stomp as one on the planks. Several thousand pairs of hands smack together, while their owners chant:

"Anderson Indians." Clap-clap-clap.

"Anderson Indians." Clap-clap-clap.

Now the last, ultimate seconds have come. In that electric atmosphere, the crowd gets out of hand. They rush from their seats and surge onto the floor. A hastily formed cordon of cops, firemen and ushers kneel with extended arms to hold them off the playing area.

"Indians, Indians, Anderson Indians. . ."

Then there's a cry, a roar, a piercing shriek as Long Tom goes under and sinks the basket that puts the team ahead. We're in the lead at last. Yea, Indians!

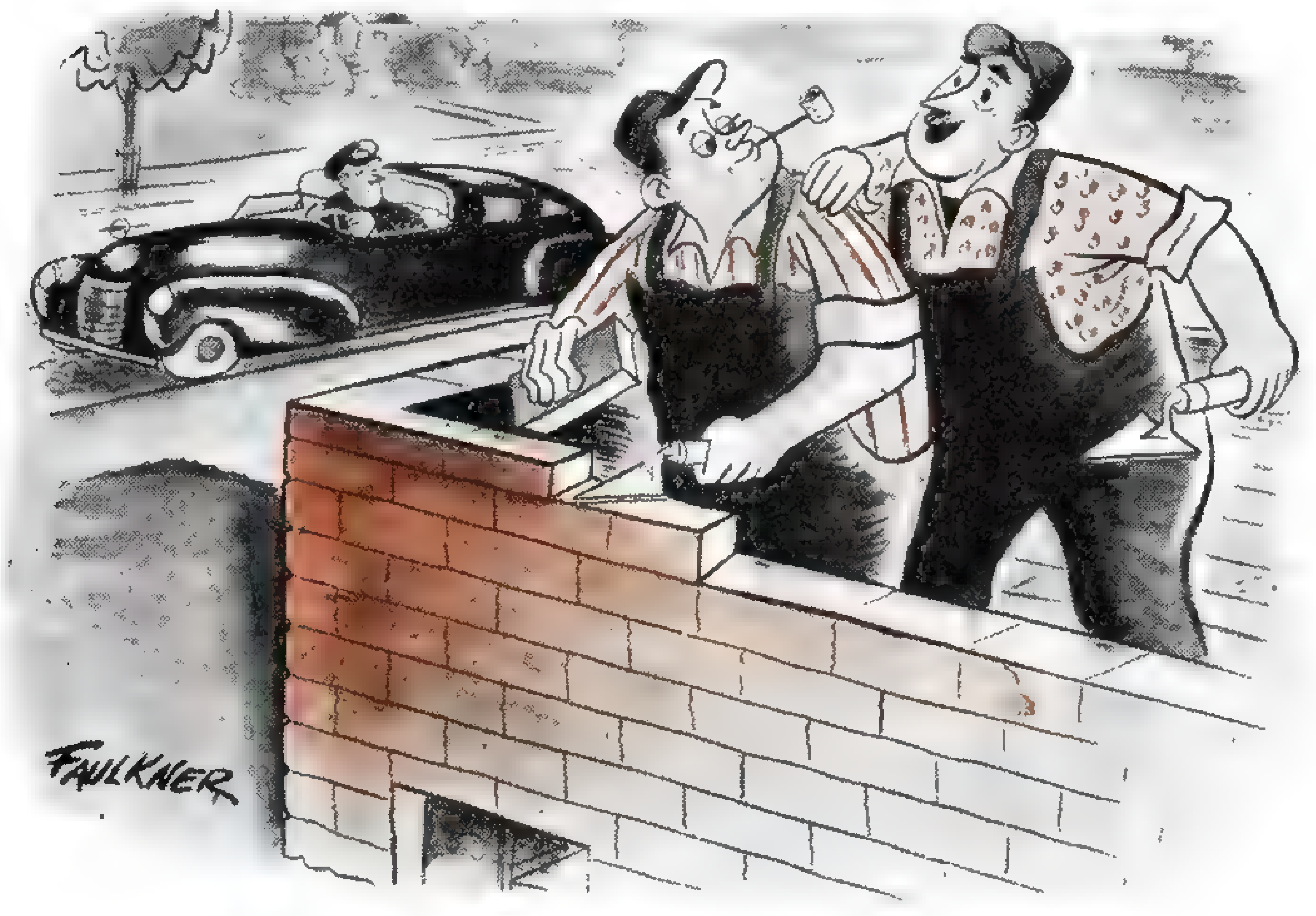
Basketball, as well as other American forms of athletics, has set up standards of value which are good when correctly used, but which can easily be translated into other purposes, as the gamblers and gangsters proved during the Winter of 1945 in Madison Square Garden in New York.

In one afternoon at a Finals in Indianapolis during the war, I saw thousands of cars parked for miles round the arena, cars that had used precious gas to transport basketball fans from South Bend and Fort Wayne and Evansville, hundreds of miles distant. I saw a hard-boiled radio announcer break into tears because his team lost. I saw a coach, a sane and decent citizen, lose his temper in the dressing room and hurl a chair against a wall because his kids played badly. I saw business executives walk about as though the atomic bomb were due within the hour. Although I am a comparative stranger to basketball, there were moments when my feelings were the same as these enthusiasts.

What's the effect of all this on those most directly concerned, the kids? It depends on the youngster himself. For weeks the winning team—and as often as not the loser, also—is feted by every organization in town; the Lions, Kiwanis, Elks and Rotary give luncheons and dinners at which their praises are loudly sung. You're the town hero, you are Superman, more famous than the mayor or the president of the Chamber of Commerce. (The coach of a victorious team is the most important man in Indiana.) Then spring comes. Slowly the publicity and adulation dies away. Level-headed boys forget the whole thing. Yet it takes a good lad not to be let down. Five first-string players on a winning state team several years ago became day laborers when their school days were over. Basketball had ruined them.

Meanwhile back home the town, which glued itself to its radios all evening, is pouring into the streets to welcome the returning heroes. The kids from school have been gathering wood for hours, and there'll be a mighty bonfire of abandoned railroad ties in the park when the Varsity returns. Half the population will go down the line to meet their team at the next station and ride home with them. The P-rade, under the big banners hastily slung along Indiana Avenue, will block all traffic for several hours. The celebration will last until morning. It will continue all day Sunday. Of course school is called off on Monday so the kids can fete their own team, which most of them didn't see in the Finals. The principal will mount the stage of the auditorium and declare: "By winning the State, our boys have brought us a new gymnasium, something we've needed in this town a long while."

But get him alone afterward. He'll shake his head and confess, as will nearly every other principal of a high school in the State of Indiana. "Why yes, basketball's fun. But somehow I kinda wish we didn't have this state tournament. It's a sort of madness." ⵌ



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Book Briefs

Review of five recent mysteries unearths two refreshing originals that establish new standards for suspense, realism, ingenuity

LEGEND: 🔴 gifts for him ⭕ gifts for her ● fun to read ○ brainfood

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
A Halo for Nobody *by Henry Kane* *(Simon & Schuster, $2.00)* Background—midtown Manhattan; detective—tough, saucy, lusty private investigator, Peter Chambers; blackmail of a leading jeweler, killings and incidental beatings; style—fast, witty, now and then sly, full of haymakers.	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴
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	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
The Big Clock *by Kenneth Fearing* *(Harcourt Brace, $2.50)* Background—big magazine offices in New York; detective—George Stroud, editor and family man; case—a murder, a frame-up, and the hunt for Stroud conducted by Stroud; style—literary, realistic, intelligent, warm.	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴
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	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
Death of a Train *by Freeman Wills Crofts* *(Dodd, Mead, $2.50)* Background—wartime London; detective—Inspector French of Scotland Yard; case—derailment of a train that leads to the activities of a Nazi spy ring; style—cautious, clear, full of detail.	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴	
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	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
It Ain't Hay *by David Dodge* *(Simon & Schuster, $2.00)* Background—San Francisco Bay area; detective—James Whitney, tax expert; case—smuggling of marijuana on a big scale and the murders and violence resulting from reefers; style—tough, direct and informative.	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴	
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	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
Uneasy Terms *by Peter Cheyney* *(Dodd, Mead, $2.50)* Background—London and an English country estate; detective—Slim Callaghan, handsome private investigator; case—a strange will and the murder of a country squire; style—loose, complicated and seamed with British slang.	🔴🔴🔴🔴	🔴🔴🔴🔴		
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"My face is smoother!"
"It feels smoother, too!"

Now! the "SKIN LEVEL SHAVE"!

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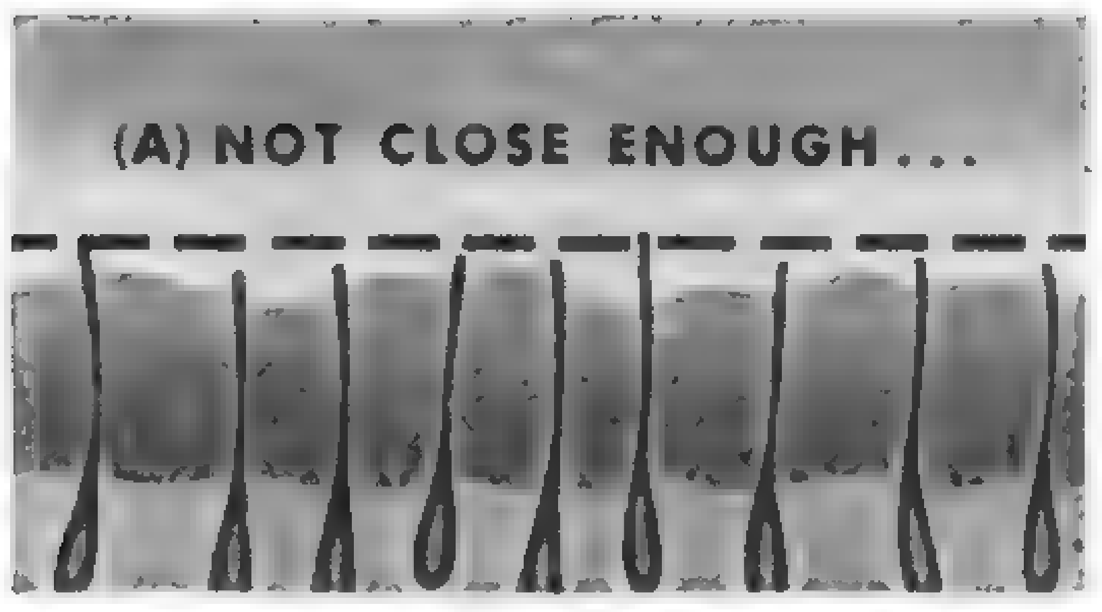
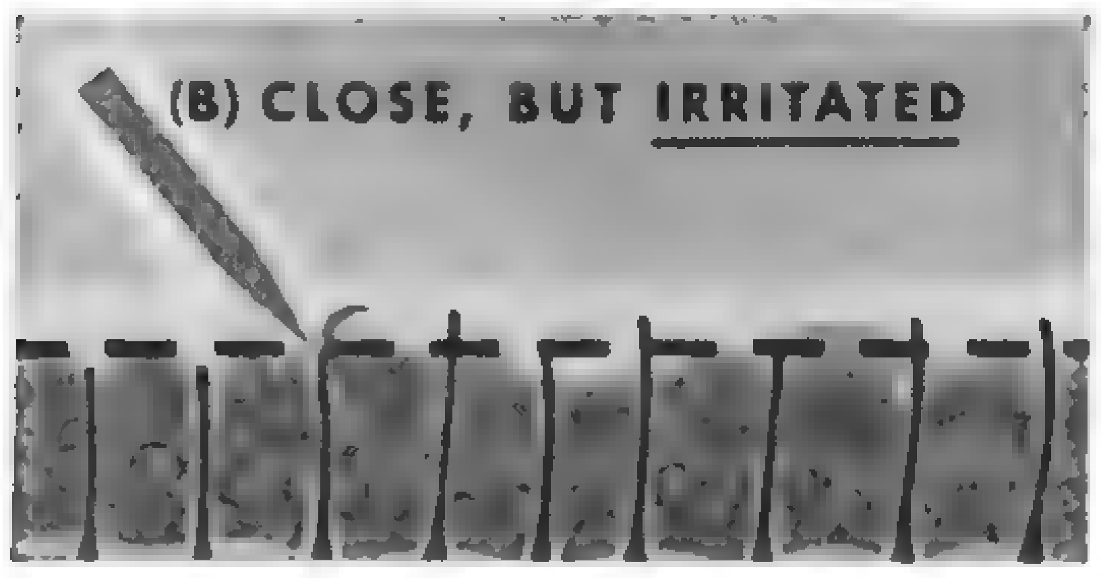
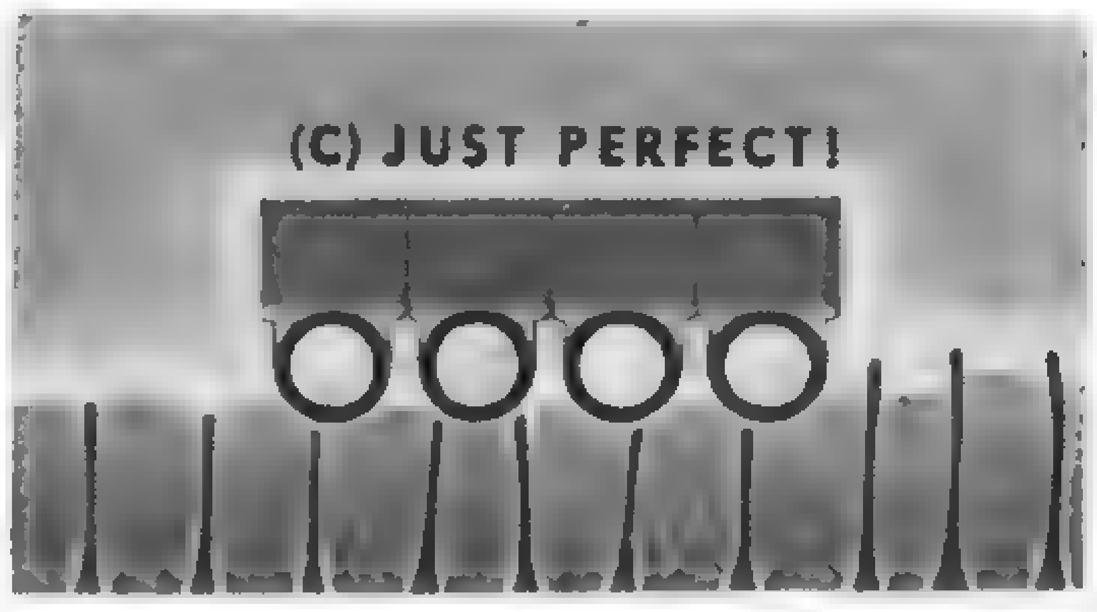

(A) NOT CLOSE ENOUGH...


(B) CLOSE, BUT IRRITATED


(C) JUST PERFECT!

(D) 4 SMOOTH, ROUND HEADS
...LED BY THE "RED HEAD"

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PACKARD twin dual ELECTRIC SHAVER

A. Your face feels stubbly, looks unsightly, when you don't shave close enough. **B.** On the other hand, you suffer smarting, tender skin when you shave *below* skin level. That's because you shave off *skin*. **C.** But—the Packard "skin level shave" is just perfect! . . . Note how Packard's 4 smooth, round heads tauten skin, hold whiskers erect. Zip! They're off . . . at exact *skin level*. **D.** What's more, the new Packard "Red Head" whisks off all long hairs to a king's taste. But that's not all!

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Civic Pride—Underworld

Continued from page 56

ary. The mob sat nervous judgment on every member simultaneously and killed on an offhand remark. Sometimes a man grew jittery in the continuous presence of death and began to imagine there were easier ways to make a living. Then he was submitted to the test devised, it was rumored, by Scarface Al himself. The suspect was taken to his favorite bistro, plied with drink and the favors of attractive ladies. If he succumbed to their blandishments he was pronounced not guilty. But if he paid no attention to the ladies, he ended the evening on a side road very dead, because, as the boys were fond of saying, "Any mug that won't go for a dame is yellow."

The Chicago vendettas claimed more than five hundred lives before the big mobs smoked the peace pipe in 1929 and decided to live in One Underworld. At the high tide of the wars, a North Side gunsel named Nails Morton suffered the crowning indignity of going out with his riding boots on, after a fall from a horse. His friends took the filly for a ride, left her bullet riddled in a ditch.

The North Side was O'Banion territory by order of Torrio who liked the swashbuckling Irishman, but "Dean" had an Irish temper, and in the end he lay on a slab because of it. He hijacked one of the Genna brothers' corn sugar alcohol trucks and when friends warned him that he had made dangerous enemies, he laughed. That was his death warrant. Little Johnny was insulted . . . a bad man to insult. On November 10, 1924, O'Banion was in his florist shop when three men walked in. He had a pruning shears in one hand and as they came toward him, he held out his other hand. Mike Genna grabbed it and held it, while John Scalisi and Albert Anselmi, the hired killers, pulled out .38s and fired five shots into the helpless North Side boss. As he lay on the floor, Mike pumped a sixth shot into his head.

At thirty-two Dion O'Banion was dead—the first of the Big Four to go. A mile-long funeral train followed him on his last ride, and 10,000 people stood hatless as he was lowered into his grave.

Hymie Weiss, swearing bloody vengeance, succeeded his fallen chief. In January he and Bugs Moran, his number-one gunsel, shot up Capone's car. Al happened to be in a drugstore having lunch at the time. Two weeks later, as Torrio walked up his front steps, a man stepped out of a parked car and fired five times, hitting him in the arm, abdomen, chest and jaw. Sixteen-year-old janitor's son, Peter Vesert, later identified the man to police as Bugs Moran, but he was never brought to trial.

Little Johnny had had enough. He called in Scarface Al and from his hospital bed turned over his empire to him. Then he vanished. Some people say he is living today, in Brooklyn, a gentle old man of sixty-eight. He was the second of the Big Four to quit the Chicago scene, taking an estimated $40,000,000 and five scars.

In May, Bloody Angelo Genna married beautiful Lucille Spingola against her respectable family's wishes. A few months later the bridegroom left his nest to go to work. A black touring car followed him at seventy miles an hour through downtown streets. As he turned into Hudson Avenue his car skidded and crashed. His pursuers roared past, raking the wreckage with shotgun fire. Angelo died the next day and police credited the corpse to Hymie the Polack Weiss, and two henchmen.

The alliance that Torrio had laboriously conceived, dissolved. McErlane and the O'Donnells threw their support to Weiss and the final battle for Chicago began.

In September, Weiss' torpedoes failed again to rub out Capone, this time during the rush hour on 22nd Street in Cicero. Capone suggested peace. Weiss agreed—if Al would liquidate Anselmi and Scalisi. Al sent word he wouldn't do that to a dog and the armistice ended. On September 20, Hymie attacked Capone in his Cicero stronghold. Eight cars roared past Hawthorne Inn, shotguns and tommy guns blazing. More than a thousand bullets splattered the walls, and Al was annoyed.

Weiss lived only twenty days after that. As he was crossing State Street, attended by his bodyguard, Paddy Murray, a machine gun chattered from an upstairs window, put ten slugs in Hymie's body. The third of the Big Four was tucked underground.

Capone was king and he could afford peace. For ninety days there were no violent deaths in the Windy City. But on February 14, 1929, the tommy guns spoke again. On that St. Valentine's Day, the remnants of the O'Banion mob, now headed by Bugs Moran, received a bloody valentine. Seven of them were lounging in a North Side garage when a car drove up and three men in police uniform and two men in plain clothes got out, and told them they were under arrest. They laughed. There wasn't any rap they couldn't beat. The "cops" lined them up against the wall and took their guns. Then the two

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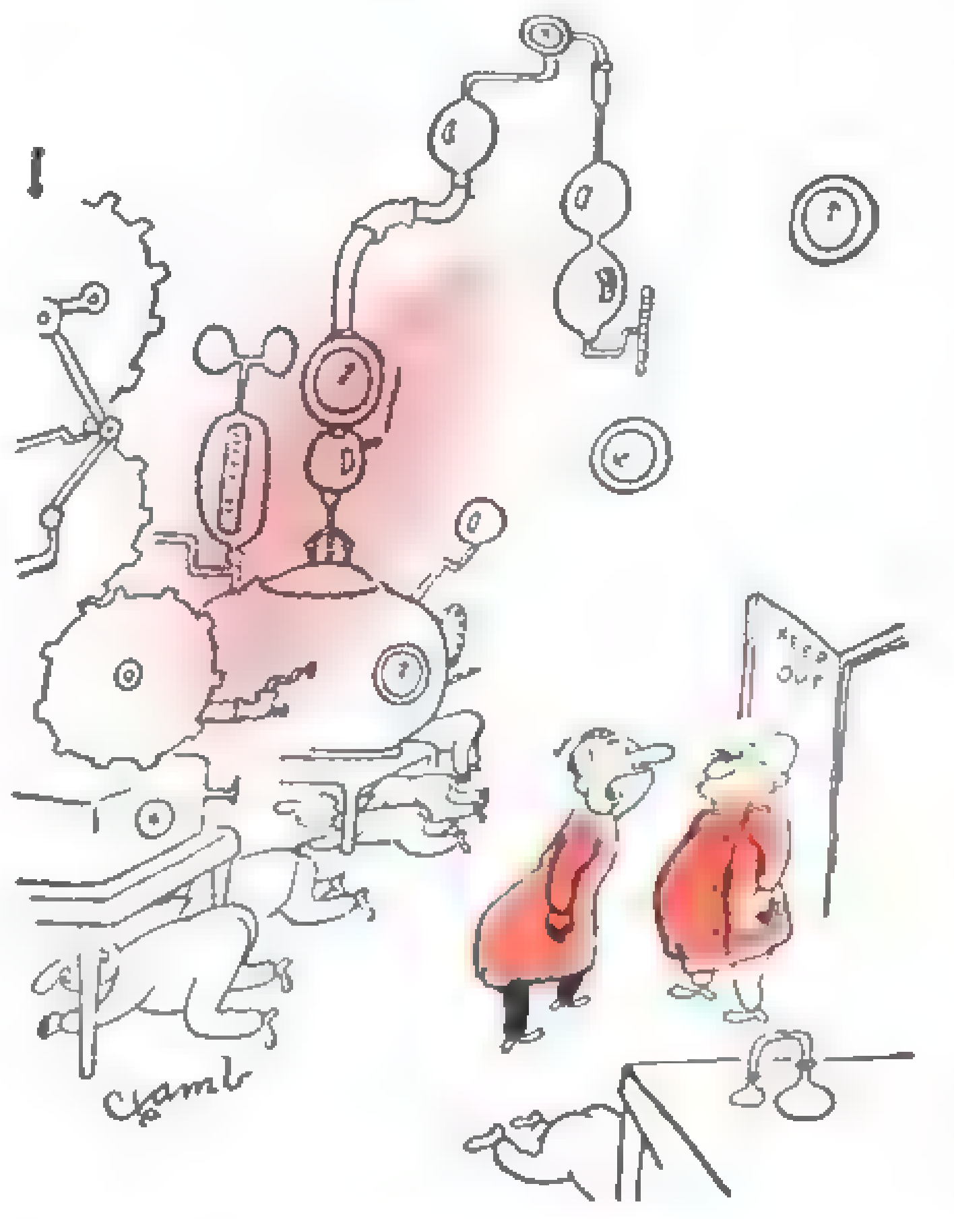
plain-clothes men mowed them down with sub-machine guns.

Shortly thereafter Al and Moran held a secret conference. The terms were never made public, but shortly thereafter Scalisi and Anselmi, the men whose guns had started the bloody era, were found beaten and shot in the back seat of an abandoned car.



"We've lost an atom . . . and all we can do is pray that nobody steps on it"

For two years the Pax Capone settled over the turbulent city. Scarface Al lived an exemplary family life, was kind to small children and gave free coal to the Cicero needy at Christmas. But in 1931 the Internal Revenue Department discovered Al had been holding out on it and the gates of Alcatraz clanged shut behind him. While he languished on The Rock, the era that had made him a public hero ended. Small boys found a new idol in the G-Man.

Al was the last of the Big Four who turned Chicago's gutters red, and with his fall the Bloody Decade ended.

In New York it was only the beginning.

New York mobs could trace their lineage to the Civil War draft riots when bands of Irish thugs met in the tenement streets to break heads over money, politics or a girl. Toward the end of the century knives and pistols made their debut, but before Jack Zelig criminal activities were largely confined to sneak thievery, and the gangs were likely to shake hands after a skirmish and go home to supper.

Zelig led a band of petty hoodlums that would slash a man for a dollar, drop a bomb on his doorstep for five and murder him for ten. He commanded such talent as Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louis and Dago Frank. Gyp was a muscle man whose favorite enterprise was bomb throwing, because, "I like to hear the noise."

Zelig was snuffed out as he boarded a streetcar in July, 1912, but his gang remained to play an important role in the most famous killing of preprohibition days—the liquidation of Herman Rosenthal. It was a milestone in gangland history. For with it, the day of the pitched street battle was over. Murder had hit the big time.

The preprohibition powers on the East Side were Joe the Boss Masseria and Ciro Terranova, the artichoke king. And on the West Side, Owney Madden, "The Liverpool Mick," a cool, debonair underworldling, who held all life, including his own, in complete contempt, captained the Gophers, a gang of dock robbers.

One night at a dance, Owney found himself surrounded by eleven armed members of the rival Hudson Dusters headed by Little Patsy Doyle, who, it was said, envied Madden his beautiful wife.

Madden looked them over and sneered, "Who did you guys ever kill?"

The police found him in a gutter carrying five slugs, but when they asked him what had happened, he said he had been cleaning his gun. When he left the hospital Patsy Doyle died suddenly. Owney knew nothing about it.

In 1923 the number-one figure in the New York underworld was Arnold Rothstein, whose name was legend in the dark places of the town. Usually it was enough to say The Big Guy Uptown. Everyone knew whom that meant.

When Nicky Arnstein, for whom Fanny Brice sang *My Man*, went down to the Lafayette Street station to talk to the D.A. about the trifling matter of a $5,000,000 bond theft (behind which Rothstein was assumed to be the brains), Rothstein's lawyer, the Great Mouthpiece Bill Fallon, and Miss Brice accompanied him to take care of the bail. While they were having a drink across the street someone stole their car. Fallon called a number and told whoever answered that the car belonged to A. R. In ten minutes it was back and Monk Eastman, an East Side thug, was tendering apologies, assuring them a friend of A. R.'s was a friend of his.

No one ever pinned anything on the elusive Rothstein. But underworld rumor said that he was linked with the Black Sox fix, the Arnstein bond theft, with a $7,000,000 narcotics ring and, some people said, with the Becker case. He was the greatest crapshooter and horse player of his time and celebrated for his wit. Once a lady told him, "No one ever questioned my good name."

"No one," said Rothstein suavely, "has ever mentioned it."

The night Becker was electrocuted for the Rosenthal murder, A. R. and some friends sat around Jack's and bet on the time the switch would be thrown. Later Lindy's became his favorite hangout and it was from there that he went the fatal night in 1928 that saw his fabulous career come to a bloody end on the sidewalk outside the Park Central Hotel.

When he died, his bodyguard was Jack "Legs" Diamond, best remembered for his ability to absorb hot lead and survive. Diamond and Mad Dog Vince Coll, the trigger-happy slum kid, were the last of the mavericks. When they died the underworld was able to proceed about its business in an orderly fashion unknown in

Continued on page 154

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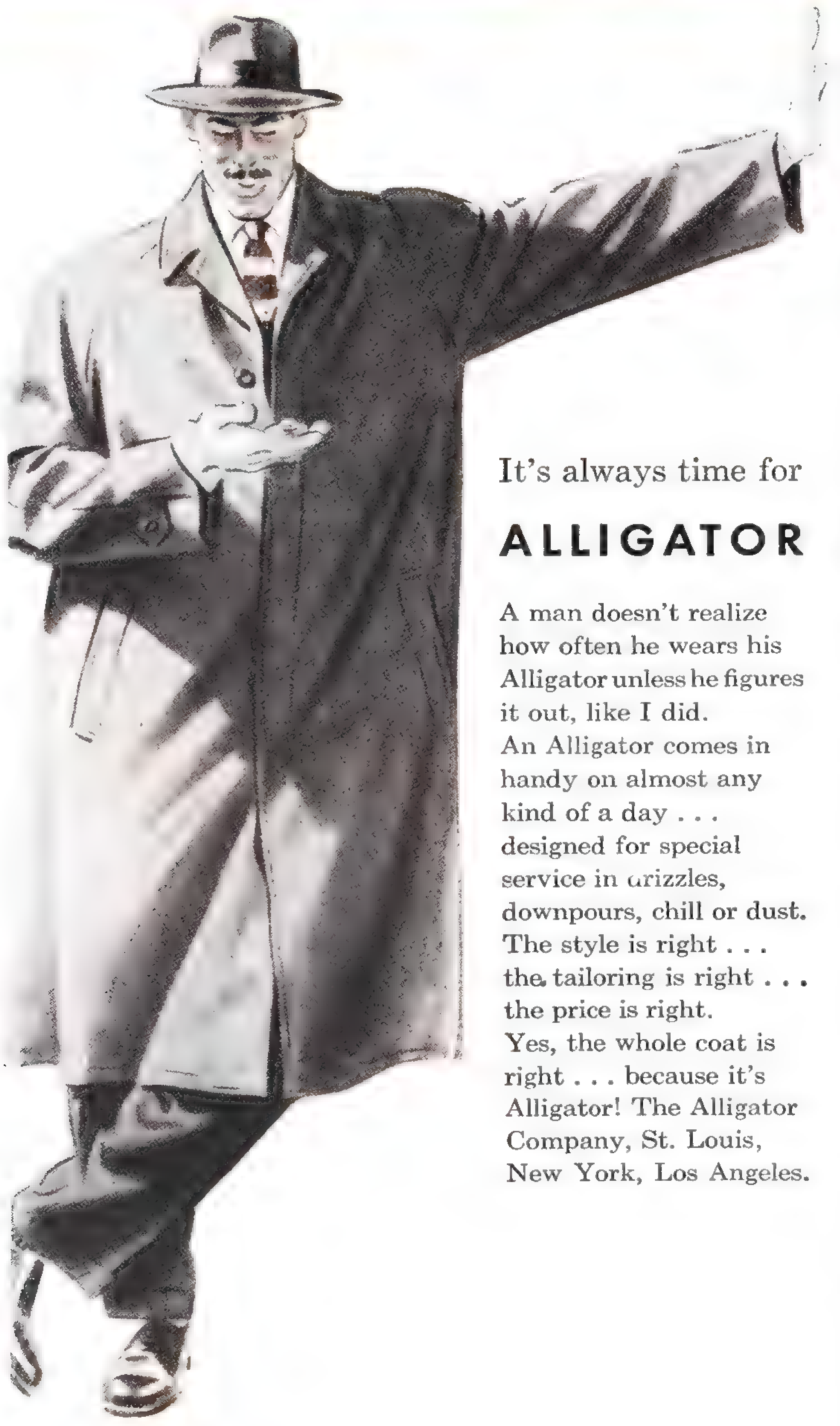

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Civic Pride—Underworld

Continued from page 153

Chicago's buccaneering heyday.

Coll made the mistake of annoying Dutch Schultz, whose rise had been swift and ruthless. The Dutchman, who began as a bartender and became Beer Baron of the East, was very unhealthy for people who stepped on his toes.

When Coll crossed him, Schultz put a $50,000 bounty on his head. A few weeks later, unarmed but accompanied by his bodyguard, Coll walked into a telephone booth in the London Chemists' Shop on 23rd Street. The bodyguard made an exit and Bo Weinberg, Schultz' number-one boy, and an unidentified torpedo, carrying a tommy gun slung over his arm, entered.

Weinberg pointed to the booth and told the customers in the store to keep cool. The killer fired fifty rounds into Coll's back as he stood at the phone, shattering the glass but not touching the wood on either side. Coll slumped to the floor, entirely dead.

Diamond remained, the most feared gunman in New York. He became Rothstein's bodyguard and Rothstein died. He protected Little Augie, and the old Kid Dropper gang got him. It became customary to ask, when there was a shooting, where was Diamond?

In 1924 he was shot and left for dead in 5th Street. In 1927 he caught several stray slugs intended for Little Augie. In 1929 he shot three friends in an argument at the Hotsy Totsy Club, and then the three witnesses who might have testified against him. In 1930 he killed a man in a roadside brawl in the Catskills. In October he returned to the city to see Kiki Roberts, his Follies girl, and two men shadowed him to the Monticello Hotel and left him for dead in room 829 with four bullets in him. He remained alive long enough to be target for passing marksman at Arratoga Inn in Cairo, New York, the next spring.

Jack Diamond died for the last time on December 18, 1931, in a room at 16 Dove Street in Albany, New York. He had fallen asleep, dead drunk. Two men entered the room and, while one held him, the other shot him twice and then for good measure once more in the head.

With Diamond in his grave the way was open for peaceful organization. A loose confederation known as the Big Seven was formed. It included the Unione Sicilione under Lucky Luciano, who had deposed Joe the Boss; Waxie Gordon, the East Side ex-pickpocket; Owney Madden and Big Bill Dwyer; Lepke and Gurrah Jake Shapiro who specialized in extortion; Zwillman of Newark; and Charlie King Solomon of Boston. Through Jimmy Hines they had a working agreement with Dutch Schultz and through Frankie Costello, the slot-machine king, with the Capone mob in Chicago.

Eventually this developed into The Combination, more familiarly known as Murder, Incorporated. Albert Anastasia of Brooklyn, Frank Nitti of Chicago and Dutch Goldberg of Los Angeles directed the syndicate's operations. When Abe "Kid Twist" Reles canaried to D. A. Bill O'Dwyer, he revealed a modern, efficient, high-pressure business organization devoted to the science of murder for profit.

Jack Diamond had placed a man named Harry Westone in a cement mixer and Harry is to this day part of the highway that runs past Kingston, New York. Bo Weinberg's feet had been encased in cement before he was deposited in the East River. Murder, Inc. considered both of these methods unscientific. After experimenting with fire and quicklime as a means of disposing of the inconvenient corpus delicti, they returned to the ice pick, quick, sure, handy—fits in the pocket, guaranteed to puncture the most robust lung.

But everyone had to admit that the good old days were gone. The long shadow of J. Edgar Hoover had a lot to do with it, and so later did the war, where the papers could get murder for you wholesale. But the unmistakable sign of the passing of the era was the way it laid away its dead.

Some people say Joe Baker got the biggest funeral New York ever saw, but most people think Frankie Yale's was more spectacular. Baker had more flowers, but his veiling cost $40,000, whereas Yale's cost $52,000.

Baker had an eighty-one-car funeral. Thirty-eight cars bore the floral displays to Woodlawn cemetery.

At Frankie Yale's going-away party one hundred of New York's Finest frisked the guests for concealed weapons and 10,000 spectators lined the streets to see him off. A familiar bouquet of roses bore the simple inscription "From Al" and came all the way from Chicago. Other floral tributes were suitably captioned: "We'll see them kid," "Love from the boys." and "Good-bye Old Timer."

The only other funeral that ever rivaled Frankie's was the send-off the boys gave Danny Iamascia at the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to which the deceased was a liberal contributor. A hundred and twenty-five cars transported the mourners to the cemetery, followed by thirty-five cars piled high with floral offerings. Ciro Terranova sent a fifteen-foot floral representation of the gates of heaven. Dutch Schultz, another close friend, contributed a modest lily wreath, inscribed "Why did it have to be you, Danny?" There were many citizens present who agreed that if the Dutchman didn't know why it had to be Danny, nobody did.

When Schultz himself shuffled the mortal coil, his friends were on the lam and his body remained unclaimed in the morgue two days.

Then, even die-hards had to admit it wasn't like old times. ⌗

Continued from page 56

The Time, the Place, and the Girl

A quiz designed to measure your stature as a gentleman-about-town

by **P. G. FREDERICKS**

THE Man About Town is a man who knows the answers—or enough of them to get by, whatever the company. Forewarned, gentlemen, is forearmed. A study of the matters outlined below should enable you to thread your way through an evening on the town like an old campaigner.

For the night to be right, you have to control the three elements which make up the evening—the Time, the Place, the Girl. Knowledge, the sage observes, is power. Therefore—what do you know about Time? (By the way, the following is a quiz which is divided into three parts of ten questions each. Score yourself ten for every answer correct. Your goal is a perfect score of 100 on each part—300 overall.) Suppose, for example, you're running with the Dinner at Eight Set and they ask you to tea, which in the Dinner at Eight Set is always at:

a. Six o'clock
b. Four o'clock
c. Three o'clock

After tea, you want dinner before the theatre. The way things are these days, you'd better call the night spot for a reservation. To make the theatre on time, you'll ask for reservations for:

a. Supper
b. Dinner
c. Brunch

Watch the clock. You haven't much time. A play starts at eight-thirty, but if you're seeing a musical the curtain goes up:

a. Ten minutes earlier
b. Ten minutes later
c. Fifteen minutes earlier

Of course, you still have a margin for error because any Man About Town knows that in New York, curtains invariably go up:

a. Ten minutes late
b. Seven minutes late
c. Fifteen minutes late

The evening moves along, the moon comes up and soon the Girl turns to you with a dreamy look and murmurs "The Witching Hour." Don't look at your watch! You know it's:

a. Midnight
b. Four a.m.
c. Time to leave

If the Girl is your wife and the Time is your fifth wedding anniversary, you'll need to know that the fifth anniversary is the:

a. Crystal
b. Wooden
c. Babbitt Metal

On the other hand, suppose the Girl is a debutante and the Time is her coming out; you already have one fact at your finger tips. You know most debs come out when:

a. They're nineteen
b. They're seventeen
c. Their fathers can afford it

Some high-powered surveys have shown that there is one particular Time when most Girls tend to get married. That's good or bad depending on your intentions, but it's worth knowing the Time is when:

a. They're twenty
b. They're twenty-three
c. They're asked

At what age they get married may be purely academic to you—you're married already. Been married a decade—which is:

a. Two score years
b. Ten years
c. Just like forever

To wind up your study of Time, if it's three in Chicago and four in New York, in London it's:

a. Seven o'clock
b. Eight o'clock
c. Nine o'clock

The Place is wherever you're taking the Girl and nothing makes a man look so bad as not knowing the ground rules. As you walk towards the Place, for example, the man walks on the outside because:

a. He doesn't want her to be hit by things falling from windows
b. He doesn't want her to be splashed by passing cars
c. He doesn't want her to fall into the gutter

If you're dining in that special section which many night clubs reserve for celebrities, you'll find yourself in the Cub Room if the Place is the Stork Club, but in El Morocco, it's the:

a. Inner Sanctum
b. Champagne Room
c. 400 Room

Could be that the Place is a private party. If you're the guest of honor, where do you sit?

a. On the host's right
b. On the host's left
c. In the hostess' lap

And where does your lady sit?

a. On your right
b. Opposite you
c. On the host's left

Suppose the Place is a resort where you are staying. It is on

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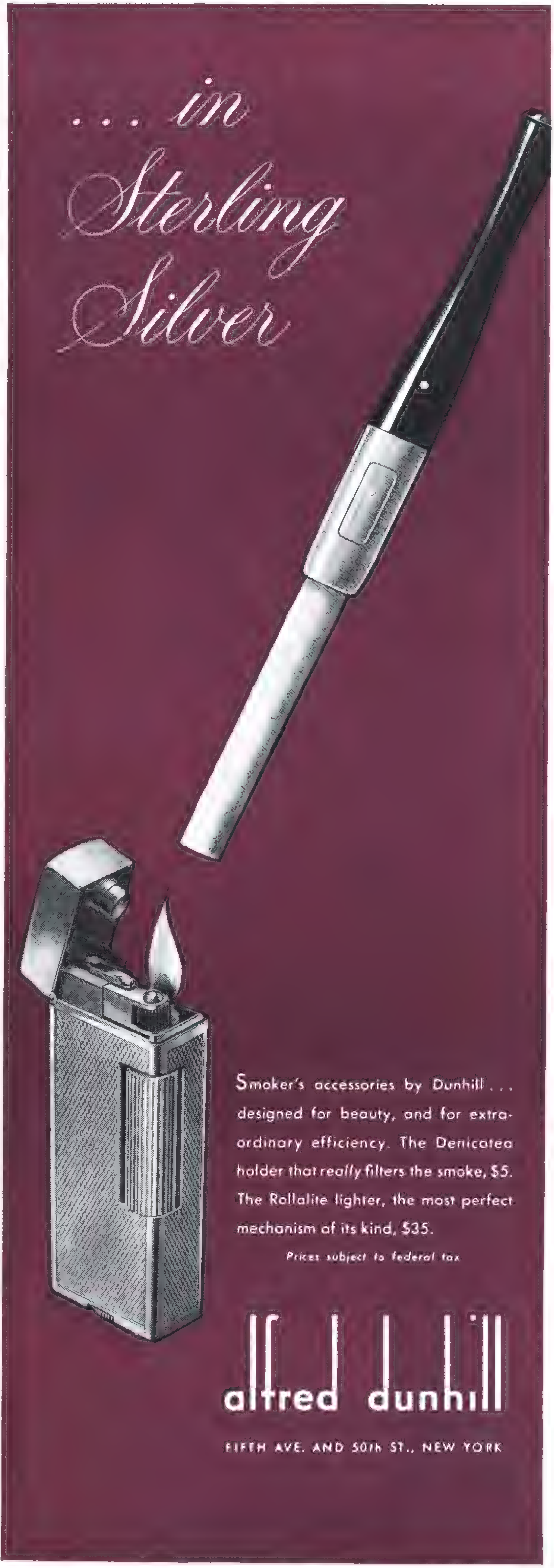

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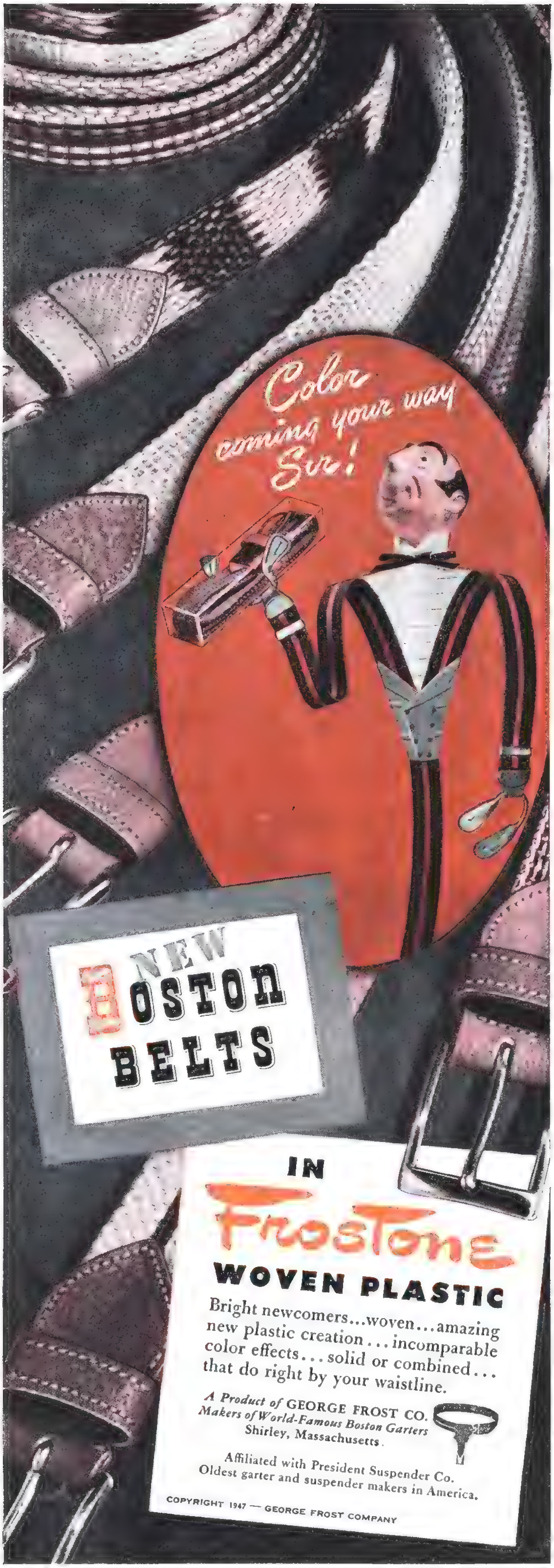

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The Time, the Place, and the Girl

Continued from page 155

the American Plan, which means:

a. No tipping
b. Meals included in rates
c. No meals included in rates

If it's European Plan:

a. You get wine with your meals
b. The lady is paying your rent
c. Meals not included in rates

Back to night clubs again—they now have a gimmick called a Cabaret Tax, a small addition to your check for the Federal Government. It always amounts to:

a. More than you expected
b. Ten per cent of the check
c. Twenty per cent of the check

Most clubs have a man known as the washroom attendant, who hands you a towel, sells you a bar of soap, gets sore if you tip him less than fifty cents. Strangely enough, he's in the washroom because:

a. He needs the money
b. He's the owner's brother-in-law
c. Most states require it by law

Another mysterious character in night clubs is the bus boy. Actually, he's just as important as anyone in the place. His job is:

a. Clearing tables
b. Watching for pickpockets
c. Calling taxicabs

One last item about the Place: The Minimum Charge you've been hit by before, the Cover Charge is an old wound—but what is Corkage?

a. Service charge on each bottle of wine
b. Fee charged for parking car
c. What the headwaiter gets if you want a ringside table

The third variable in your evening is the Girl, and anybody who claims he knows all the answers about the Girl is a genius or a liar. But there are a few fundamentals you can take into battle with you. According to famous model agencies, what are the dimensions of the girl with the perfect figure?

a. Bust and hips the same, waist ten inches smaller
b. Hips and waist the same, bust five inches larger
c. Hips five inches smaller than bust, waist ten inches smaller

If she's really up-to-date, how's she doing her nails these days?

a. Painting whole nail
b. Painting whole nail except moon at the bottom
c. Leaves moon at bottom and hairline at top unpainted

Some people went out and made a survey to determine what women notice *first* about men. You can cash in on it, *if* you know they notice:

a. His hair
b. His legs
c. His eyes

What they marry for, though, is a horse from another riding academy. Money, no kidding, rates last—the item that comes first is:

a. Sense of humor
b. Character
c. Kindness

While complaining about how long it takes the Girl to dress, have you ever given a thought to how many clothes the poor thing has to put on? Assuming she's wearing a suit and counting the shoes as one item, it amounts to:

a. Nine articles of clothing
b. Five articles of clothing
c. Twelve articles of clothing

Once she's dressed, though, you can gild the lily by adding a corsage. If you're going dancing, that corsage ought to go on her:

a. Right shoulder
b. Left shoulder
c. Waist

The situation is improving, but the man who can present the Girl with a pair of nylons is still doing himself a lot of good. To do this, you have to know the size. The average Girl—to give you a rough idea—takes her nylons size:

a. Seven
b. Ten
c. Fourteen

The wise man knows better than to make remarks when his Girl turns up wearing a pair of those upswept-at-the-corners glasses. He simply smiles and says, "Oh, those are:

a. Troll glasses"
b. Harlequin glasses"
c. Gnome glasses"

Suppose now that you are taking out an English Girl. Many English Girls have two last names—like this: Evangeline Duff-Ffulke. Assuming her father's name was originally plain Ffulke, how did this happen?

a. Mr. Ffulke wanted to sound high class
b. Duff is the maiden name of his wife
c. Duff is the name of a rich uncle he is trying to impress

And finally, suppose the Girl is a divorcée. She used to be plain Gertrude Strudel, then she married Warburton Yittsniff. But Yittsniff drank so much she divorced him. How are you going to introduce her?

a. Mrs. Strudel
b. Miss Yittsniff
c. Mrs. Yittsniff

And the rest, gentlemen, you'll have to get from that most unrelenting and thorough of taskmasters—the school of experience. Book learning can do nothing further for you. Now—straighten ties . . . shoot cuffs . . . march! ⌗

Answers

Time: b, a, a, b, a, b, b, b, b, c.
Place: b, b, a, c, b, c, c, c, a, a.
Girl: a, a, a, a, a, a, b, b, b, c.

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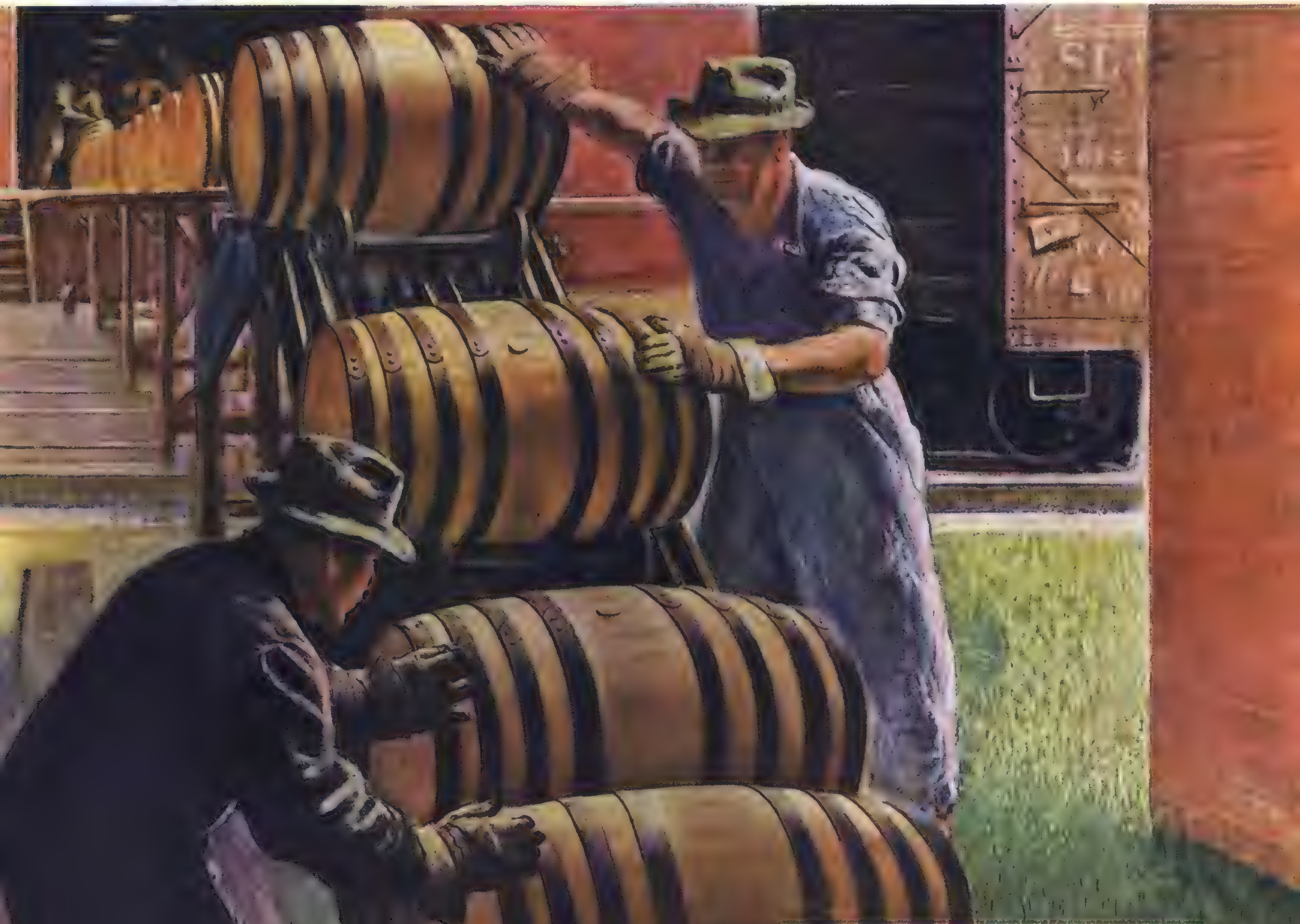

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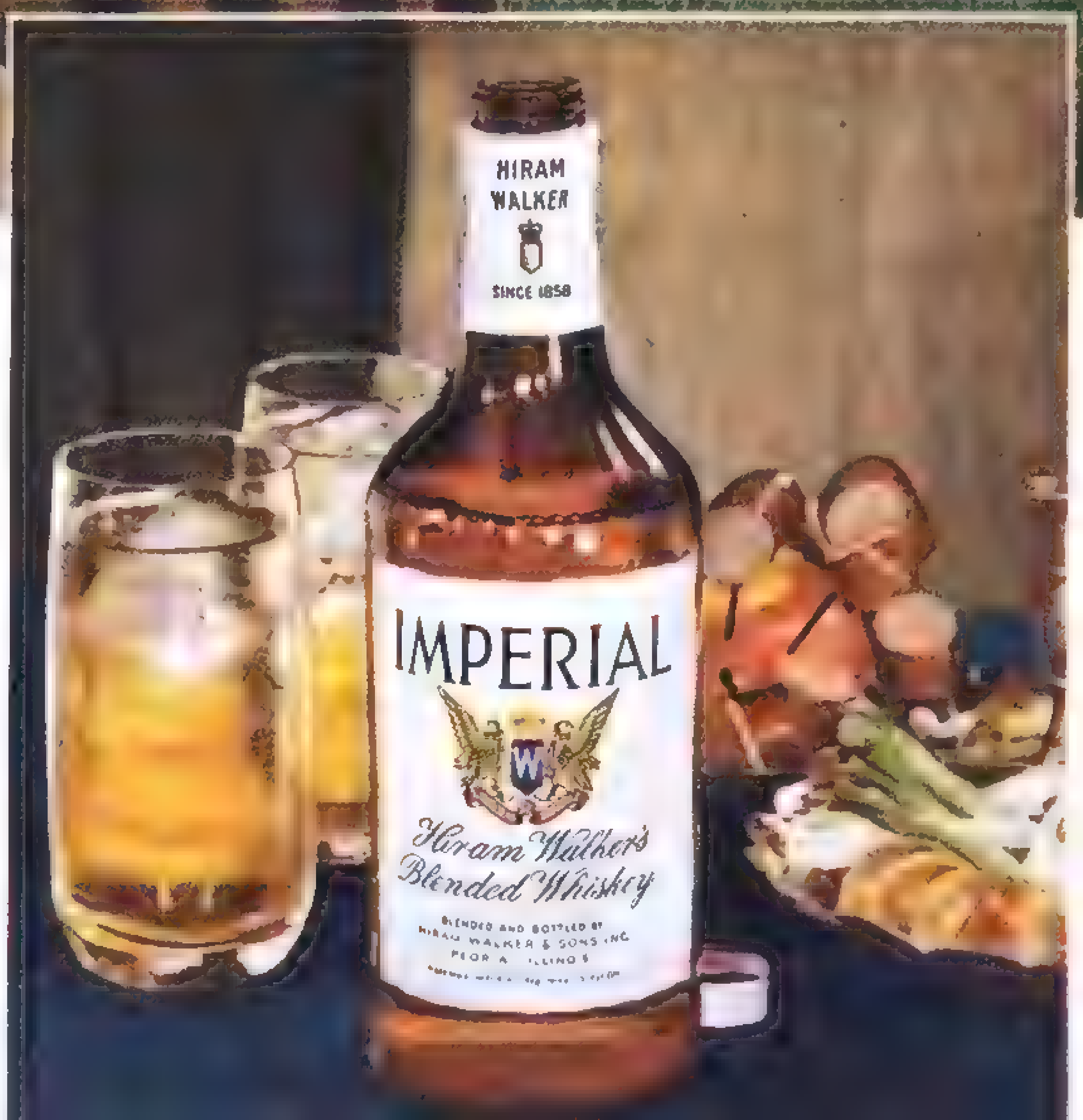

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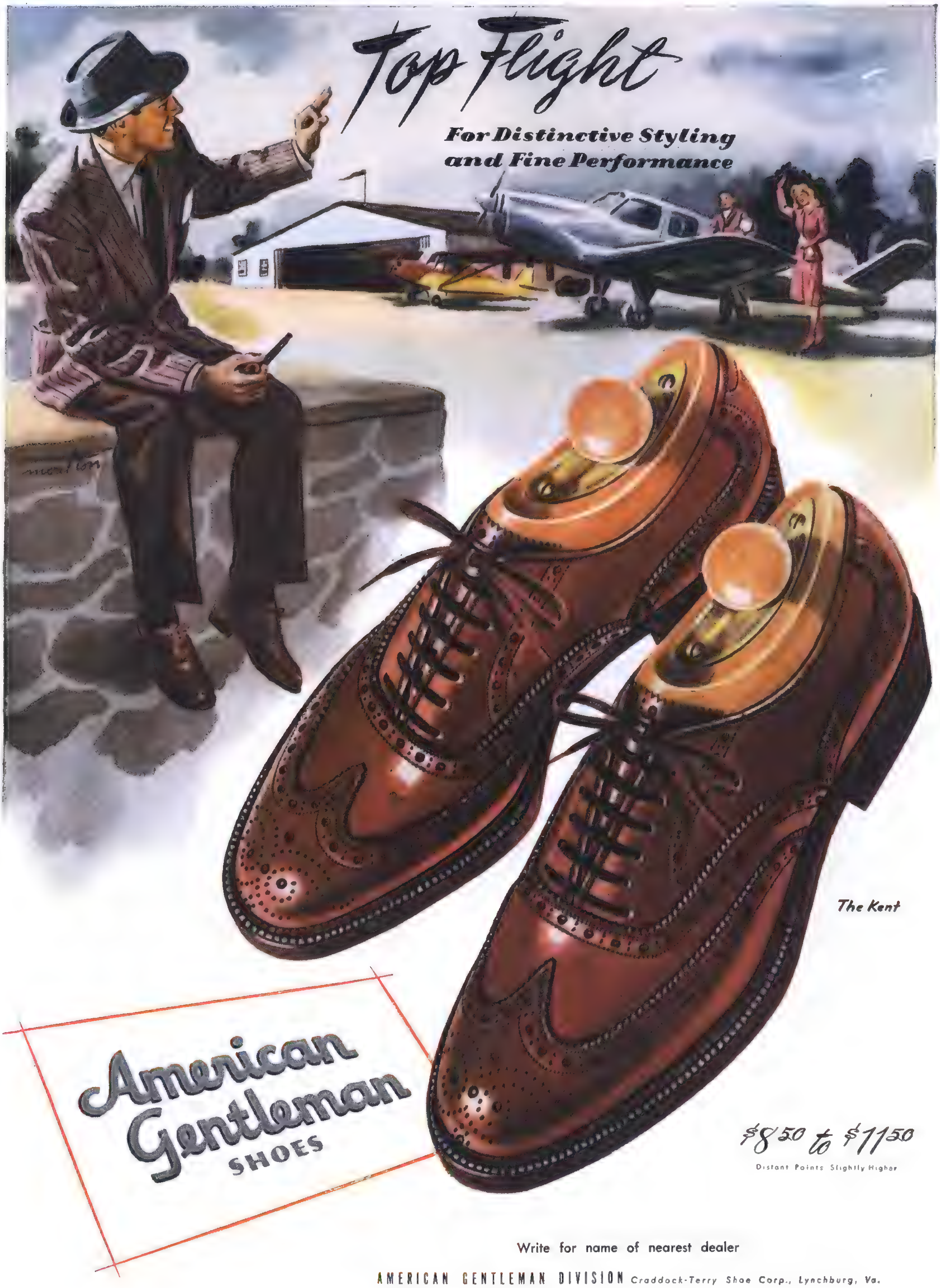
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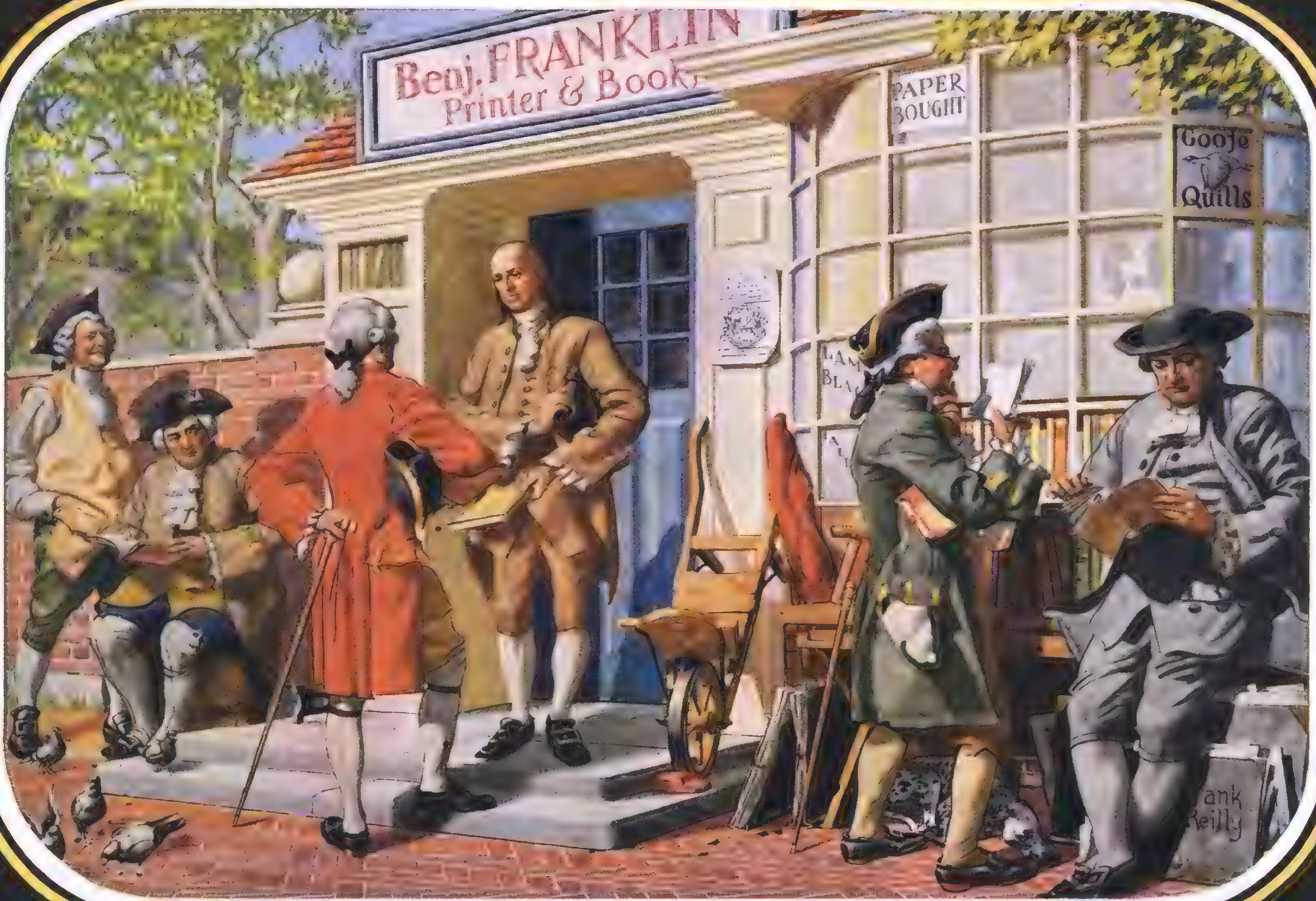
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The Conspicuous Turtle

Continued from page 61

guests. I pointed out that we had been assuming the Veb was a man, but really had no basis for it. The Veb might be a woman.

Dr. Barnes agreed, then suggested we call on the Giskins Friday afternoon. I suggested he make the call alone. I was afraid Mrs. Giskin might try to give me some material. We decided to meet at his apartment Friday night.

I didn't see the professor again until Friday. In the meantime, the papers were filled with lengthy stories of the crime, each edition adding more clues and indulging in wild, farfetched theories. The chief witness was the substitute turtle, but—as one reporter put it—the turtle wasn't talking.

I was in a high state of suspense when I pushed the bell of Dr. Barnes' bachelor apartment Friday night.

The professor ushered me in and we seated ourselves in comfortable chairs by the fireplace. A log fire crackled on the hearth, throwing a cheerful glow into the darkened room. I pulled my chair closer to the fire to warm my hands while the professor gave an account of his visit.

Reuben had vanished from the washroom all right, he said.

He hadn't explained his discovery to Mrs. Giskin, but he told her his theory that the thief had hidden the turtle on the premises and planned to return.

Mrs. Giskin said the police had the same idea, so she had kept a careful record of everyone who had been there. There had been four couples, three women and seven men.

Dr. Barnes asked if any of these people had excused themselves to visit the downstairs washroom.

"What an odd question!" Mrs. Giskin had said.

"I explained to her," Dr. Barnes said, "that we thought Reuben might have been hidden in one of the washrooms. But she was absolutely certain not a single caller had left her presence at any time."

I looked at the professor blankly. "Which leaves us where?" I said.

He spread his fat hands and shrugged. "Exactly nowhere. It might have been an inside job. One of the servants. But I don't think that likely."

We sat in silence, our eyes fixed on the restless red and yellow flames. From the beginning I had been uneasy about the professor's scheme. Even if we had identified the Veb, our theory would have been almost impossible to prove. And by now he would have had ample time to dispose of both the turtle and the gems.

"Only one suspect remains,"

Continued on page 162

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The Conspicuous Turtle

Continued from page 161

Dr. Barnes remarked suddenly.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Me," he said.

I laughed. "Don't tell me that you're the Veb."

"Well," he said, with a wry smile. "I could be."

"Tell me more," I said. "What does V.E.B. stand for?"

Dr. Barnes stood up, walked across the rug to a shelf of books, pulled out a volume and tossed it over to me. It was *The Theory of the Leisure Class* by Thorstein Veblen.

"Remember reading that?"

I nodded. "Years ago," I said, "in one of your courses."

"Do you recall its central thesis?"

I considered for awhile. "Yes," I said slowly, "I do. His thesis is that when a man becomes wealthy the excess wealth is usually drained away by conspicuous waste—expenditures with no real value except that of display, of proving to society he can afford to spend his money on objects intrinsically useless."

"Excellent, Featherstone!" he said. "You put it extremely well. Conspicuous waste—that's the key to almost all of Veblen's writings."

I was beginning to see connections. "Then you think that the initials V.E.B. stand for Veblen?"

"Precisely." He sat down opposite me again. There was a wild look around his eyes.

"I suppose you recall," he said, "how much I used to talk about Veblen in my classes. I was trained in economics under Veblen. All my graduate work was done under him, here at the University, shortly before President Harper asked him to resign. He wasn't popular then, with either the students or the faculty, and I was one of the few who recognized his genius.

"There was nothing really new about Veblen's basic insight," he went on. "You find it in many ancient writers, particularly in Epictetus and the Stoics. It's very explicit in Lucian. And what is Christ's 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth' except a simple expression of Veblen's theme? It's behind a hundred English novels. *Vanity Fair* is almost pure Veblen. Wells' *Tono-Bungay* is saturated with Veblen."

"Go on," I said.

"Think of me," he continued, "as a confirmed Veblenite. I learn from Veblen's own example that to retain academic security and prestige it's necessary to play a part, to teach conservative economics, to live in a tastefully furnished apartment, to cultivate one's contacts with the leisure

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class. Meanwhile, my deepest convictions are submerged. I can't teach honestly. I even learn to avoid references in class to Veblen's views."

"And so?" I said.

"And so I became a thief. Not the usual sort, perhaps, because I've stolen only the most extreme—the most idiotic examples of conspicuous waste. The losses injured no one. The profits went to organizations devoted to the public good."

"But the risks," I said, smiling. "What about the risks of being caught?"

"Ah," he said with a sigh, "that's another side altogether. There must be in my make-up some deep-seated hunger for adventure that found an outlet in these crimes. I've never married. Academic life is very dull. It was in the planning and execution of these thefts—in the very challenge of the risks—that I managed to escape from boredom."

"This has gone far enough," I said, with a forced laugh. "I saw you handle Reuben. You couldn't possibly have made an exchange."

Dr. Barnes got up and left the room, returning a moment later with what seemed to be a small leather harness.

"An old device," he said. "A gambler's holdout, used for exchanging playing cards. I carried in it a replica of Reuben that I was able to prepare from early photographs in the Chicago papers. All I needed was one instant of diverted attention. I planned to carry Reuben to a window, under pretense of examining the rubies in natural light, but Mrs. Giskin's midriff made it unnecessary. The switch was made in a flash."

I picked up the holdout, and while I was examining it I remembered that the professor had gone to wash his hands immediately after returning the turtle to the aquarium.

"But they searched you," I said. "What happened to the holdout?"

"Into the bottom of the flush box," he said. "I retrieved it this afternoon when I picked up Reuben."

"Where is Reuben now?"

"Where do you suppose?"

I walked into the professor's

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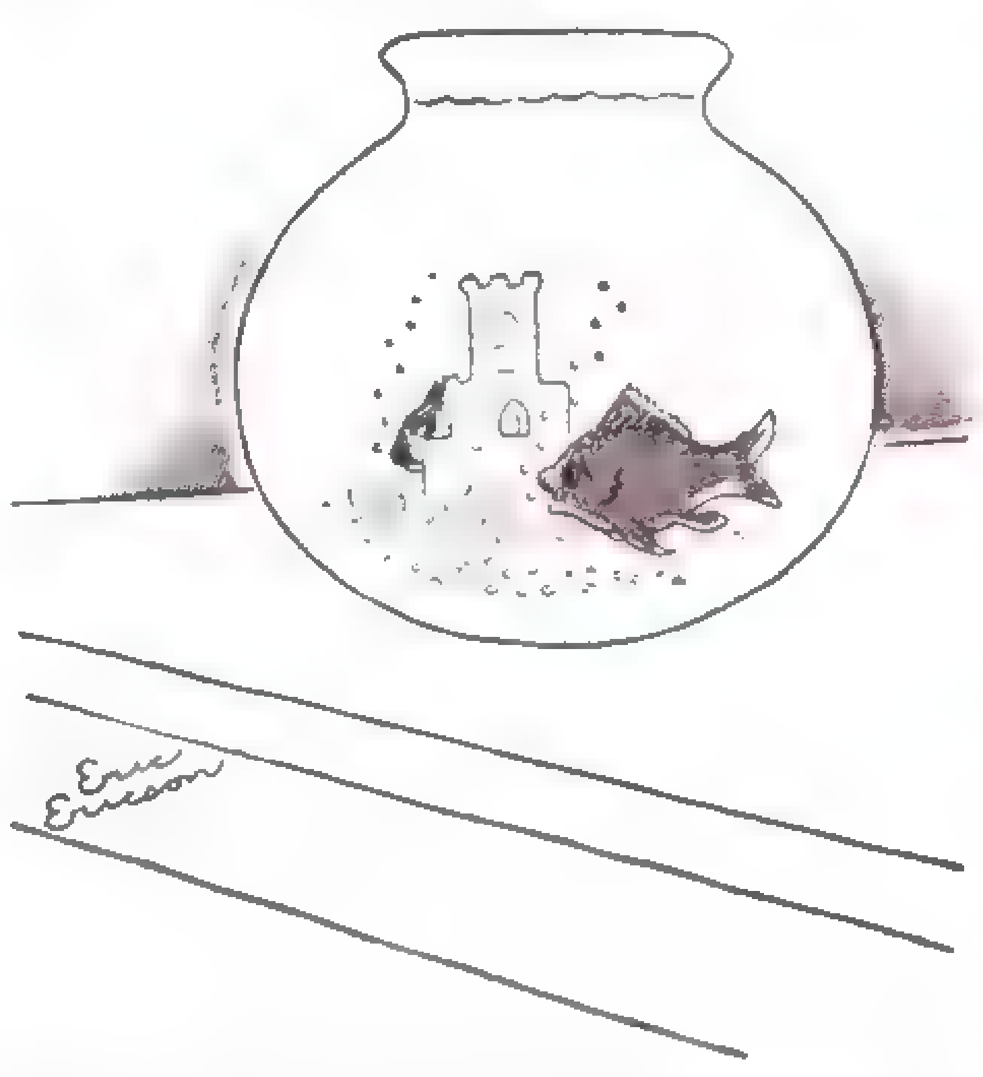

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The Conspicuous Turtle

Continued from page 163

washroom and removed the lid. Reuben was paddling about happily among the gaskets. I could see the indentations in his shell where the rubies had been.

When I got back to the sitting room Dr. Barnes was staring into the dying fire. His expression was old and kindly and resigned.

"Orlando," I said in a strange voice, "why did you tell me this?"

He smiled sadly, and shrugged.

"I don't know, Monte," he said wearily. "I guess it's because I'm getting old and sentimental. I wanted to share my secret with someone before I died.

"This is my last theft," he continued. "The excitement is more than my high blood pressure can bear. I went through it largely because it was such a fitting symbol to climax the Veb's career."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Do you remember the chapter about the turtle in *Grapes of Wrath?*"

I nodded.

"In that chapter," he went on wistfully, "the turtle is a symbol of the poor—slow, plodding, ancient—crawling across the highway, narrowly missing disaster, but somehow always inching forward. Reuben, like the jeweled turtle of Huysmans' story, expanded the metaphor. He literally carried on his back the world's burden of conspicuous waste."

The fire was almost out now and we sat there in silence watching the glowing logs. In the stillness I could hear faintly the bells in Mitchell Tower playing the *Alma Mater.*

"What a story this would make!" I exclaimed at last.

Dr. Barnes came over and rested his hand on my shoulder. His eyes were moist.

"I wouldn't have told you this, Featherstone," he said, "if I hadn't known I could count on your friendship to keep my secret."

I reached up and pressed his arm. "You can count on it," I said.

We talked until early morning. Or rather Dr. Barnes talked while I listened with growing amazement to the incredible tales of his former exploits. When I finally left, I paused outside the entrance of the building, breathing clouds of moisture into the frosty night air.

"I just thought of a wonderful title for that novel I can't write," I said. "But the trouble is that Thomas Wolfe has already used it."

"What's that?" he asked.

"*The Veb and the Rocks,*" I said.

Professor Barnes held his nose and slammed the door in my face. ##

Continued from page 61

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Sam Nelson's "300" Game

Continued from page 79

handicap like that with his game."

Rod took out a cigarette and passed around the pack. We all lit up, and ordered another round of drinks. Rod's story sounded rather incredible, but we believed him, so far. Sam Nelson never got a turkey, which is three strikes in a row; in fact I don't think he got two in a row more than a couple of times. It was usually an occasion when he got a strike at all.

"Well," Rod picked up the story, "I felt kind of funny when I got another split in the fourth frame. That gave me a 45 in the third frame, which wasn't so hot. I didn't even try for the split, and marked a 53 in the fourth frame. I was way behind Sam. I guess I was starting to get a little worried then. You know, even if you are a better bowler, when a guy gets way ahead of you at the beginning, it makes things pretty tough, because he might get a mark in the rest of the frames, and that would make it just about impossible to beat him. So, down goes Sam for his fourth frame, and he rolls a nice ball. But like I said, it's a slow alley, and I guess Sam put a little spin on the ball that he ordinarily doesn't do. Anyway, the ball moved over toward the center slightly, and plunked right into the head pin. I thought sure it would leave a split, but what the hell do you think happens? The pins sort of sprawl out over the alley, lazylike, every damn one of them. So that gives him another strike, and a second frame score of 60 which is seven ahead of my fourth frame. I realize that the situation is getting slightly out of hand, so I determine to settle down right then and there and really do some bowling.

"Well, I settled down pretty nicely, because I threw a perfect strike for my fifth frame. A neat hook, right into the pocket. I marked the score sheet, and waited for Sam to come back from the bar, so he could continue. I figured that this would be the turning point. I would probably do some fine bowling from here to the end of the line, and Sam would, most likely, blow up. I knew damn well that he couldn't keep the pace he had set at the start of the line. He comes back with a couple of beers, and gives one to me. 'Nice goin', Rod,' he says to me. 'Glad to see you got a strike in the fifth. Always more fun to have competition.' So he takes a gulp of beer, sets down his glass, and picks up his ball. His remark made me a little sore, him talking about having competition. I decided to take

Continued on page 166

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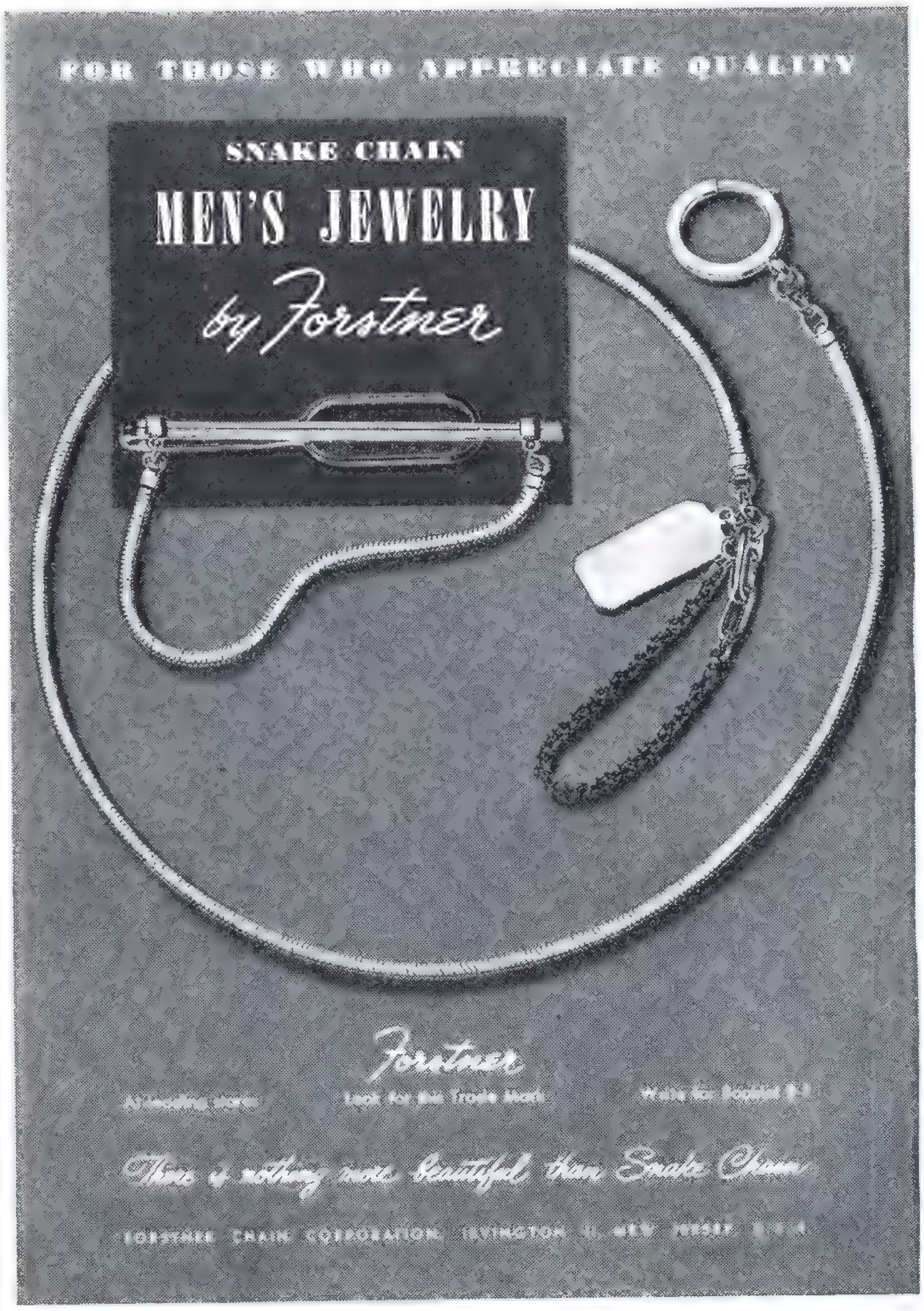
Sam Nelson's "300" Game

Continued from page 165

him down from his big ideas. Well, I'll be damned if I didn't drop my glass of beer, break the glass, and spill the beer all over the floor, when Sam rolls his ball for the fifth frame. I never saw a man have luck like he had. He missed the head pin, I know damn well he did, but they all went down. The ten pin fell forward and knocked down the six pin, which hit the three pin, which spilled the head pin. Never saw it happen before in my life, but it did then. So Sam smiles at me sort of sheepishly, feeling, I guess, that he really didn't deserve the strike, which of course he didn't, and marks his score. Well, the porter comes around and cleans up the mess that I made when I dropped my beer, and I gets up to bowl.

"As you might guess, I'm a little shaken. Here I am with twenty smackers, which ain't hay for me, as you know, bet on a game that I'm losing, and losing pretty badly. I figure it's now or never. Well, I get another strike. Then Sam rolls his ball for the sixth frame, and I know it's a strike when it's halfway down. It hits the pocket nicely and he marks the score sheet. Six in a row! Well, I've just about lost sight of that twenty bucks by now, but I goes ahead and bowls my seventh frame. There is a little crowd behind us now, watching Sam roll strikes, and I feel pretty ashamed of myself, what with my having the fifth highest average in the league, and Sam having the next to lowest. So I throws my ball pretty fiercely down the alley, and gets another strike. Well, that's three in a row for me, and my spirits rise, just slightly.

"The score now stands with Sam having 120 in the fourth and me having 83 in the fifth. It ain't so very sharp, this contest I'm in, but I don't figure on giving up. Sam takes his time in the seventh frame, and then rolls his ball. Well, Bob, I'd swear that he should have had a split on that one. It conked the head pin squarely on the nose. No, I guess I don't have to tell you what he gets. That's right, a strike. I was beat when that happened, just damn well beat. In fact, I felt so bad that I would have just as soon given Sam his twenty bucks and quit. But the boys standing behind our alley wouldn't think so well of me if I did that, so I decided to try and put up a fight. I rolled my eighth frame and got another strike, which wasn't bad bowling. I have 113 in the sixth with a couple of strikes after it, but, of course,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Sam has 150 in the fifth, and two strikes after it. I'm going to have to bowl good to get a 200 game, but Sam is as good as over 200 now. He can get splits from here on out and still beat me. Well, he stands up and faces the pins for his eighth frame and bowls very easily. He really takes his time. Zingo, down they go, every one of them. Well, that gives him eight in a row, and 180 in the sixth with two strikes after it, which means he's over 200 in the seventh frame. I am very discouraged, so I roll my ball away in the ninth frame, and don't even mark the score, after missing a spare. Sam rolls a strike in the ninth, too, and you can imagine what kind of a crowd we had behind us by now.

"Well, I just gently bows out with a split in the last frame; I still don't know what my score was. Sam takes his time, and there isn't a sound in the whole place. No one is bowling until he bowls, and everyone is closely watching him. He rolls the ball and down they go. The ball comes back and he stands a moment, waiting for the pin boy to reset the pins. Then he bowls again and gets his eleventh straight strike.

"There's really a hush in the place now. I thought I heard a pin drop it was so quiet. Sam is nonchalant, too damn nonchalant, but everybody's with him. He steps up to the foul line and rolls the ball. It smacks the head pin pretty head-on, but I ain't a bit surprised when all ten pins go down. He stands there sort of dazed for a moment, then he breaks out into a big smile. There was only one other fellow to roll a perfect game at Triangle before that, and that guy is now making a living bowling in tournaments. Sam shakes hands all around, and does not forget to collect the forty bucks that Jim Watson is holding. He orders drinks for everybody, and the boys fall in for their beers. I walks over and shakes hands with him, and he pats me on the back.

"'Tough luck, Rod,' he says to me, and I feel like slugging him. 'We'll get together again soon.' He then walks away. Well, I am feeling ill, for some reason, and I decide that what I need is some

Continued on page 168

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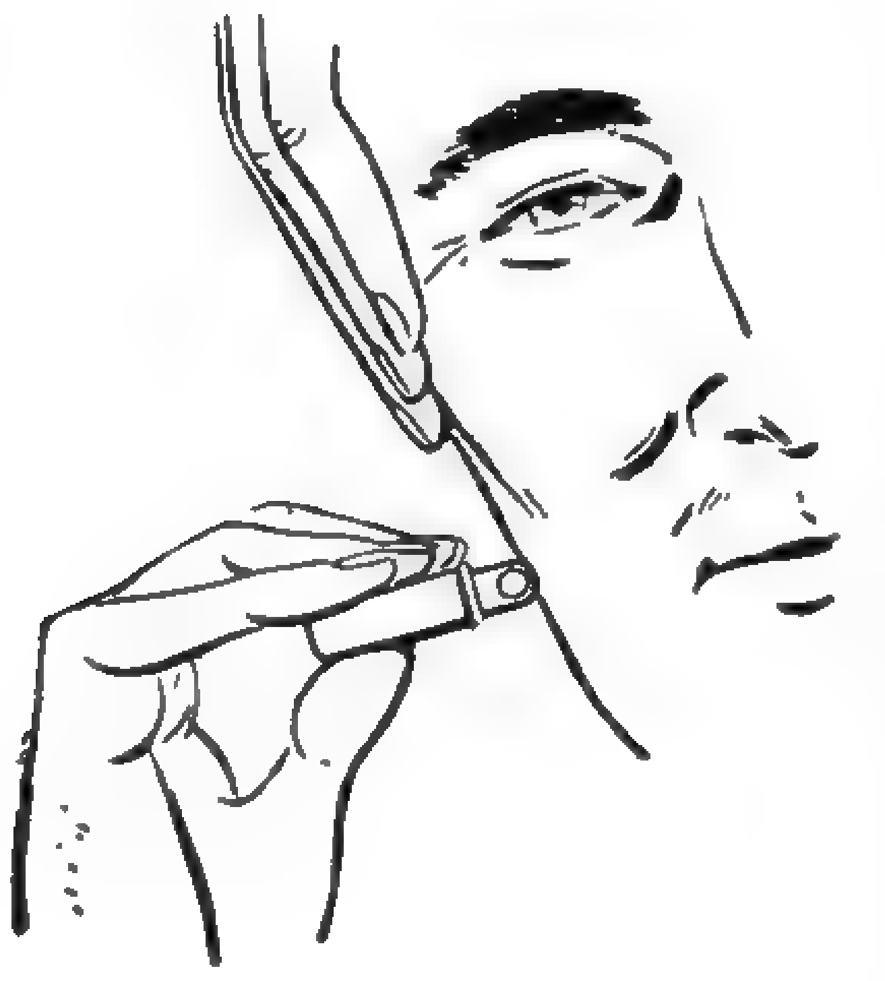
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Sam Nelson's "300" Game

Continued from page 167

doctoring in the form of several highballs. I go over to the bar and order a double shot with ginger ale, and look at the alleys, where any number of patrons are happily wasting their dough on what I consider the most ridiculous sport that was ever invented. I drink my highball with haste, and waste no time in ordering another one.

"Then, a funny thing happens. I notice that Sam is still there, and he is seemingly engrossed in conversation with one of the pin boys. It doesn't look right to me, and I pause by the door and watch as he slips something, that looks very suspiciously like folding green paper, into the pin boy's hand. Well, two and two are four, and I see the whole thing now. So, I walks over to where he's standing.

"'Sam,' I says to him, 'I thought you'd gone home, but seein' you standing over here, I decided to have a word with you.' Well, he seems a bit flustered and it amuses me. Then, I smiles at him and says, 'I'm glad to see you slipped a little to the pin boy, Sam, because he did a pretty nice job of settin' pins, didn't he?' I am pretty sure that Sam realizes I'm on to him, but it doesn't bother him at all, which comes as something of a surprise to me.

"'Yeah, Rod,' Sam says to me. 'I figured, since I took some of your dough, that it would be a nice gesture to help out the pin boy. He works hard, and you know he don't get much for it, so I gave him a couple of bucks.' Of course I ain't taken in by his explanation, even though it sounds pretty legitimate. About this time he has picked up his ball and is putting it into his leather bag. 'By the way, Rod,' he says to me, 'how do you like my new ball?' Well, I gave his ball the once-over and it looked pretty ordinary to me, just about like any other bowling ball. Then I notices Sam's sly grin."

Rod paused, and passed around the pack of cigarettes. We lit up, ordered a last round of drinks, and then he resumed his story.

"Yeah, I see that Sam is giving me a funny smile, and I says to him, 'Looks like an ordinary ball to me, Sam.' He then says to me, 'I suppose it does, doesn't it.' Then he puts the ball in the bag and zips it shut. 'But it really isn't an ordinary ball, Rod. You know, I got this last week while I was visiting up in the Catskills.' He started to walk off, still smiling, then turned around and said to me, with a wink of his eye, 'From a little old Dutchman with a long, white beard!'" ⧺

Continued from page 79

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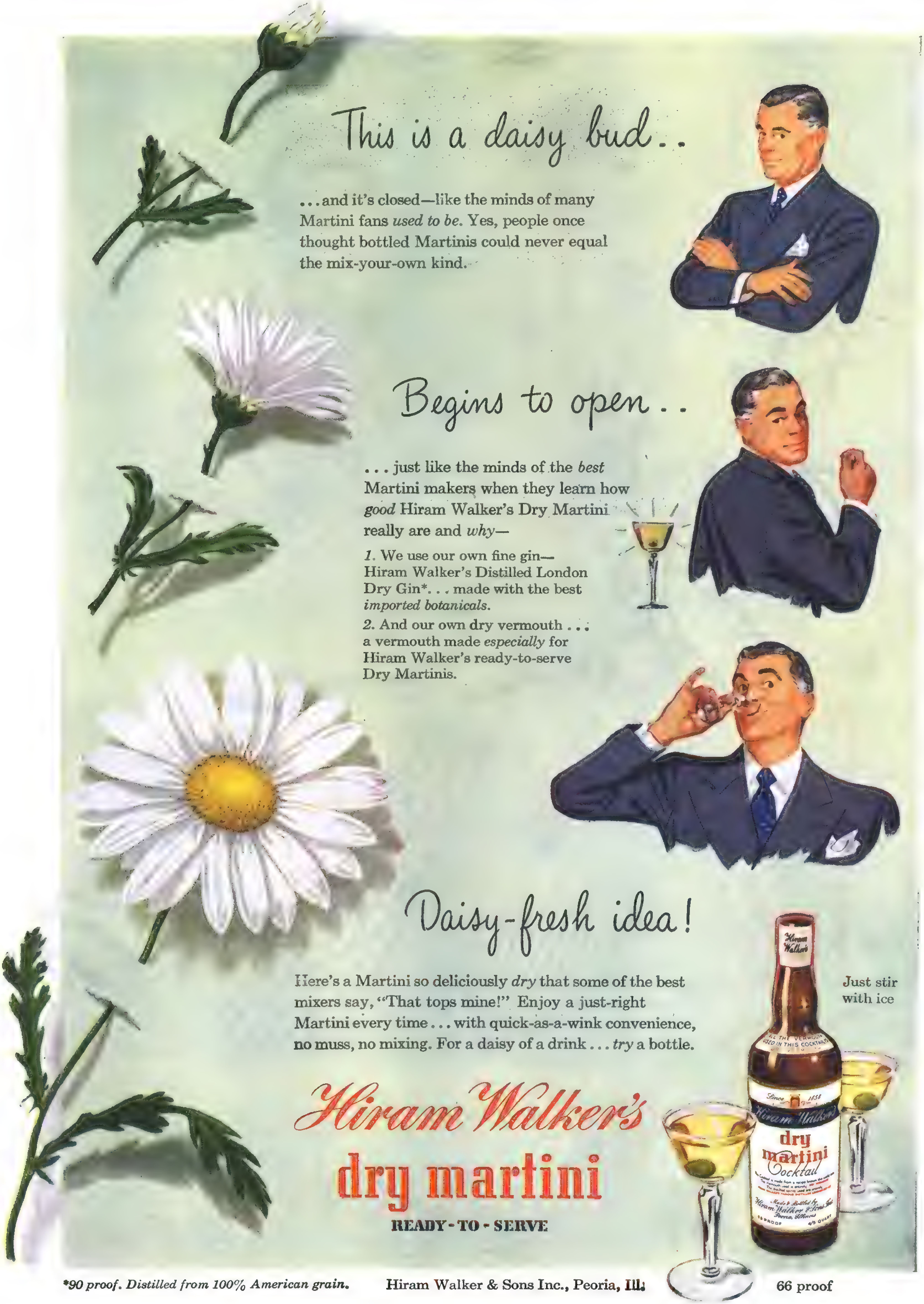

This is a daisy bud..

...and it's closed—like the minds of many Martini fans *used to be*. Yes, people once thought bottled Martinis could never equal the mix-your-own kind.

Begins to open..

... just like the minds of the *best* Martini makers when they learn how *good* Hiram Walker's Dry Martini really are and *why*—

1. We use our own fine gin—Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin*. . . made with the best *imported botanicals.*
2. And our own dry vermouth . . . a vermouth made *especially* for Hiram Walker's ready-to-serve Dry Martinis.

Daisy-fresh idea!

Here's a Martini so deliciously *dry* that some of the best mixers say, "That tops mine!" Enjoy a just-right Martini every time . . . with quick-as-a-wink convenience, no muss, no mixing. For a daisy of a drink . . . *try* a bottle.

Hiram Walker's

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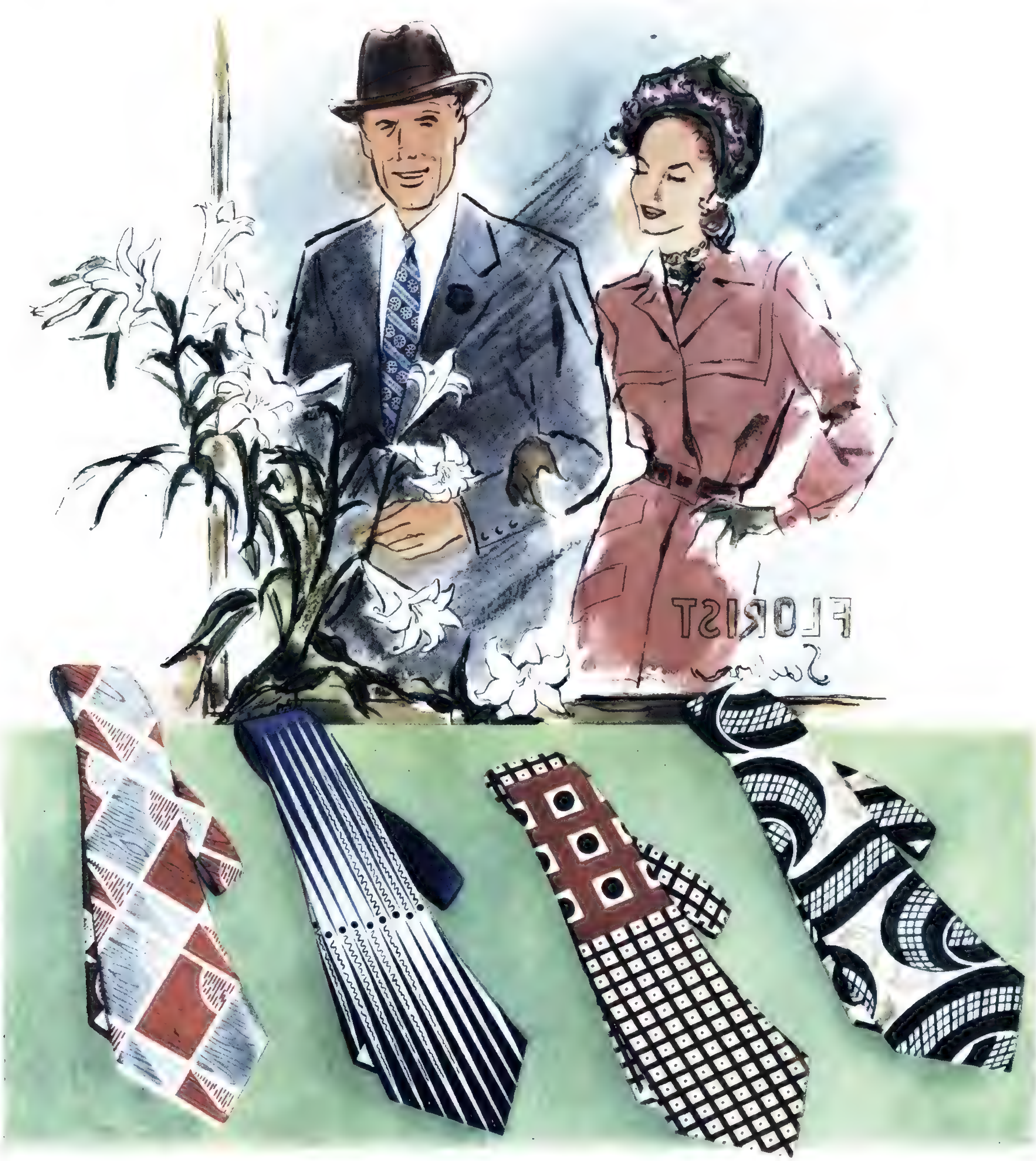

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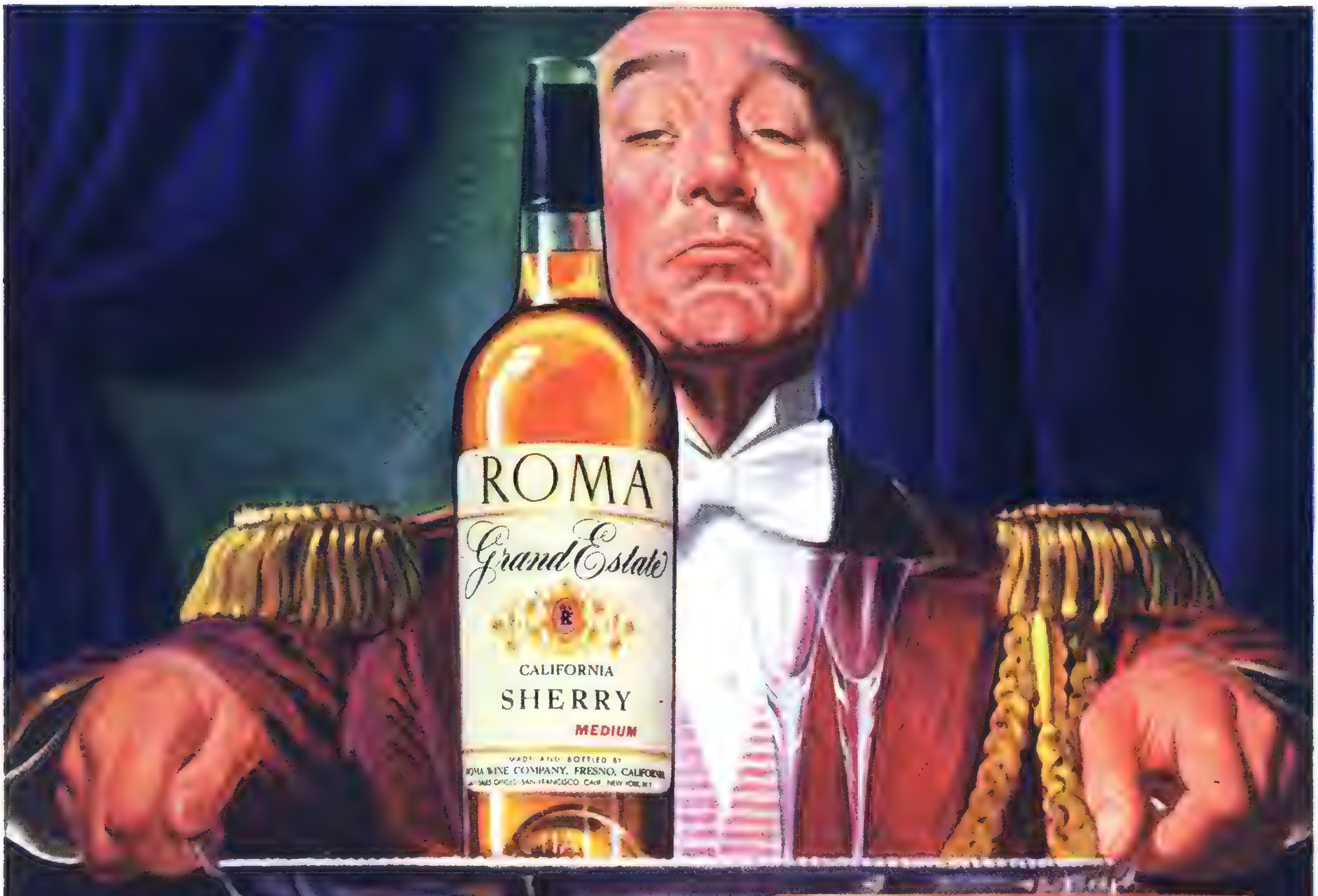
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The Idear Is the Thing

Continued from page 91

Denver brought up the rear. They climbed into the ring. Thompson and his handlers were coming down the other aisle.

Willie's trainer jumped up on the ring apron and stepped on the bottom rope, at the same time grabbing the second rope with both hands and spreading the ropes apart so that Willie could skip between them into the ring like the big-time fighter that he was. He hopped up and down a few times, then sat on the stool in his corner.

Then Smitty noticed Danny. He took his cigar out of his mouth and scratched his head; then he swallowed hard. "Be careful this round, Willie," he said. Willie was having his gloves tied on. "We don't know much about this guy, Willie. Don't be careless."

Willie laughed as if something had him buffaloed. "What's eatin' ya, Smitty? I ain't never seen you nervous before. This kid ain't no trouble."

The announcer was introducing them. Willie heard his name and bounded to his feet, shaking his gloved hands over his head and grinning an acknowledgment of the raucous chorus of boos and ya-a-a-s that greeted his ears. Hajoc got a big hand.

The bell clanged a few times, and the referee called them all to the center of the ring for instructions. Steve fidgeted while the ref talked.

"Awright, boys," ended the ref. "Shake hands now and when the bell rings, come out fightin'."

Everybody hurried away from the center of the ring except the referee. The boys shuffled and hopped around in their corners. Then the bell rang.

Willie Thompson stuck his left hand at the snub-nosed kid in front of him. The kid just tipped the punch aside with his right hand and stuck out his own left hand, and Willie touched it and it snapped harmlessly past his ear. Willie moved in and out, feinting with his left hand and throwing an occasional short left hook. The kid kept his right hand up where it should be—that left hook had found its mark too often in the first fight—and he was playing it smart this time.

Willie jabbed, dipped at the knees and shot a good straight right hand to the belly, but the kid stuck out his left and Willie's right just "plapped" against the kid's side, doing no damage. Willie noticed that Steve's right glove had dropped inches when he blocked the right to the body. Next he would follow through with a left hook to the chin.

The kid had a pretty good left

Continued on page 174

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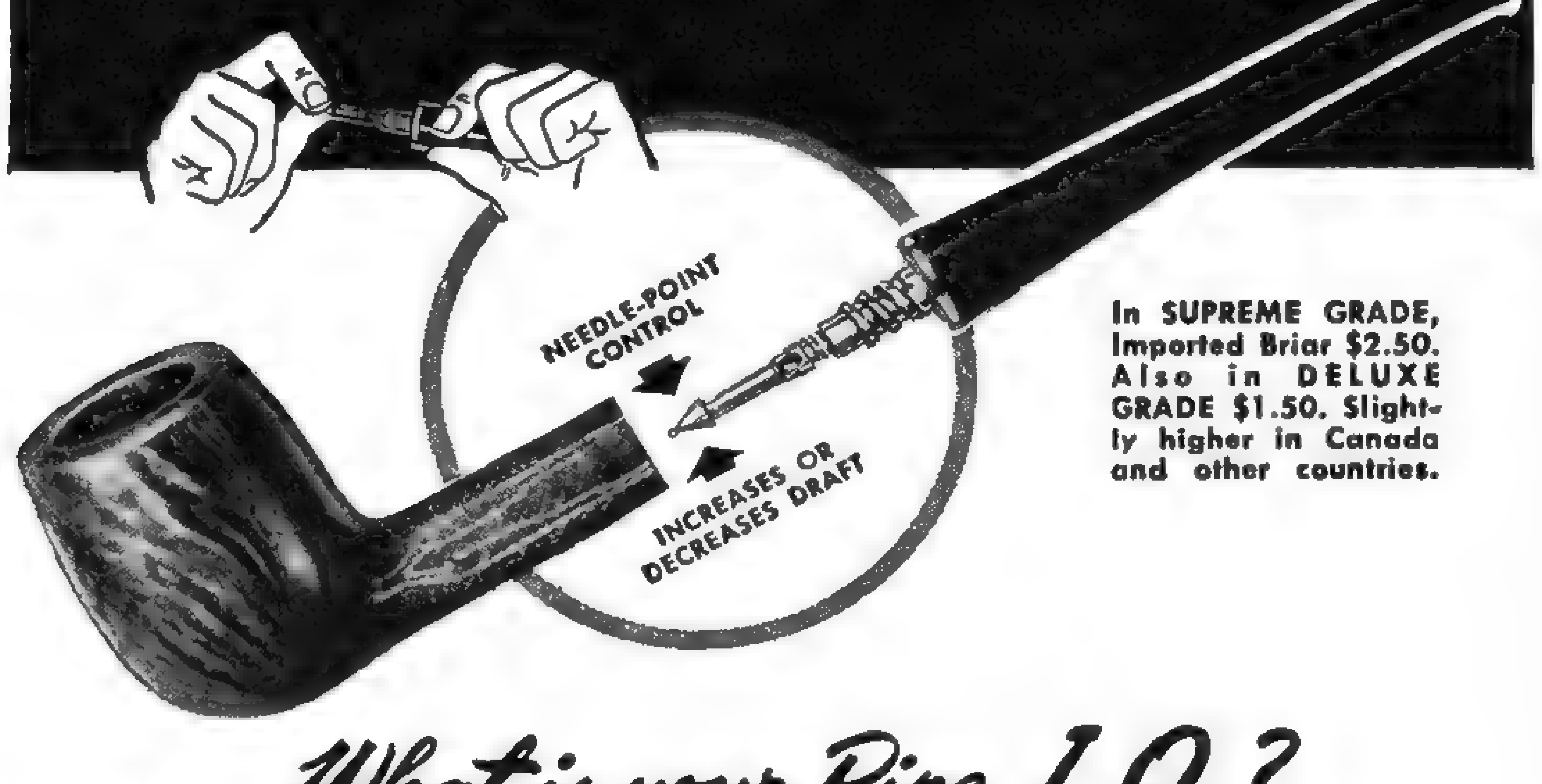

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

The Idear Is the Thing

Continued from page 173

hand too, and he moved nicely. He was jabbing and feinting and laying plans, too.

Willie was working to draw that right hand of Steve's out of position. In the first fight the kid's right hand hadn't been worth much. Every time he had thrown it, he had missed by a mile, and it had been on his chest half the time. Willie could have chopped him to pieces if he had wanted to.

Willie worked around him fast for about a half minute, then he noticed the right hand slipping down a bit. He jabbed and shot a short stinging left hook that hit the kid on the nose. Steve wrinkled his nose. Willie jabbed, tried his cross to the body, and started a long hard left hook.

"Six," said the referee. Willie was on one knee. He shook his head and on his face there was a look of utter dumbness. Then he realized what had happened.

"No," he said vacantly.

"Nine," said the referee, and Willie stood up.

He was on queer street, but he was still pretty smart. He kept his hands up and moved around and when he got into a clinch, the referee had to pry him loose. He talked to the kid in the clinch, trying to get him sore by calling him names, but the kid wasn't a bit excited, and that worried Willie. He back-pedaled until the round ended.

As Willie returned to his corner, his trainer whipped a spongeful of water into his face. Smitty, looking as if he were going to have a stroke, pulled him down on the stool and shoved a jar of smelling salts under his nose. The ball park was a madhouse. Steve was being given bad advice in about five different languages.

"I told you to be careful, Willie. We've been double-crossed." Smitty was hysterical. "I never saw a right hand like that. Don't do anything but jab him." He mopped his forehead with a handkerchief. "This guy will kill you if you open up, Willie. Just stick him and run, and the judges will take care of us."

"Thanks for worryin' about me, pal," sneered Willie. "It's my funeral."

Smitty tried to reason with Willie as the trainer worked on him, but he was too excited to be tactful. "Remember, Willie, we've got an awful lot of money invested in this fight."

The timekeeper yelled: "Seconds out."

Smitty clutched at a straw as he stepped through the ropes. "I'll cut you in on the take, Willie." He stood on the ring apron and continued in a low

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frantic voice. "Honest to God, Willie, I'll cut you in. Just stick him, and the judges—"

The bell rang.

The fighters met in the center of the ring. Willie hopped around the kid, lightly sticking his left hand at Steve's face as the kid moved after him in a half crouch, trying to bully him. Willie had shaken off the effects of the punch that had dropped him. He popped the kid on the jaw with a snappy one-two, and the kid countered with a short right to the body that landed with a sickening thud. The kid danced backward, and Willie came toward him trying to clinch, but the kid jabbed, sidestepped to the right and shot a lightninglike right hand that almost twisted off Willie's head as it landed on the side of his chin.

Willie fell forward and lay on his face. His body twitched a couple of times as the referee counted ten. Then they carried him to his corner, and the Boxing Commission doctor took charge.

Smitty waited in the dressing room. It was over. He wasn't going to think about it for awhile. He just wanted to get the hell out of the place. His heart almost stopped beating, though, as he realized he was washed up.

Danny Denver walked in. Smitty gritted his teeth and snarled: "You goddamned rat."

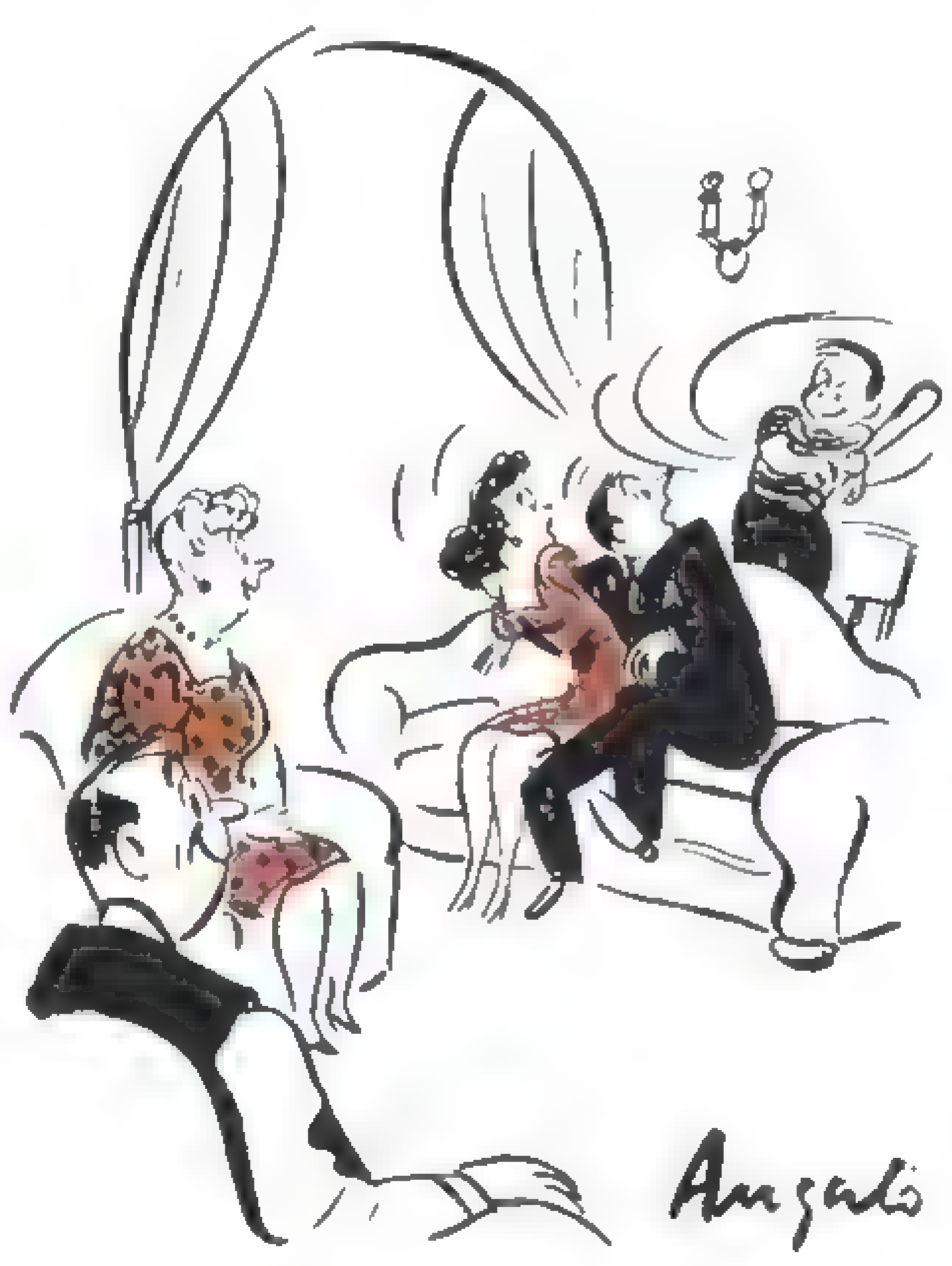
Danny threw back his head and looked Smitty in the eye. "What d'ya mean—rat! I ain't no rat. I just had an idear an' you didn't wanna hear about it." He moved his head slowly forward and back as he gave Smitty the old "up and down business."

"Stop around some time, Smitty. I ain't the guy to hold a grudge." His smile practically closed the slits between his eyelids as Smitty walked around the room nervously. "I got a little capital now."

Joe Vinska came in. Danny smiled. "Maybe ya can teach my partner how ta play pinochle, Smitty," he said.

"Oh no," piped Joe happily. "I don't believe in gambling." ⧺

Continued from page 91



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The Devil's Visit

Continued from page 72

ance and that our delegate to God did not share his confidence. The monsters had probably intimidated him as much as the rest of us, but Krazumov had not allowed his fear to reach his face.

His magnificent bass filled the hall of the church and seemed to shake the walls as if it were assisted by invisible hands. He extended his long right arm, pointed toward us and proclaimed that we had lived in sin! We had failed to adhere to the Scriptures! We had abandoned Krazumov, his church, and God! We had disgraced our forefathers who had been better men! We had this very day seen the devil! These headless, tailless, legless things were nothing but the devil in his newest disguise! The devil always ran fast, for the devil was a coward! So said Krazumov.

Krazumov paused to have his words weigh down on the people of Mognosorsk. Hardly a breath was taken, and I remember how it had thrilled me to know that I had come face to face with the devil. Somehow the grownups had found the experience not so inspiring. They had not been so eager to see the devil and they trembled with fear as they asked Krazumov what would happen.

For a second, Krazumov's face betrayed some hesitation, as if he had no answer ready. But then he spoke again and told us that the devil had done a terrible thing to us and that he would bring about great suffering. The fields he had passed had grown barren at his sight. The legless, headless monsters had brought a sickness to them, a sickness which would last as long as he and his church and God remained deserted and unrespected. Only devotion to Krazumov, his church, and God would keep the devil from Mognosorsk in the future.

There was no one in the village who doubted Krazumov's words. They were all very silent as their minds tried to grasp fully the meaning of Krazumov's prophecy. They remembered the long-forgotten years of drought when people had grown thin, and every thought had been of food, and many had died. They looked up at the pitiless figure of Krazumov, and many thought how fast they would have run to his church had they known of the consequences of their neglect.

As they started to ask questions Krazumov lifted his mighty arm again and bade them to leave the church, for it was his duty now to pray for them. He also added that his prayers would be more powerful if the congregation would part with some of its earth-

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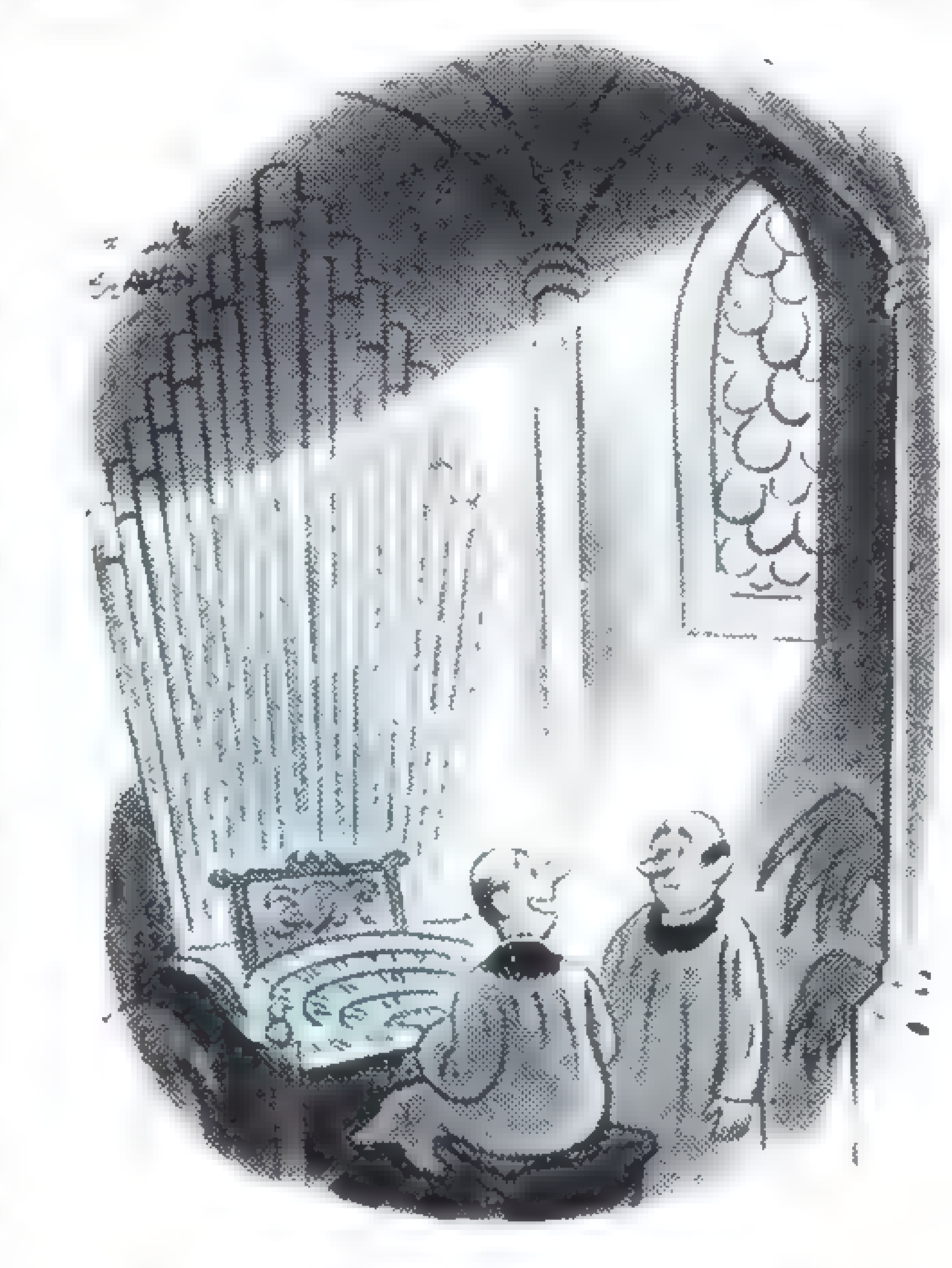
ly goods before leaving the church.

The congregation obeyed and I remember looking back at the kneeling, powerful frame of Krazumov, my heart bursting with admiration for him. I had wanted to be a bloodthirsty Cossack, but that moment I decided to change my future profession to that of a devout priest.



"I've been signed up to play for the Sunday evening 'Black Spider Mystery' over CBS"

That evening the men of Mognosorsk held council and decided that since no field would grow anything the following year, it would be futile to work land which was already doomed. They agreed unanimously that they would do nothing until Krazumov would tell them that the devil's spell no longer threatened their harvest.

The same year, as a consequence of Krazumov's prophecy, I was sent to my uncle in America. Krazumov could not convince my father that it was more proper for his son to die of starvation than to join the family's "black sheep" in that country over the water which had apparently swallowed all the black sheep in Europe.

To my great surprise the devil I had seen passing through Mognosorsk had also invaded this new country. You could see it almost on every road. Every street was the devil's playground. The people called it motorcar, automobile, or just car, and at first I was terrified of it.

My uncle tried vainly to chase my fears with arguments and logic, but my hysteria grew to such an extent that he found himself compelled to spend his savings on a car and allow himself such extravagance "for the boy's sake." He forced me to investigate the inside of the monster, until I learned through many cumbersome lessons that it was only a machine which I could control with my own hands.

The "devil" we had seen passing through Mognosorsk was nothing but a number of racing cars participating in the Paris-Shanghai tour, but fifty-three good people of Mognosorsk died of famine the following year. ⧺

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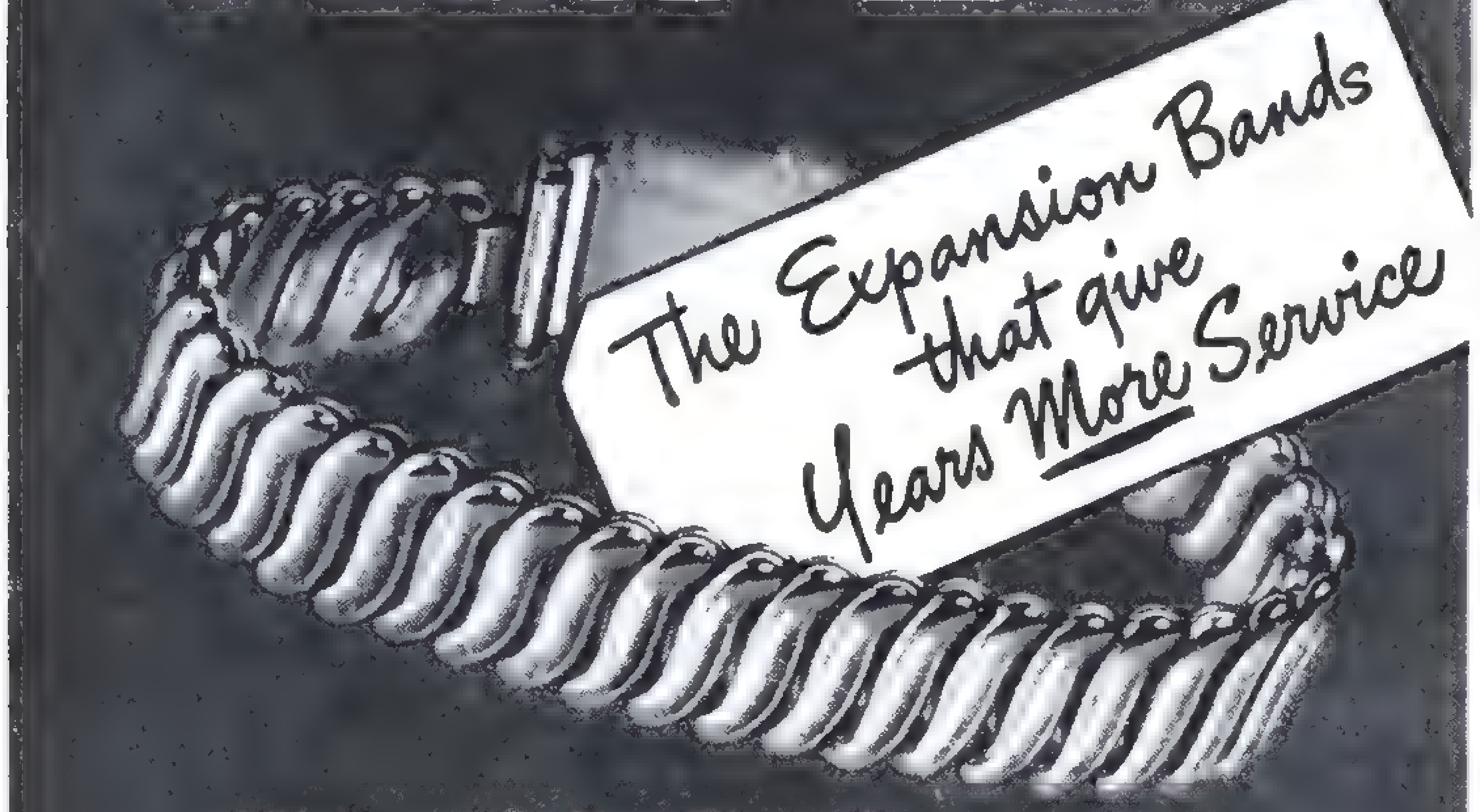

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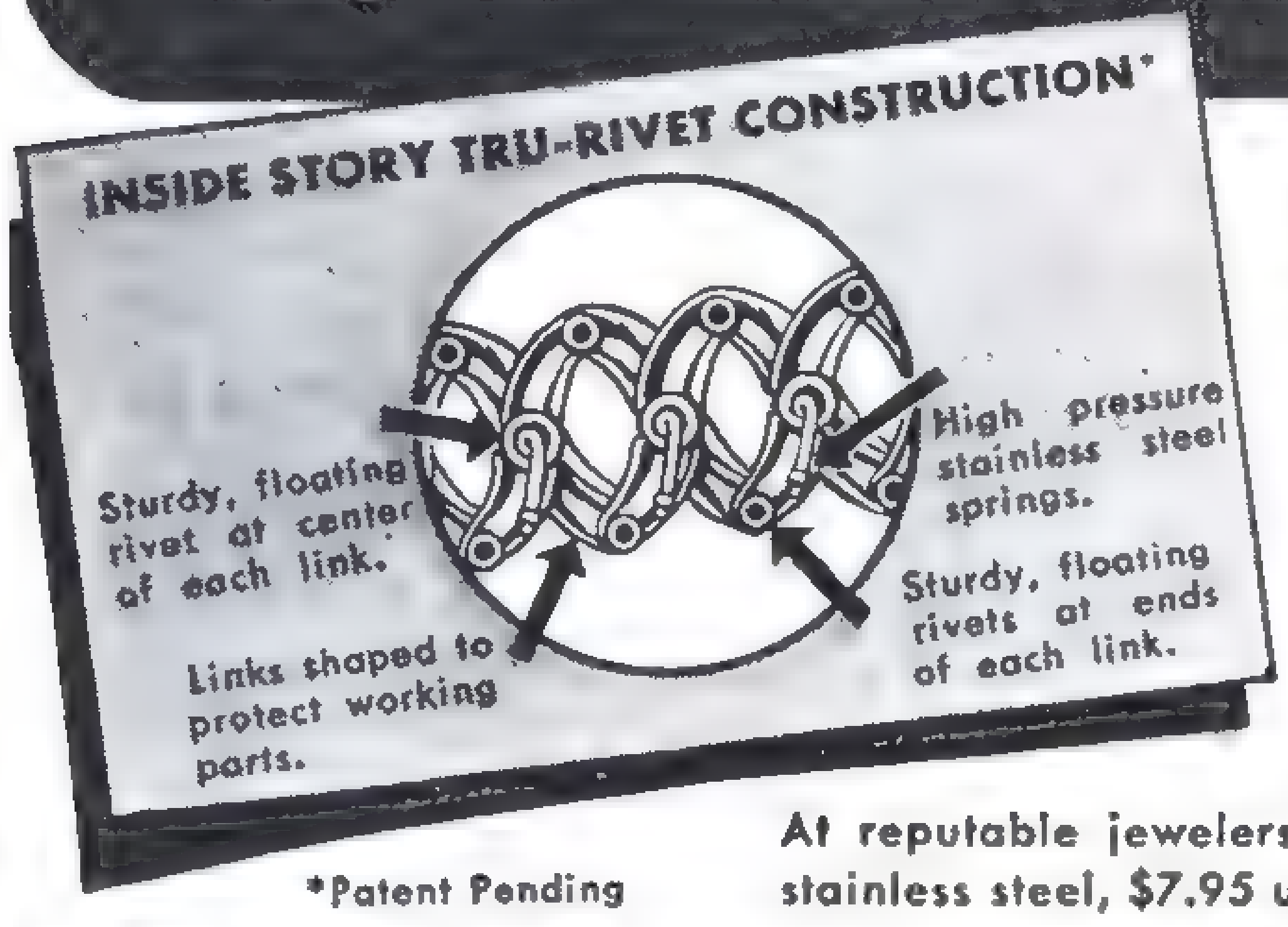
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Inventor from Jango-Jango

Continued from page 92

draws the hair out of your face. See—they're sticking to the little holes in the harmonica-looking thing. You can take your razor and throw it out of the window. It is as out of date as a 1914 calendar."

Moe feels the side of his face that got shaved and his mouth gets wider and wider.

"Jeremiah spent twenty-three years on Jango-Jango inventing his gadget," I say.

"Twenty-three years is a long time," says Moe, now looking at Jeremiah as if he is seeing him for the first time, "but let me tell you something, fellow, you got an A No. 1 invention. I like it better than the electric light or the telephone. Shaving is the worst bother in the world."

"Inasmuch as there was no way of making any money on Jango-Jango," I say, "he would like us to finance the manufacture of his gadget."

"My friend," says Moe, "we will consider it an honor to do it. We will be fair about it, too. We'll only ask for seventy-five per cent of the profits—you can have the rest. After all, Herb and me, we're just common ordinary people. But, like Herb says, you're a genius. You don't run into geniuses every day in the week. And, besides, you deserve a break."

"I am not interested in the financial remuneration part," he says. "All I want is to see the electromagnet shaver produced. It will be all the satisfaction I want, just to see it on the market."

"You mean you don't care about the money?" gasps Moe.

"I didn't work on the electromagnet shaver for twenty-three years because I wanted money," says Jeremiah. "I did it because of the joy I received in perfecting something."

"Listen, fellow," says Moe. "Now, we don't want you to worry about a thing. If you think you're getting too much money out of it, we'll be more than glad to fix that up. You take care of yourself and your shaving gadget and you come back here tomorrow. We'll have the papers drawn up and ready to sign. Herb and I work fast when there is something big brewing."

"All right, gentlemen," says Jeremiah, "I'll see you tomorrow morning."

Moe and I watch in fascination as the string bean of a fellow with a lot of hair on the back of his neck walks out of our office.

Then I look at Moe and Moe looks at me and we both chuckle. We chuckle because we are feeling good and because we both look funny with one side of our face

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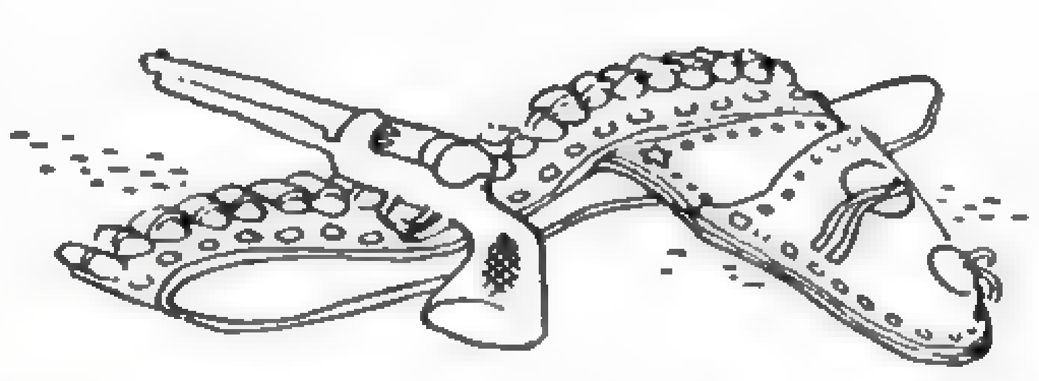

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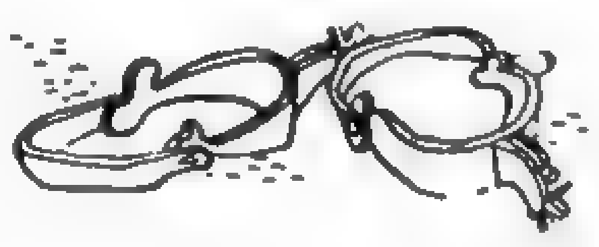

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clean-shaven and the other not.

So we have to go to the barbershop that evening and get shaved on the other side before we go home. The barbers look at us as if we just came express from Mars or someplace. But Moe and I don't care. Not in the least.

Jeremiah shows up promptly the next morning and we have the papers ready for him.

"After what you said yesterday," explains Moe, "I changed it so you don't have to get but fifteen per cent profits. I thought maybe that would make you happier, and, after all, we are all friends and we should lean over backwards so as to make one another happier."

"What you have done is perfectly all right with me," says Jeremiah.

Then Jeremiah signs on the dotted line and Moe gives him a dollar bill.

"That's to make it legal," says Moe. "You'll have to take it." After that, Moe and I shake hands with Jeremiah.

"You know something," says Moe. "I didn't shave this morning. Just to let your little gadget do it."

"Of course," says Jeremiah.

He reaches into his pocket and comes up with his harmonica-looking thing.

He puts it up near the side of Moe's face, clicks the button and, in a jiffy, the hair is gone.

Moe smiles with satisfaction.

Jeremiah is absent-mindedly putting his gadget back into his pocket and Moe says, "Not so fast, my friend."

Jeremiah says, "Oh, surely. You'll want my electromagnet shaver and my diagram for reproduction purposes."

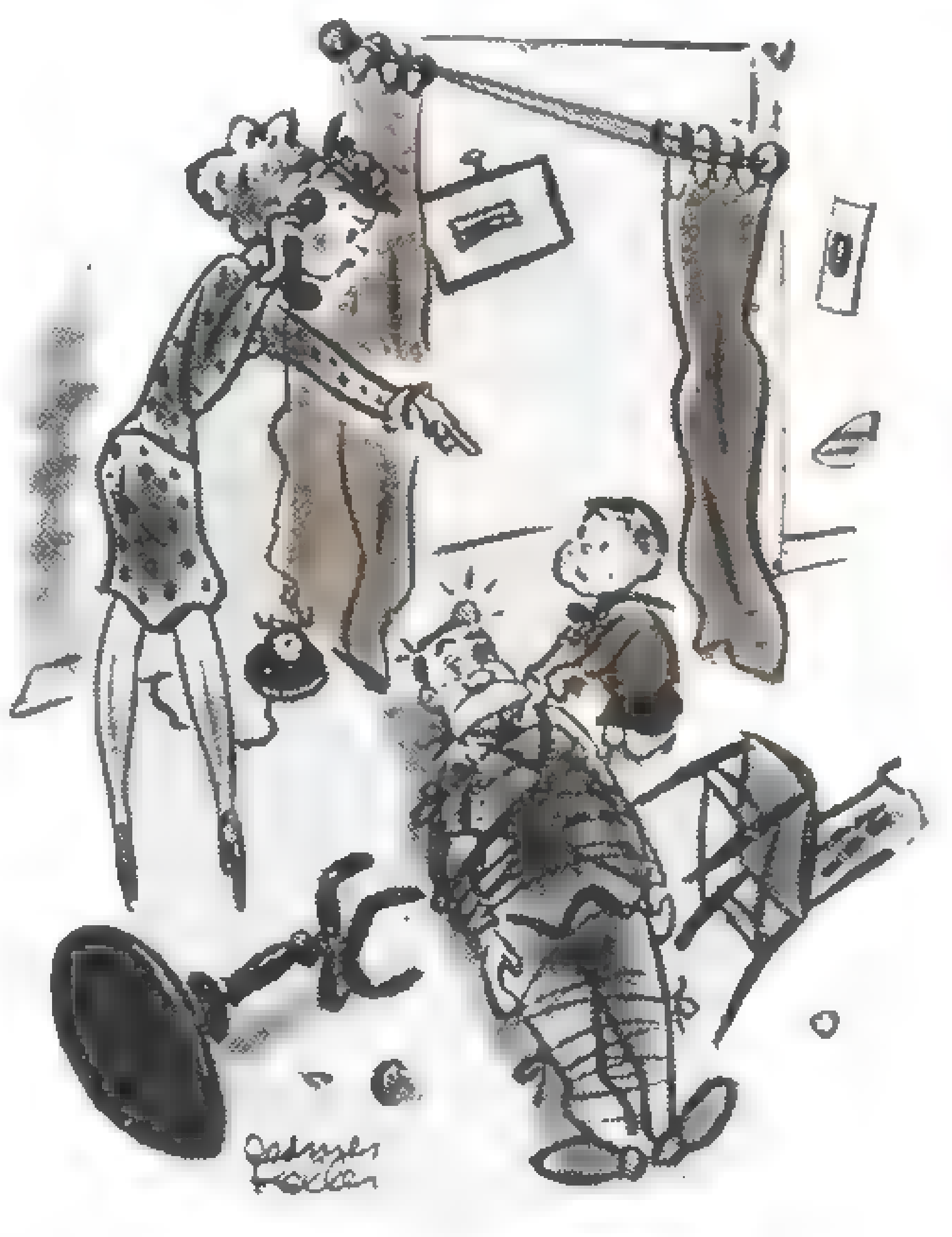
Moe says, "That's true, but in the meantime, how about shaving the other side of my face? It looks funny with only one side of your face shaven."

Jeremiah says, "But it won't shave but one side of a face."

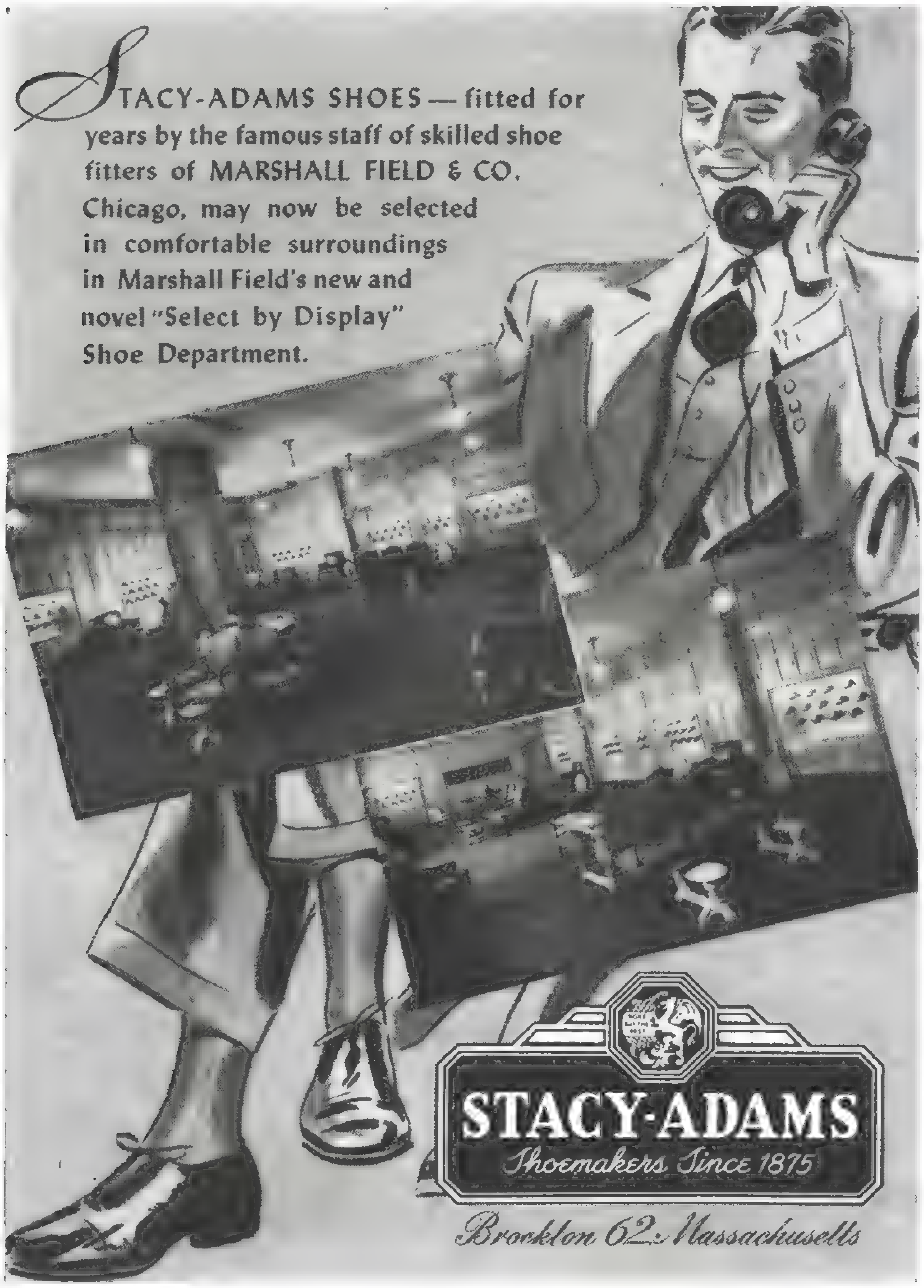
Moe gasps, "What!" I gasp too.

"You see," says Jeremiah, "while one side of the face is being subjected to electromagnetic

Continued on page 180



"Don't touch daddy or anything until the police come, dear"



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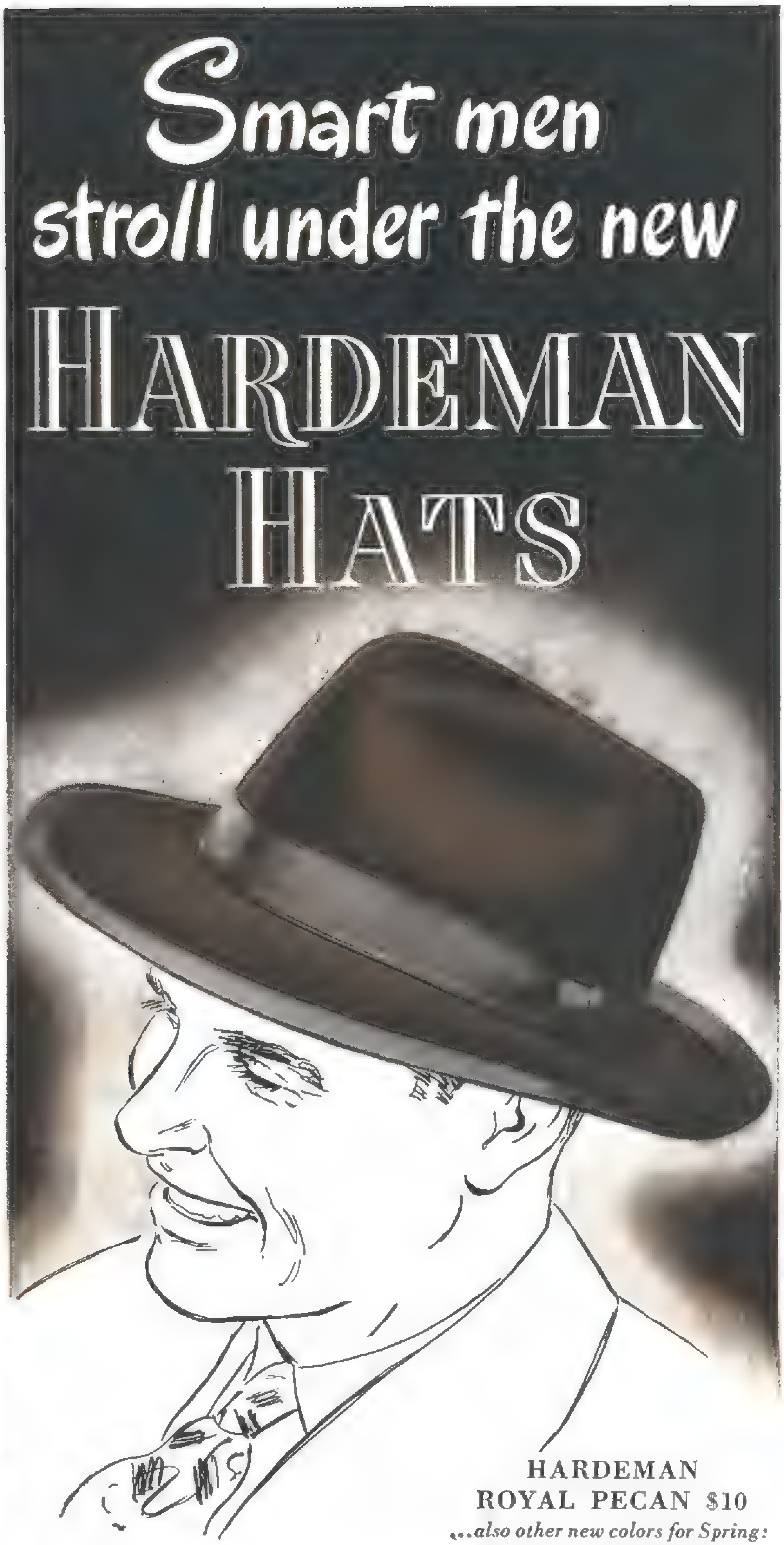

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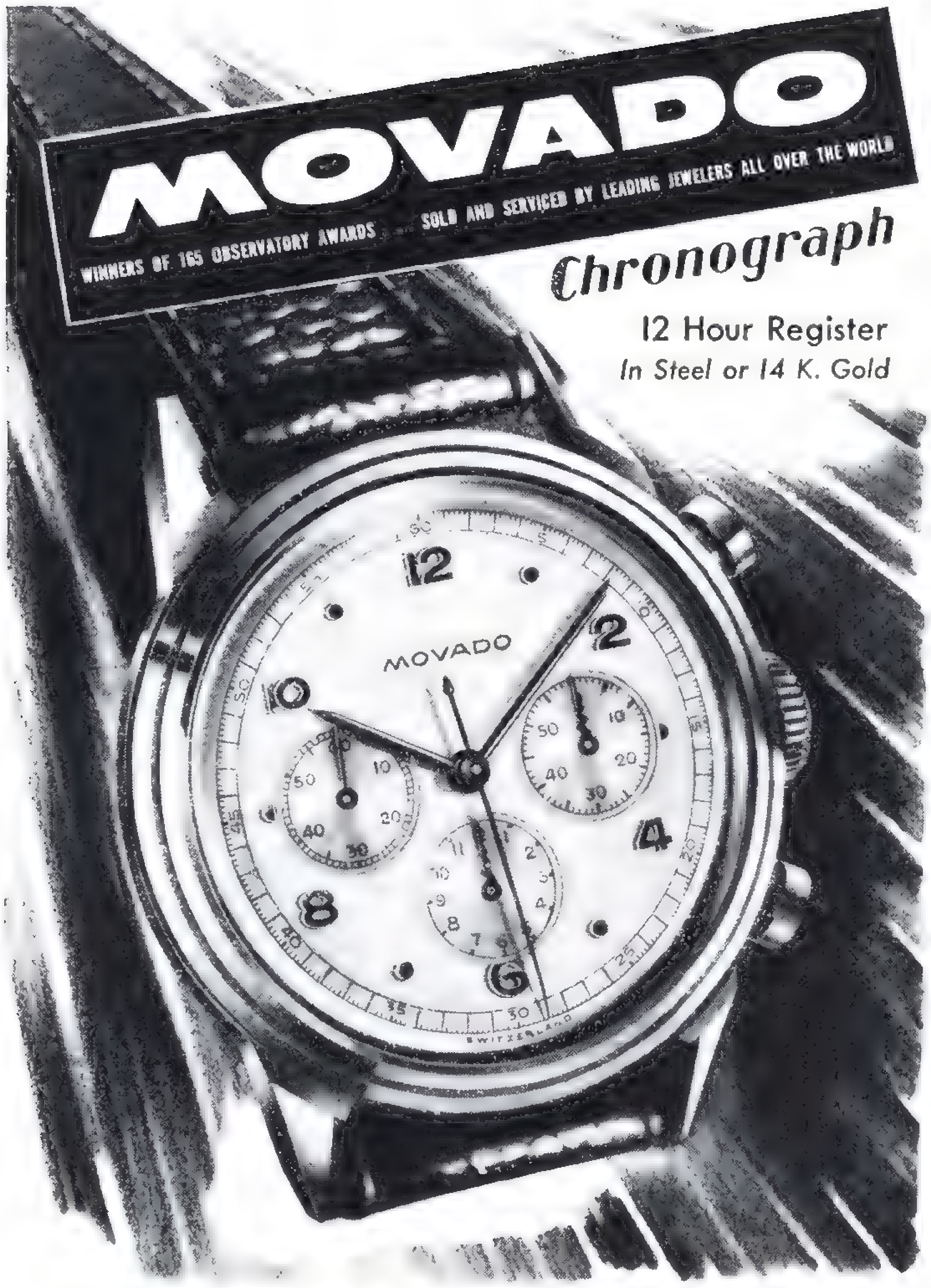
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Inventor from Jango-Jango

Continued from page 179

waves the other side builds up a resistance to it and this condition of resistance lasts for twenty-four hours. I was never able to determine why."

"But this can't be!" cries Moe.

"Oh, yes, it is very true," says Jeremiah. "I will show you."

He holds the gadget up to Moe's unshaven side of the face. A light turns on inside, it hums, but nothing happens to Moe's face. The hairs are still there, the same as ever. They are not wilted even a little bit.

"But it's no good that way," wails Moe. "It's worse, if anything. People would much rather have a stubble all over than to have one side shaven and the other unshaven."

"You mean it would serve no useful purpose whatsoever?" asks Jeremiah.

"It's no more useful than a busted inner tube in the middle of the ocean," says Moe.

Jeremiah sighs. His long face seems even longer.

"After twenty-three years away from civilization, I suppose I'd forgotten some of the finer points," he says. "I thought it would be helpful even if it was useful to only one side of the face. Well, I suppose I'll be going."

"Wait just a minute," says Moe. "Where are you going?"

"Back to Jango-Jango, of course," says Jeremiah. "I'll need the concentration. I'm going to go to work and perfect the electromagnet shaver so that it will be effective on both sides of the face."

"How long will it take you to do it?" asks Moe.

Jeremiah shrugs. "About twenty-three years, I suppose," he says. "That's how long it took to perfect it for one side."

Moe extends his hand to him and says, "Well, best of luck, fellow." I do likewise.

"Thanks, gentlemen," he says. Then he reaches into his pocket, and hands Moe a dollar bill.

"Here," he says. "This doesn't belong to me any more."

And he departs.

That's the last we saw of Jeremiah Whitney, but Moe and I know that he's on this lonely little island working his head off so that we can have a gadget which, by just holding it close to us, will shave both sides of our face. It was really my partner Moe who suggested we close up once a year in his honor.

"You know, Herb," Moe says, "I believe Jeremiah Whitney is just about the greatest man that ever lived. He's not only a genius, but he's real honest. He didn't have to give me that dollar back." ⵻

Continued from page 92

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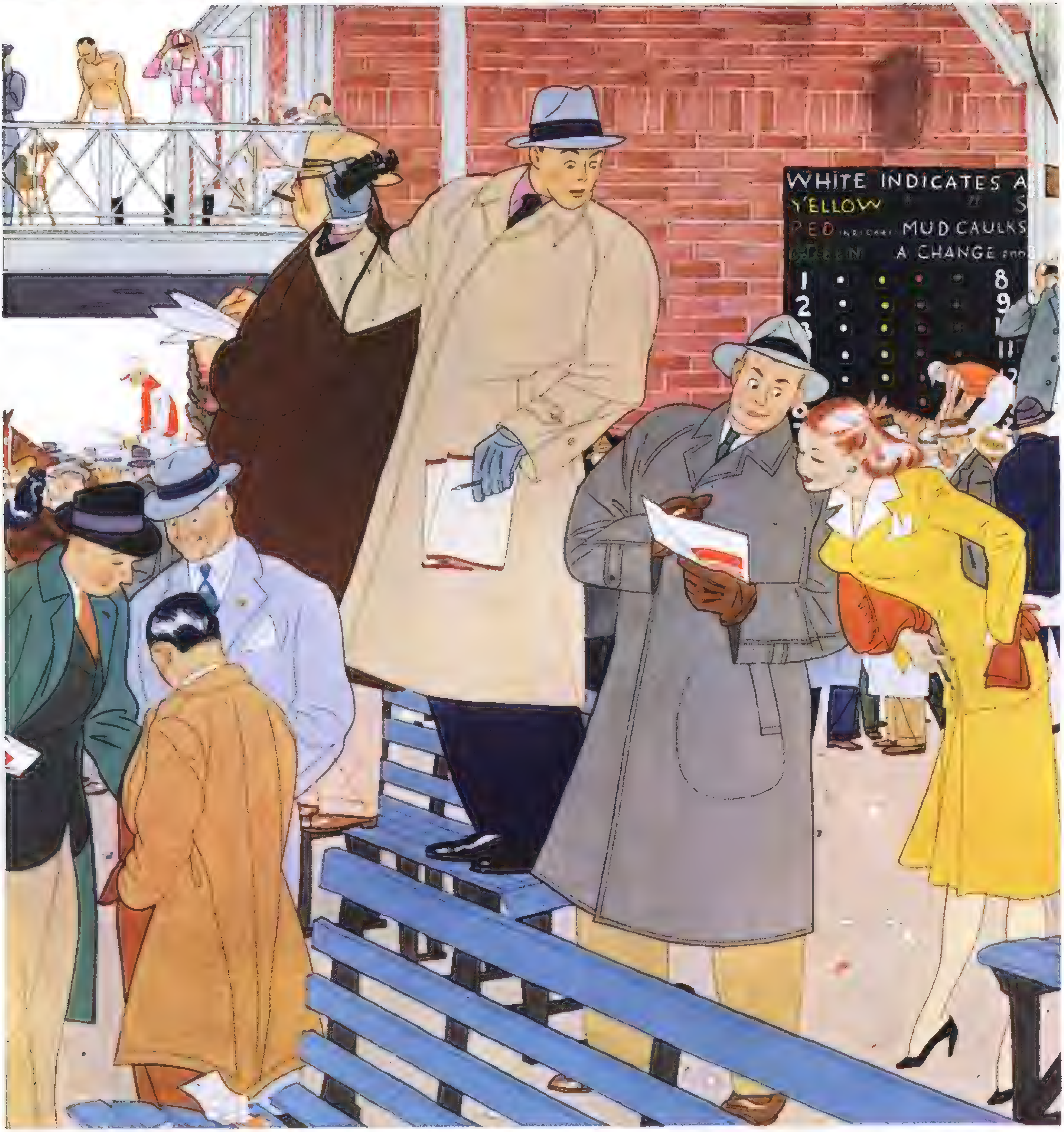

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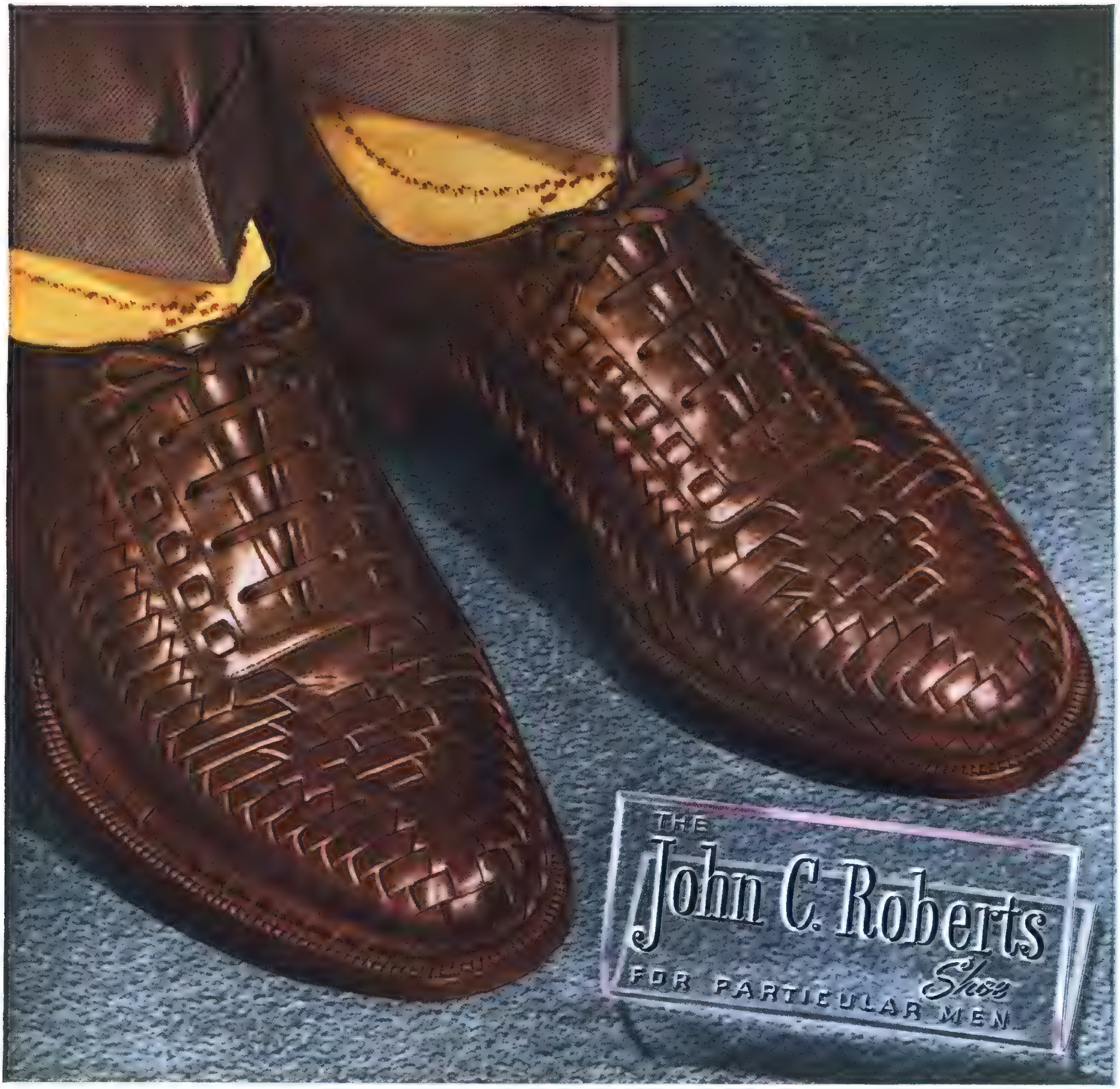

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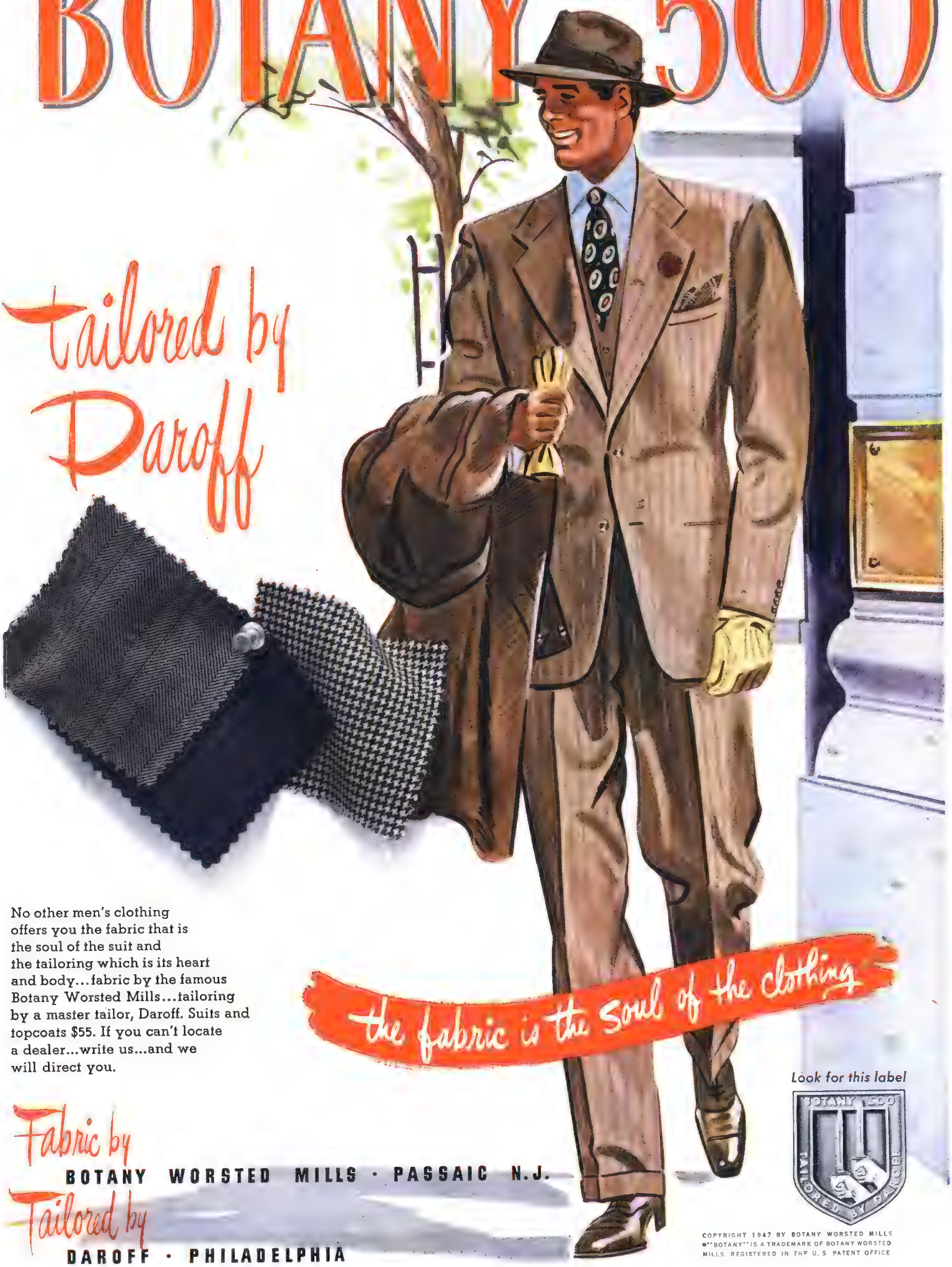
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Seward's Annual Folly

Continued from page 96

the Marathons during the thirty-year history of Seward's annual folly was the affair of 1925. A flashy twenty-five-year-old Finn, Erick Eckmann, took an early lead. At the summit he was two minutes ahead, a winning margin in most races. But while Eckmann was conventional and cautious on the descent, a forty-year-old sourdough named Ed Vogl was not.

Vogl operated under the theory that he was indestructible. He went down the mountainside in tremendous leaps, risking injury with each jump but eating away at Eckmann's lead. The people on the roof tops below saw the gap between the two leaders closed steadily. Suddenly there was a gasp. Vogl had hurtled over the edge of a fifty-foot cliff. There was a moment of stunned silence—then a cheer. Vogl had picked himself up and was bounding on. Soft sand had broken his fall. Vogl caught Eckmann at the lower edge of the forest and drew away to win by ten seconds.

In 1928 the veteran Finn, Eckmann, was heavily favored to win the race. He was held at even money against the field, and the odds were short on his chance to cover the course in record time.

Three good runners were expected to help Eckmann set the record by extending him to the utmost. Max "Smiling Rosebud" Shellenbarger of Anchorage was out in front most of the way in the 1927 race and was back for a second shot at the title. Two high-school boys, Andry Peterson and Sydney Hendrickson, had been practicing for months. Four other runners were in the field, including a fourteen-year-old native kid with the unlikely name of Ephriam Kalmakoff.

The race started late in the afternoon, at 6:34 p.m. Although the northern sun was still high, a low mist hung over the mountain, spoiling the visibility. Only on a short stretch between the tree lines and the tundra could the runners be seen.

The crowd below stared with cricked necks into the mist, hoping to catch some glimpse of the runners. They saw nothing. At 7:15:40—forty-one minutes, forty seconds after the start—the report of a gun floated down from the mountaintop. One of the runners had reached the judges' stand—the fastest ascent on record. Ten seconds later the gun sounded a second time. Another runner at the summit.

The old-time analysts confidently told the crowd what must be happening: Shellenbarger was pressing Eckmann all the way.

The fog slipped farther down

Continued on page 186

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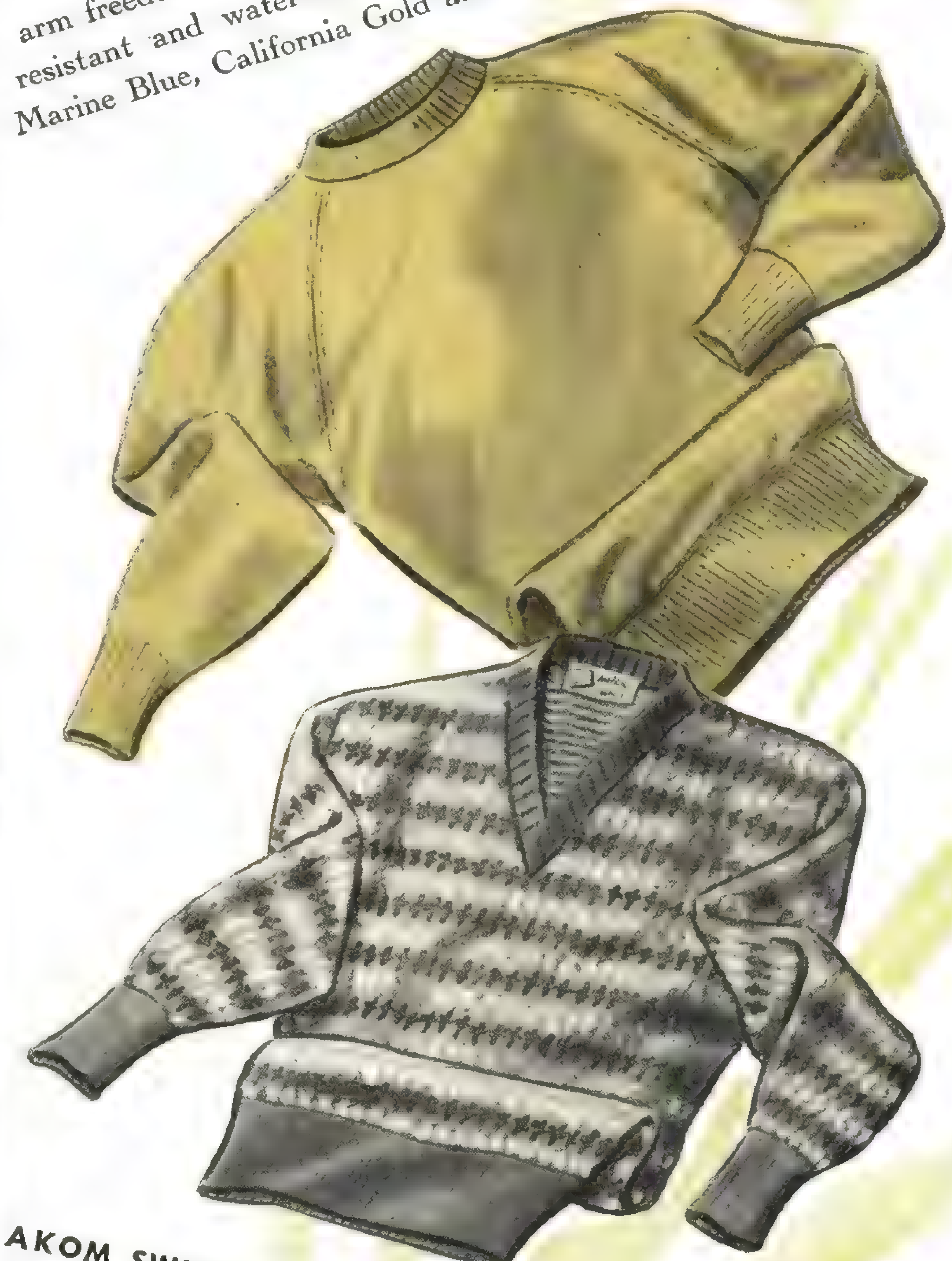

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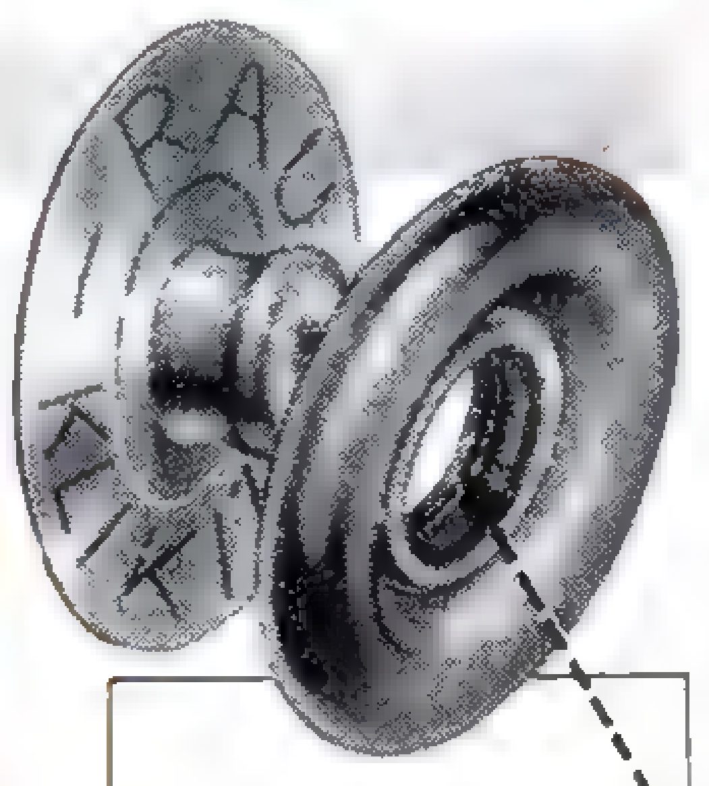

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Seward's Annual Folly

Continued from page 185

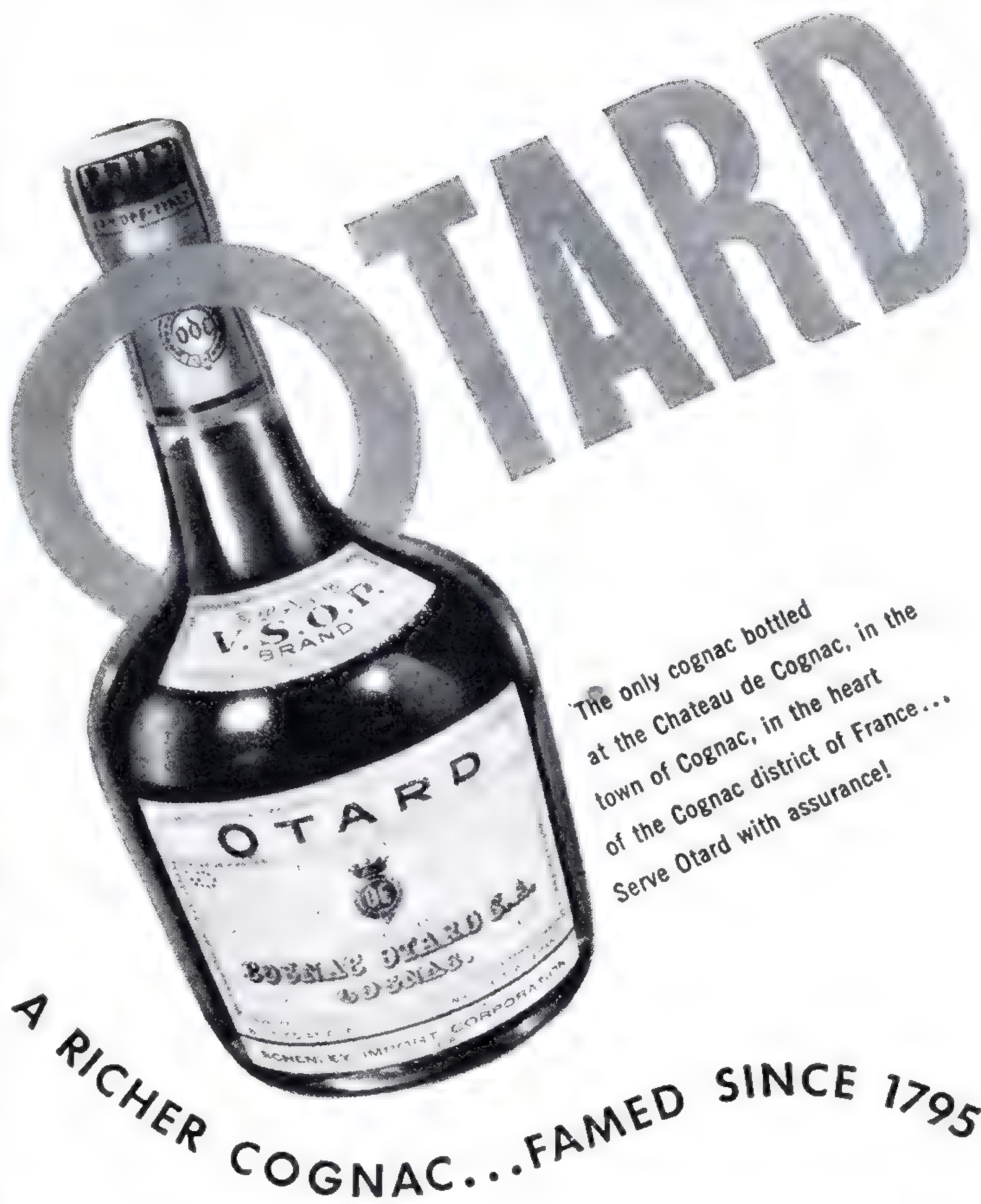
the mountain, covering the grass and tundra. Not even the best binoculars could show who was leading. Then, from the edge of the woods came a shout. "Here he comes."

Sprinting around the bend came fourteen-year-old Ephriam Kalmakoff. His teeth were very white against his dark skin as he grinned at the astounded spectators. He yelled hello at his kid brother as he neared the finish. His long hair bounced with each stride as he raced for the tape. He crossed the line in fifty-two minutes, thirty-five seconds, then ran another two blocks down to the Alaska Steamship Dock just to taper off. As Ephriam trotted back to the finish line, Shellenbarger was coming in. Smiling Rosebud's time of fifty-four minutes and fifty-five seconds also broke Bolam's record.

The elfin Ephriam had run his own race from the start. Weighing less than a hundred pounds, he risked a short cut along a tricky shale shoulder. It brought him to the top only seconds behind Shellenbarger. Then on the way down he cut over to a patch of snow which lay in the shadow of a ridge. Sliding nearly a quarter mile down the snow field saved Ephriam enough seconds to give him the victory as well as the record.

A fantastic exhibition of endurance was put on in 1945 by Mainhardt Bredt, a transplanted Alaskan from the Bronx. Bredt is a tall, good-looking blond who couldn't make his high-school track team. Besides running, he was interested in boxing and biology. His study of plant life made him want to be a farmer, and, having heard that there was land to be had in Alaska, he hitchhiked from New York to Seattle and worked his way north. He did a little boxing in the coastal towns—Ketchikan, Juneau and Kodiak. To keep in shape he did lots of road work. One day at a newsreel he heard the announcer give the time for a 10,000-yard race in Madison Square Garden. Bredt was amazed. He had run the same distance almost as fast in tennis shoes. He decided he must be a good runner and to find out entered the annual Anchorage marathon. He was beaten by a hard-drinking Eskimo who kept in shape delivering mail by dogsled during the winter. But the next year Bredt won a twenty-five-mile race from the best men in the Territory. He finished thirty-three laps ahead of his nearest rival. Since then it is freely admitted that he is the best runner in Alaska.

But when Bredt announced he



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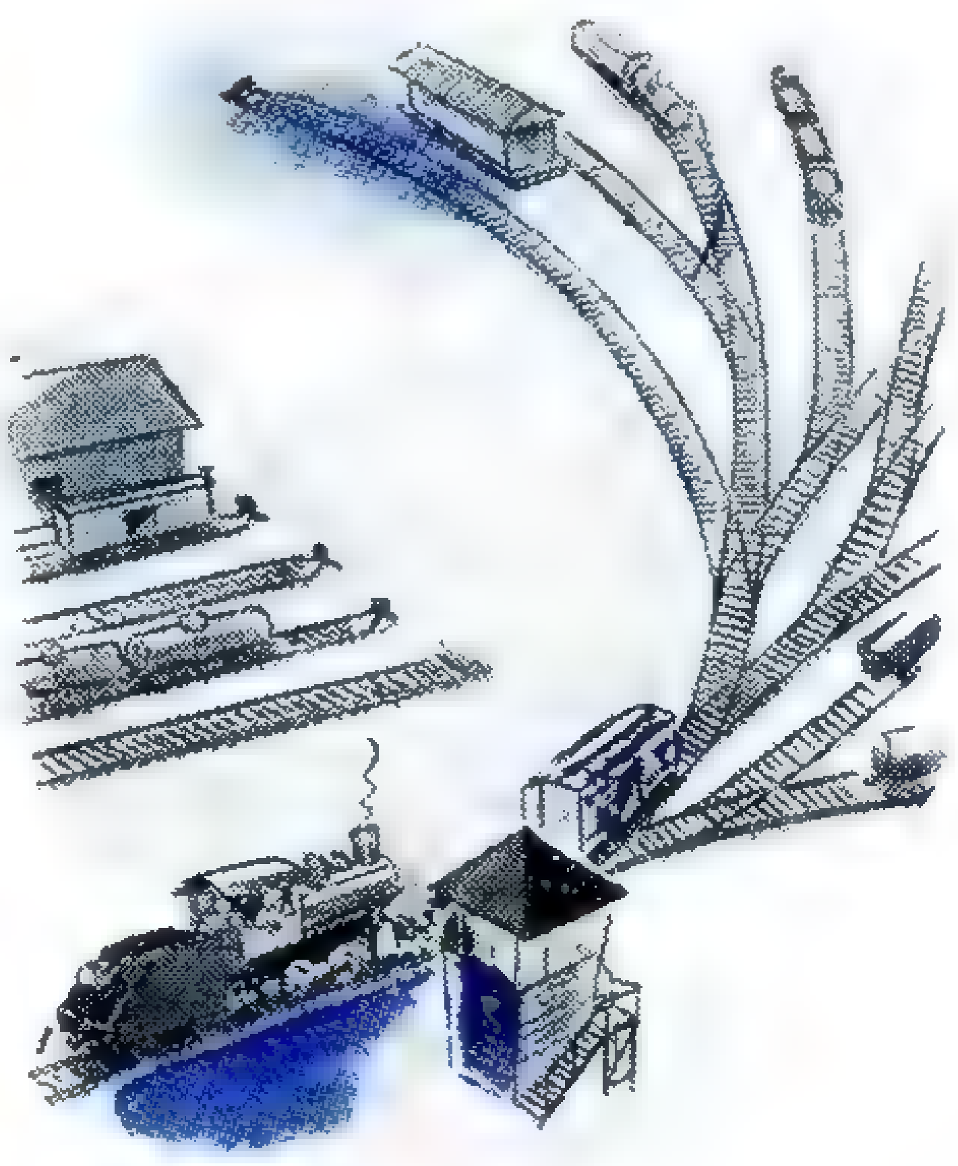
was going to fly down from his homestead at Homer (where he farms in bare feet to toughen his soles) and run in the Fourth of July classic, Seward gamblers were not impressed. They had seen too many men who could make time on flat tracks fold up when they tackled the steep slopes of Mount Marathon.

Among the contenders were Ralph Hatch, who had trained for twelve months with a twenty-five-pound pack on his back to increase his endurance, and Lloyd Tyree, a Kalmakoff-sized kid who turned in excellent times in trial heats. Another contender was the experienced Clarence Keating, a college track star who in six previous tries had never finished worse than fourth—or better than second.

Bredt calmly announced that after the Marathon he intended to fly to Anchorage to run in another race there.

Ralph Hatch was the winner, in fifty-nine minutes and fifty-eight seconds. Bredt took second place, covering the course in sixty-one minutes and eleven seconds. Immediately afterwards, he ran straight to the apartment of a friend, took a shower, dressed, ran downtown for a milkshake, grabbed a taxi to the airfield, and flew north in a chartered plane. Three hours after starting the Seward mountain climb he sprinted away in the Anchorage marathon, which he won. He is without any doubt the only runner in all of history to place in two marathons the same day in towns which are a hundred miles apart.

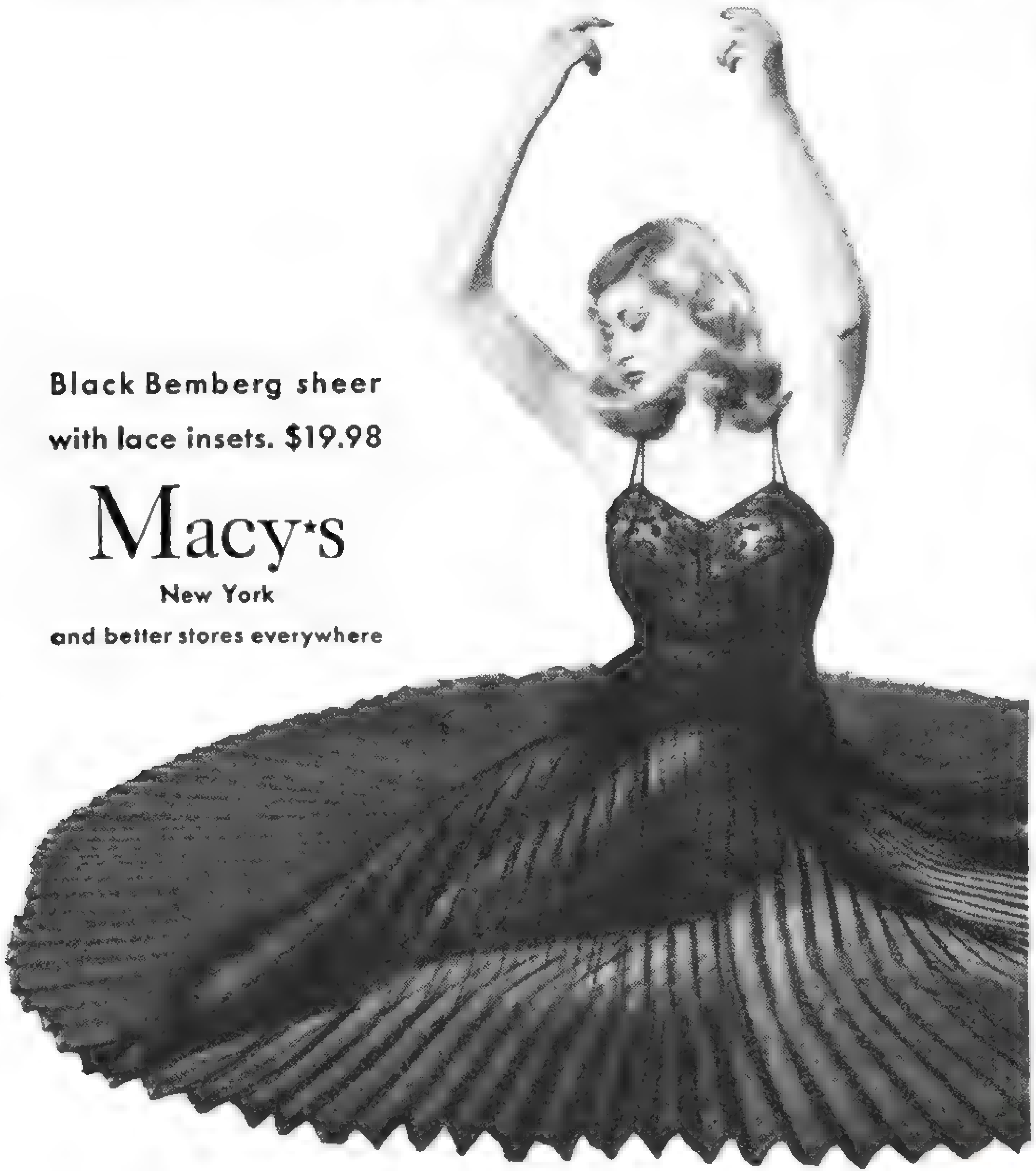

"B. & O. No. 461073 in the corner pocket"

Gambling on the Marathon remains gargantuan. In recent years the Seward Chamber of Commerce, which now sponsors the annual scramble, has held a pool on the winning time. Tickets sell for a dollar.

The committee takes a cut of this to help pay for the prizes, which now total $700, half goes to the winners of the race and the rest goes to the man who comes closest to the total minutes and seconds taken by the winner. The pool gets a big play,

Continued on page 188

hail to the fifth freedom



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Seward's Annual Folly

Continued from page 187

but more money changes hands on individual wagers.

The greatest gambling splurge was in connection with the very odd race of 1926. For a time there were only two entrants—old Ed Vogl and young Erick Eckmann, the pair who had staged the 1925 thriller. Excitement over the rematch ran high, and the last-minute entry of a thirty-three-year-old Finn from Anchorage attracted little attention.

The newcomer's name was Werner Ohls. Though a rumor spread that he was an exceptionally good distance runner, Marathon dopesters were not impressed. A lot of good trackmen had caved in when pitted against trained climbers.

Ohls, however, was more than a good runner. He was a cross-country champion. Only a technicality had kept him off the 1920 Olympic team. He held several Pacific Coast distance records. Although past his peak he had, a few months before the marathon, defeated a relay team of the three best milers in Anchorage in a special three-mile race. Arriving in Seward only a day before the race, Ohls did not deny his abilities but did not extend himself in his one practice run. So when the few men who knew Ohls' record began to bet, and bet heavily, they found no shortage of takers.

The race was run under miserable conditions. For several days there had been rain, and on the morning of the Fourth a downpour washed the mountain. The mud was slick, the shale slippery.

And Werner Ohls was no mudder. Eckmann went into a lead in the first hundred yards, while Vogl and Ohls battled for second spot, far to the rear. At the mountaintop Eckmann was eight minutes ahead of his nearest challenger—the biggest margin in the history of the race, and going down he gained three more minutes. Ohls nosed out Vogl for place position, but that did not salve the sore pocketbooks of wise boys who had expected a cleanup and instead were cleaned. They shelled out thousands to the suckers they had tried to pluck.

Asked the secret of his success, Eckmann pulled out a package of cigarettes and said, "I always could run. I guess it's because I've been smoking since I was fourteen."

And called on to explain what had happened, Ohls panted the answer which had been given by many another contestant in the Mountain Marathon:

"This race, it's not like anything else in the world." ⧻

Continued from page 96

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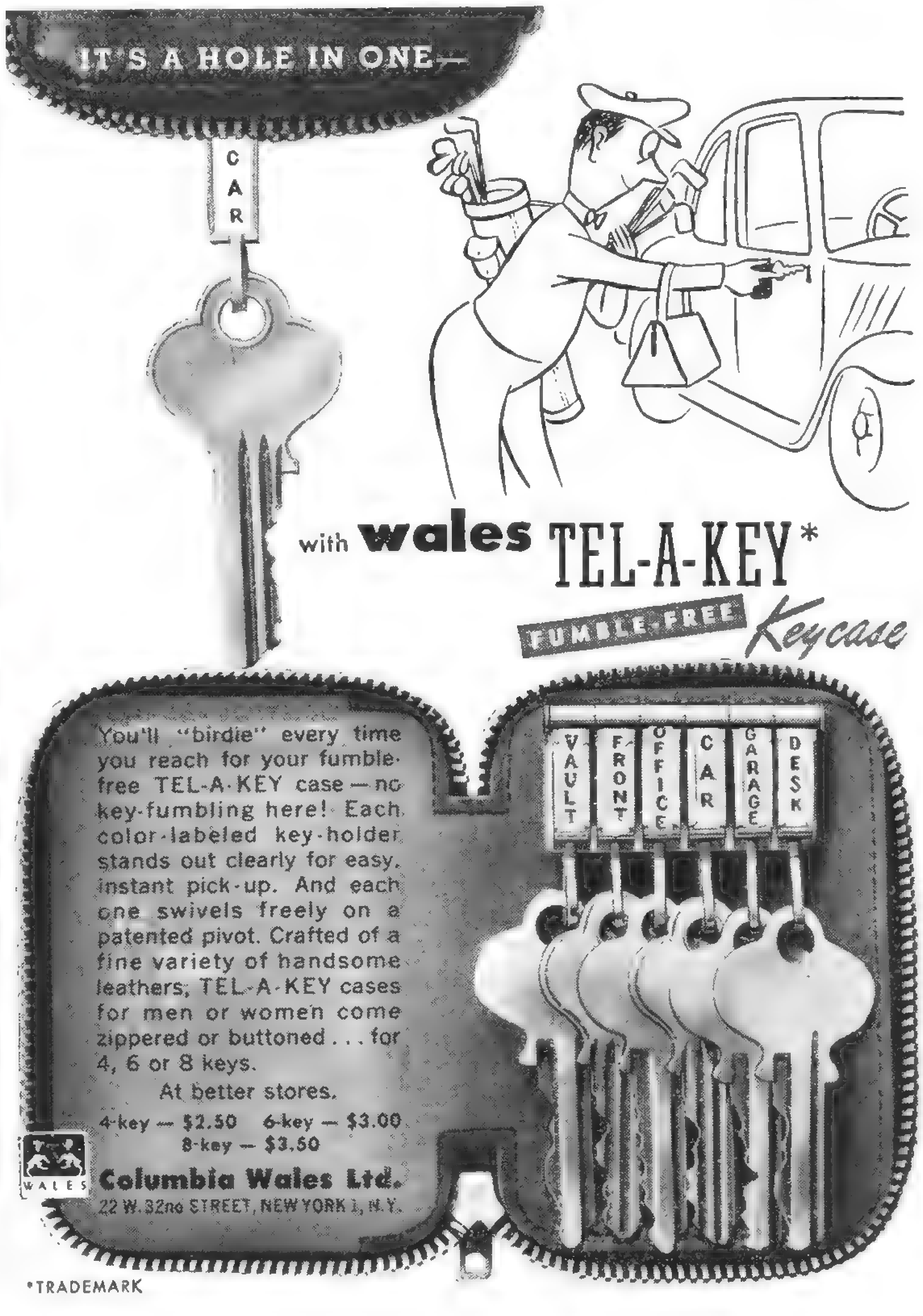

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*TRADEMARK

Score Bored

Continued from page 95

one man to another, and none of them ever knows if there's any truth in it. How would a man know what a wolf is!

"And she goes for baseball too! It's too good to believe." Mr. Murphy was really warming up.

"It certainly is!" my guy said, no doubt in an effort to keep his conscience clear—though why he should worry about it at this late date is more than I know.

"It oughta be a good game with Harry the Cat pitchin'," Mr. Murphy added. "The way he smeared them Red Sox shouldn't even happen to my mother-in-law."

I smiled appreciatively at this sage comment.

Hostessing a tray of Martinis, which incidentally I simply can't stand, rescued me from commenting on this Harry the Cat.

I sipped politely on the Martini as long as I could, thinking a good briefing session was just what I needed if baseball was to be the order of the day. So I decided my nose needed powdering and they let me escape.

I retired for twenty minutes with the sports section of the morning paper and I memorized everything on it that had anything to do with today's game. I memorized the starting line-ups for both the Cubs and the Cards, and I picked up some pertinent facts about their previous performances. And it felt just like cramming for an exam.

And since they were four Martinis ahead of me when we arrived at the ball park, I figured I had the situation under control, even though my hat did strike me as a little too abloom with daisies when I had a look at the rest of the crowd.

The diamond was smaller than I expected it to be, just like all the other diamonds in my life, and it didn't look very far at all around the bases. Golly, I know that I can run farther than that for a bus and still have breath to spare.

I stood up for the *Star-Spangled Banner* and I stood up during the game when everyone else did. I didn't call any of the players cute and I didn't ask any dumb questions because I didn't ask any questions.

By the third inning, I was beginning to get the hang of the thing and I started my second bag of peanuts. But I still didn't think it was any way to spend a birthday. And while I was eating them I kept remembering that peanuts are my avoirdupoison, too.

By the sixth inning, all I could say for the game was that it had

Continued on page 190

Cream of Spain

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4 *Do you give her gifts that make her feel truly grown-up?*

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Score Bored

Continued from page 189

been all inning and outing.

But still all sweetness and light, I said, "What a pitchers' battle!" And I said it reverently. "That man can mix up a batter like Aunt Jemima," I added. It didn't look as though anybody was ever going to do any more than take a whack at the ball, so I couldn't very well talk about anything else.

But truthfully, it seemed to me that a grown man would feel silly just standing there taking a poke at the air and sitting down again. And for money, too!

Everyone was squirming a little by the seventh inning. The little blonde two rows behind us was making new friends, and the gentleman with the bottle of bourbon couldn't really call himself a gentleman any more. That was also the inning a moppet smeared a blob of ice cream across my dress. But I suppose it will eventually come out.

"We wanna hit!" yelled the gentleman with the bottle of bourbon.

"We wanna hit!" the grandstand echoed. But we didn't getta hit.

It was during the seventh-inning stretch that I hummed a small chorus of *Happy Birthday to Me.* I did this with my eyes at half-mist and wondered why I had decided against the single life.

But I kept up my pretense of being fascinated. I didn't trust myself to look at my guy, my feelings were still that murderous.

However, when Tom Murphy got up to find the peanut man again, I sizzled, "This is without doubt the second dirtiest trick you've ever done to me!"

"You made me go to the opera last winter!" he snapped back. And in his warped way, I suppose he thought that evened the score.

"Incidentally," he said, "what was the first dirtiest trick?"

"Marrying me," I said blandly, wondering how much I really meant it.

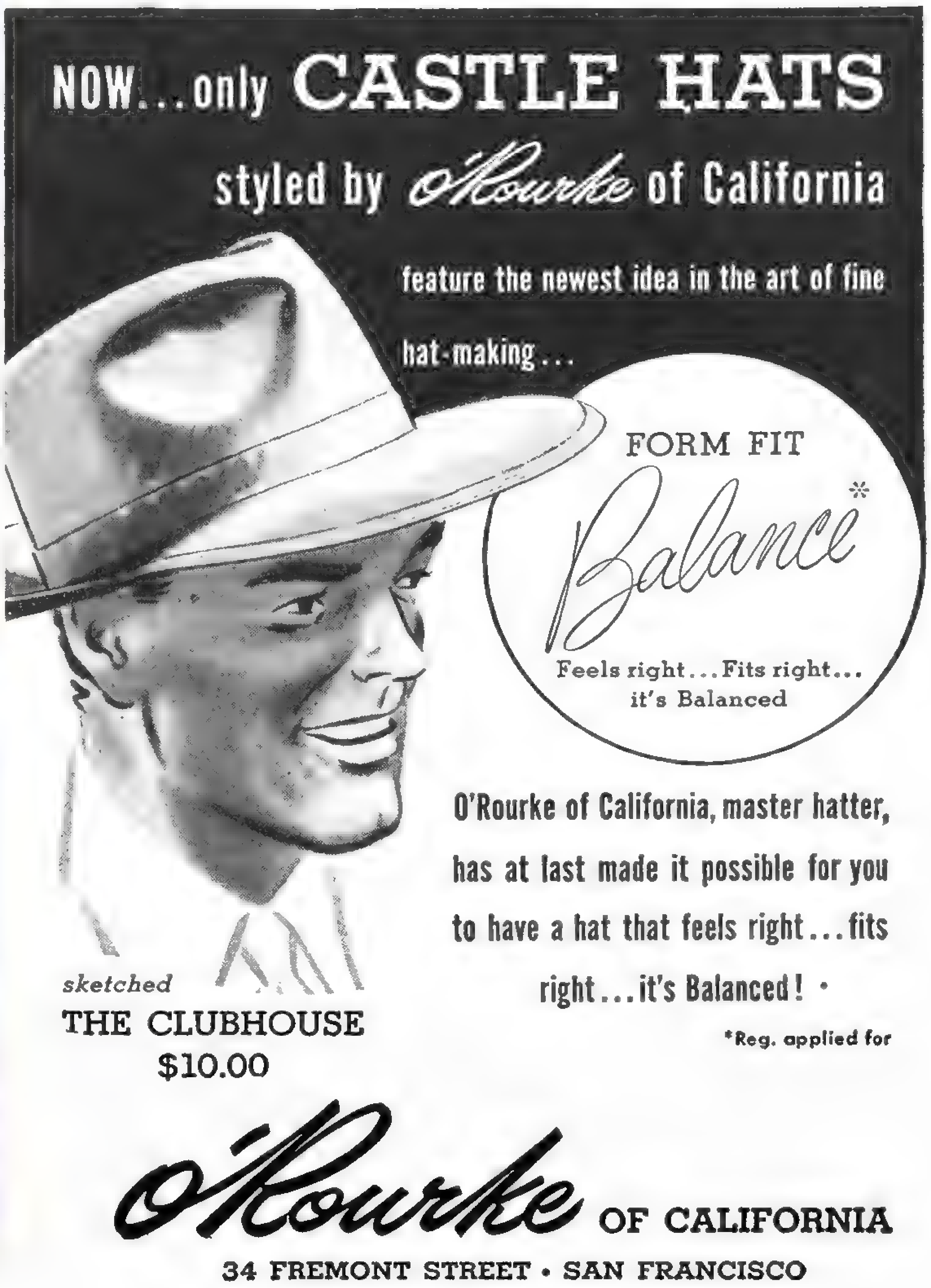
But in the Cubs' half of the seventh, things got a little better. Ostrowski got a base on balls, and Sturgeon singled, sending Ostrowski to third. Waitkus came up then and struck out, which, even in my innocence, I could see was nothing for him to do at a time like that.

Then both Ostrowski and Sturgeon got tired of just standing on base and tried to steal, and Ostrowski was called out at the plate.

"Kill the umpire!" our Mr. Murphy yelled.

"Get that blind man out of the game!" shrilled the little blonde behind us.

"Murder the umpire!" Mr.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Murphy said again forthrightly.

Justice tempered with Murphy, I thought, but didn't say—

Then I watched Cavarretta and Lowrey walk. Rickert singled through the middle of the diamond scoring Sturgeon and Cavarretta, and was out trying to force second on the throw-in. So it's 2 to 0 for our side.

And it stayed that way through the eighth.

And through the first half of the ninth too. And that was all. We won a ball game. We and the Cubs, that is.

"Girly," Mr. Murphy said, "it's been a pleasure."

"Thank you, kind sir," I said, curling slightly at the edges.

"Look," he said, "here I am paying out a fortune for this box every year and it's just going to waste."

"Yes?" I asked.

"Why not share it with me this summer?"

"She'd love it!" my guy put in for me.

"Yes," I smiled weakly. There are times when my won't power definitely turns handsprings, and this obviously was one of the times.

"I ought to resent you snatching my wife away like that. But when it's a case of being batty over baseball—"

He stopped when I flashed him a dirty look.

"Sorry we can't stop and bend an elbow, kids, but I gotta go. It's my wife's birthday," Mr. Murphy announced.

"My wife's birthday is sometime this month too," my guy said. "When is it, darling? I never can remember," he added in an apologetic tone.

"I know," I said.

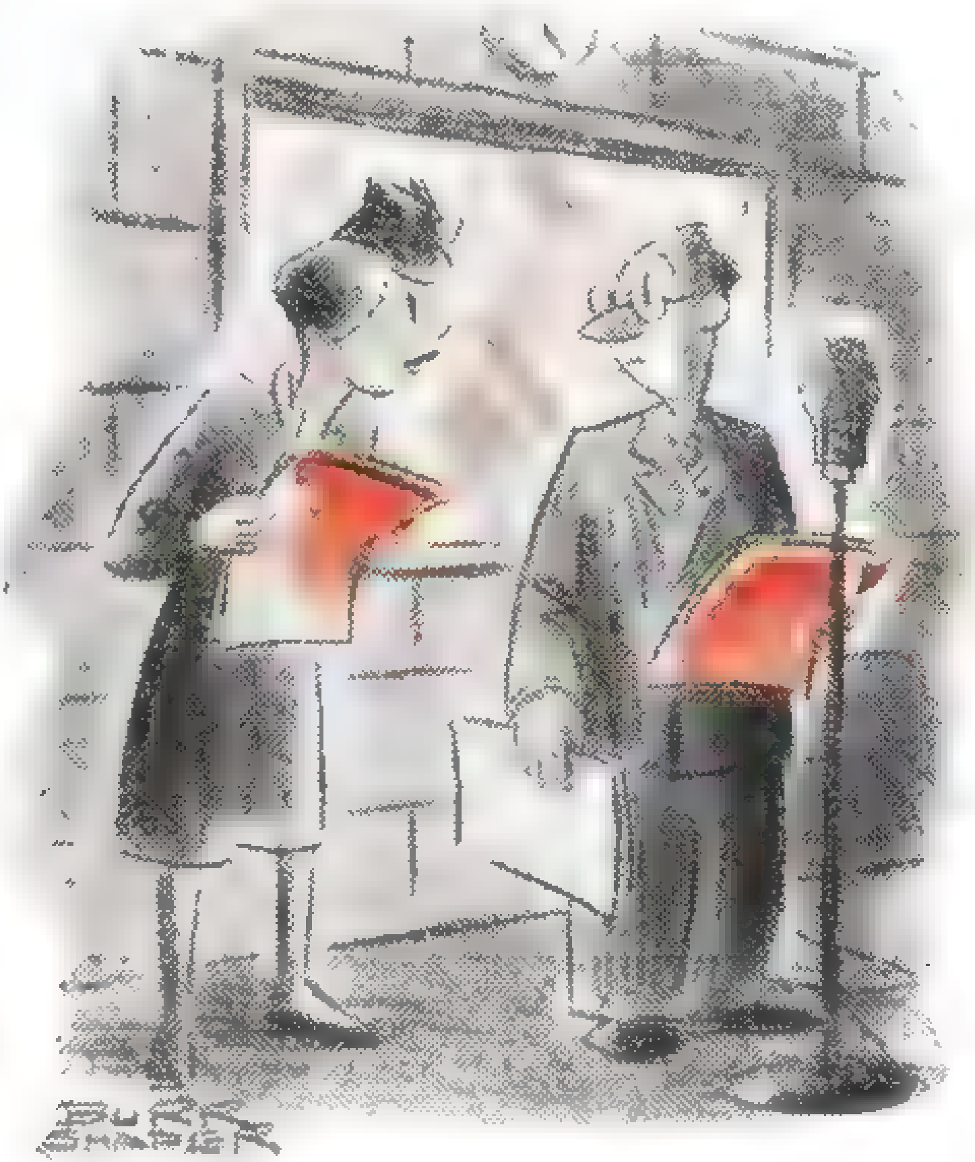
"Well, when is it?"

"Today," I said, trying not to be too wistful.

"Oh," he said in a small voice.

And I was so mad that I went to every single game with Mr. Murphy, and I can now keep a box score and yell "Kill the umpire" with the best of them. The game does sort of grow on you.

And besides, you ought to see the seats I got for the opera next winter! ⵌ



"Do you ever have the terrible feeling that not a soul is listening?"

Continued from page 95

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

omnicident reader

It is with immense delight that I call your attention to the fact that all is not right with Reno Biondi's profile of the University of Notre Dame. Can it be that the sage, wise and whiskered members of your staff are too old to remember their college days?

After much research in dusty libraries and much digging to drag out my worn and tattered University of Illinois pennant, I find that the consensus decrees that all lettering on such banners should read from the large end to the small, not vice versa.

I felt that since you seem to be running a series of such profiles, it might be wise to advise you of this now so that in future editions should pennants appear you would not let them go to the presses catty-wampus.

SARA J. MASSIE

Chicago, Ill.

grievous pipe dreams

Herb Graffis gets a brickbat. Apparently he doesn't realize the elementary fact that anything out of a rut gets mud slung at it. Don't tell me that, as a nation, the U. S. A. is afraid of being criticized! His is a feeble whine and doesn't deserve Esquiredom. Ask him to write a similar article devoted to criticisms on an Englishman and he'll wind up with a list that'll put his American one in the shade.

One more request—couldn't you go easy on the pipe advertisements? We're short of most things here, but to look at those ads over the bowl of a clay pipe has made me snap two stems in frustration, so have a heart.

I. J. DAVIES, F/Lt.

Berks, England

international trade

Having read several copies of your excellent Esquire I am wondering if any of your readers would consider exchanging magazines with me.

I contribute to several British magazines and I would send several at regular intervals to a reader of Esquire.

EVELYN PAGE

Glasgow, Scotland

visual education

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed J. Frederick Smith's article on *The Wives of Henry VIII.* It made history so much simpler and clearer than when I was in school.

Let's have more. Why not a series on American and European history?

A READER

Santa Monica, Calif.

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Bob is famous for miles around for his Manhattan Cocktails. Likes to make his friends think he has a special secret. P. S. He has. He uses Martini & Rossi REGULAR *Vermouth.*

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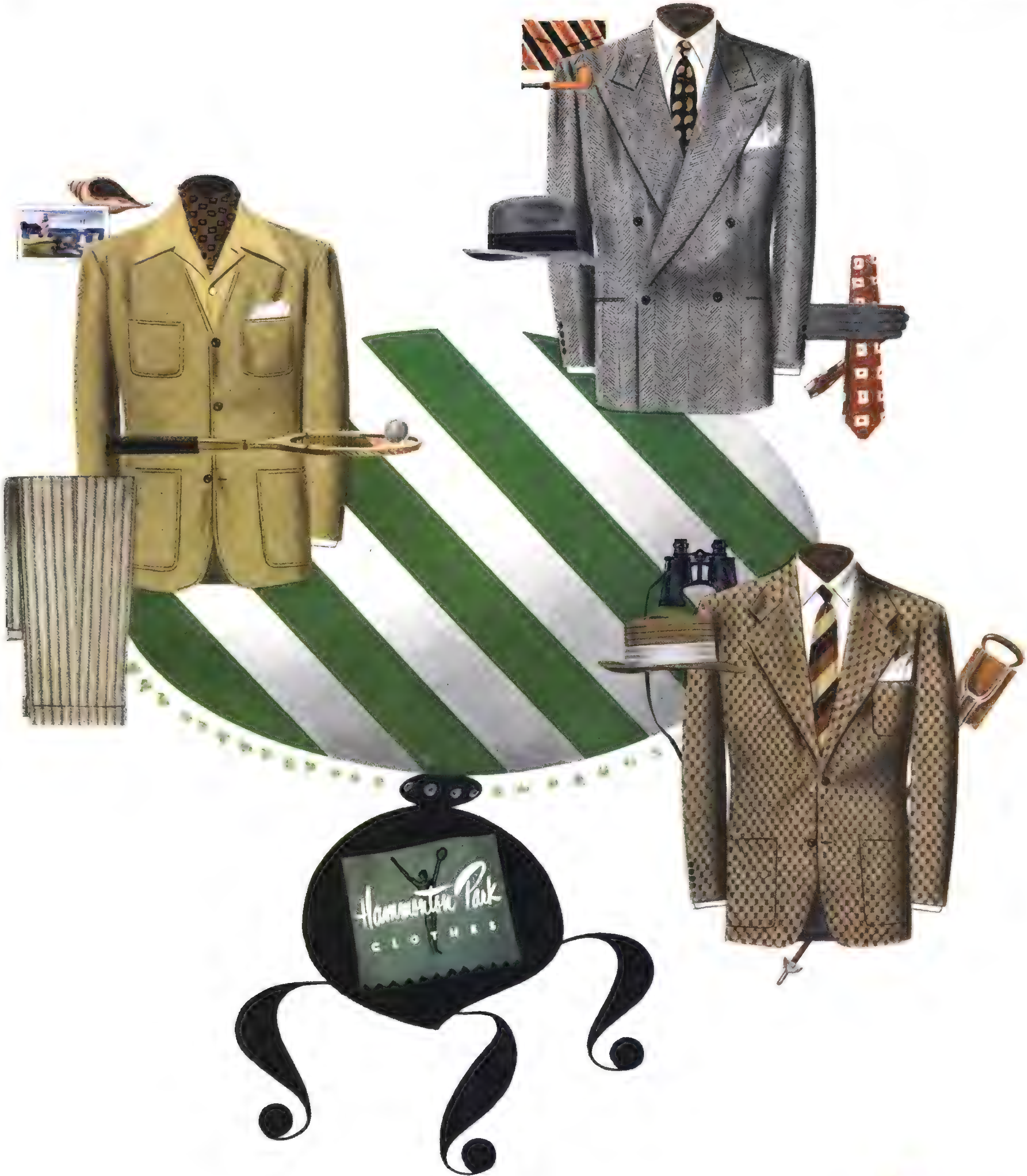

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Here are **three** variations of an inexhaustible theme. For business wear, a **chromatic worsted** suit tailored by proud and skillful fingers. For leisure, a **sport coat** that performs a brilliant solo…or a **new cardigan** ensemble that features the counterpoint of slacks in contrasting color and fabric.

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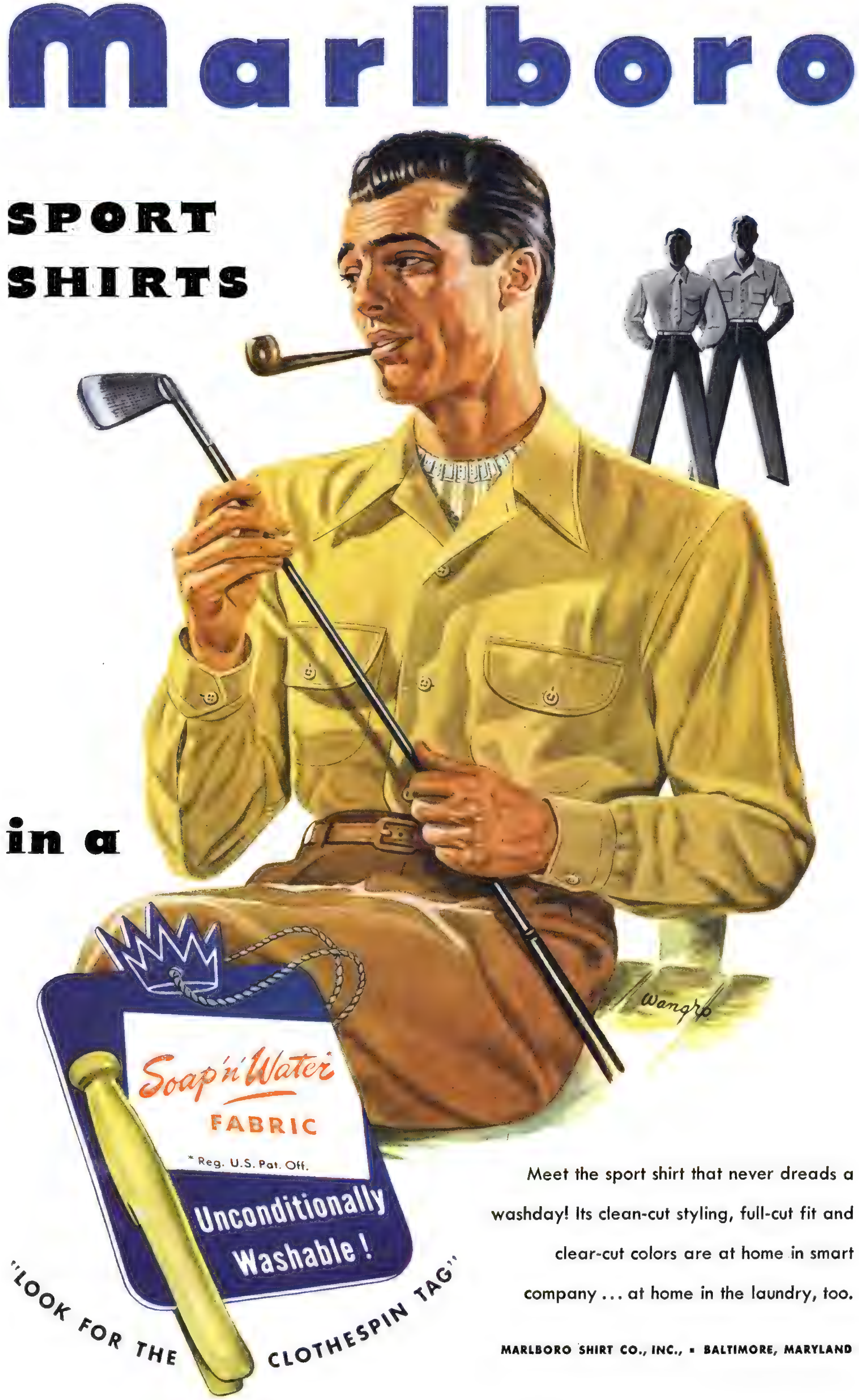

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THREE FEATHERS

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Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

Argentina—Up and Coming

Continued from page 68

packed their instruments and filed out.

Later, in a little coffee shop, we asked how come one man could get away with breaking up everybody's evening.

"That man has friends in the government," someone told us. "He has very high connections with the police."

Politics, it seems, pops up in the damndest places . . . So let's proceed with our tourism.

How to get there: Flying is far and away the best means of getting down to Argentina, at the time of writing. In fact, it is just about the only way you can go there without sweating out a long passenger waiting list. Pan-American runs an excellent DC-4 service from New York City to Buenos Aires in thirty-eight hours, with stops at San Juan, Puerto Rico; Port of Spain, Trinidad; Belém and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; and Montevideo, Uruguay. Stopovers may be arranged at any of these interesting points for passengers who want to break up the trip. Accommodations are available on a few days' notice. One-way fare is $526, round-trip $946.80 (plus 15% tax).

Panagra's new direct DC-4 service to Buenos Aires via the West Coast of South America, scheduled to go into operation this spring, will give travelers an alternative route via Miami; Balboa, Canal Zone; Guayaquil, Ecuador; Lima, Peru; and Antofagasta, Chile. Fares and schedules will be comparable to Pan-American's run down the East Coast.

The Delta Lines, running from New Orleans to Buenos Aires, has the first of its three new postwar luxury liners—the *Del Norte*—in service. Still under construction are its sister ships, the *Del Sur* and the *Del Mar*. The latter is expected to make its maiden run in April. Fares: one-way, $375; round-trip, $675. The Delta Lines report a backlog sufficient to fill all its anticipated sailings during the coming year, including the freighters accommodating twelve passengers, which they run from New Orleans to Buenos Aires three times monthly.

Moore-McCormack expects to have its three liners—the *Uruguay, Brazil* and *Argentina*—back in the South American service sometime this spring, after refurbishment following their wartime service. At the time of writing, however, the best they can offer is the waiting list for accommodations on one of their cargo vessels, fare $350 to $500; or on a Victory or Liberty ship, $275. (All fares one-way, plus 15% tax.) The Argentine State

Continued on page 198

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North Adams, Mass.

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Argentina—Up and Coming

Continued from page 197

Lines also have a waiting list for accommodations on their freight-passenger ships, $200, and their passenger liners, $225 second-class, and $375 first-class. Takes twenty to thirty days for the trip, depending on the type ship.

Eating and Drinking: Suppose we dispose of this steak business right at the beginning. Argentina is the world's largest exporter of meat. Its beef is excellent, as good as any you've ever tasted. They're cheap, too. A half dollar will buy a T-bone steak that will knock your eye out.

Argentina prices, except for imported manufactured articles, are usually considerably lower than in the States, but it is in the food department that the price difference is most noticeable.

If you can prevail on your Porteño friends to take you to a typical middle-class Argentine restaurant—instead of show places—the prices will astound you.

Take a restaurant called Las Deliciosas Papas Fritas (The Delicious Fried Potatoes) at Maipú 529, for example. There you'll find soups costing 8¢ to 10¢; roast beef and beet salad, 20¢; ham and potato salad, 20¢; a quarter of a chicken and salad, 35¢; white meat turkey with Russian dressing, 40¢; chicken supreme and vegetables, 45¢; milanesa (veal steak fried in bread crumbs) with egg and potatoes, 35¢; bife a caballo (steak on horseback) with potatoes, 50¢. This steak-on-horseback business rates special attention. Steak is so commonplace in the Argentine that they have to find some means of dressing it up. Two fried eggs on a beautiful two-inch-thick job is a pet dodge. That's steak on horseback.

And that's typical of the way Argentines eat. They're just about the eatingest people in the world, and what's wrong with eating? Since food is so inexpensive, the upper classes dine more sumptuously—and the working stiffs eat more regularly—than just about anyplace else in the world.

A very good average-priced restaurant is La Estancia (The Ranch) at Entre Ríos 746. It specializes in steaks, barbecues and all kinds of meat—as what restaurant in Argentina doesn't? Try asado de tira (rib steak) 20¢. Clarete, a good light red wine from the Mendoza Province, sells at $1.30 per quart for the best domestic brands.

If you're not dining with Argentine friends, and you're tired of struggling with your vestigial Spanish, try the London Grill, at Reconquista 455. It's one of the higher-priced spots, but they speak English there, and prices

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still are far lower than in any other world capital. Witness: grilled rumpsteak and sautéed potatoes, 63¢; duck with orange sauce, 63¢; cold roast beef and pickled onions, 39¢; galantine of young turkey, 50¢ (we're drooling, too!); porterhouse steak for two, $1.75; T-bone steak, $1; tenderloin steak, 63¢; chateaubriand, $1. A bottle of good Argentine tinto wine is 70¢.

Prices for appetizers, desserts, etc. are comparably low—unless it's an imported item like grapefruit (50¢ a half). Generally you don't tip in Argentina, as a service charge of about 15% is added to the tab. So you can figure a good dinner with wine in Buenos Aires will run you $1.50. You'd pay four or five dollars for a meal like that in New York, Chicago or Los Angeles.

Since Argentines generally eat and entertain in their homes, there are few smart restaurants along American or European lines except in the larger hotels. These include the air-conditioned grill rooms of the Plaza, Alvear Palace, City and Continental Hotels. Other good hotel restaurants include the Nogaró, the Jousten and the Castelar. Among the best typically Argentine restaurants are La Cabaña, a tavern featuring good, heavy meals and Gaucho atmosphere; El Pescadito, an old-time sailor's restaurant in the Boca harbor section of town, frequented by Argentine society; Priano, another Boca restaurant, specializing in fish; Los Patitos, and Coraggio.

All in all, you're sure of eating well in Buenos Aires, whether you're the type that likes to go poking around native dishes with a knife, or the kind of steady character who prefers to stick to things he knows about. Porteño cooking has been greatly influenced by French and Italian cuisines, and the resulting mélange is a fine, highly varied menu.

If you prefer to drink your vitamins, you won't run out of fuel, either. Scotch, good Scotch, awaits your order at almost any bar in Buenos Aires. That's true also of brandies, gins, liqueurs, or name your own poison. Argentina is a great wine-producing country, and you can enjoy the grape juice tinto (red) or blanco (white).

It has been scientifically estimated that if a man were to stop for one drink in every bar in Buenos Aires he would need the vacation time available to twice the population of the Middle Atlantic States for the next twenty years. Since you don't have anything like that amount of time at your disposal, we assume, maybe we'd better give you the names of just a few of the better-known oases. The Richmond Bar, Florida 468, is a favorite with the Anglo-American set. So is the Boston Bar, Florida 146. Both are large, and both feature music and bowl-

Continued on page 200

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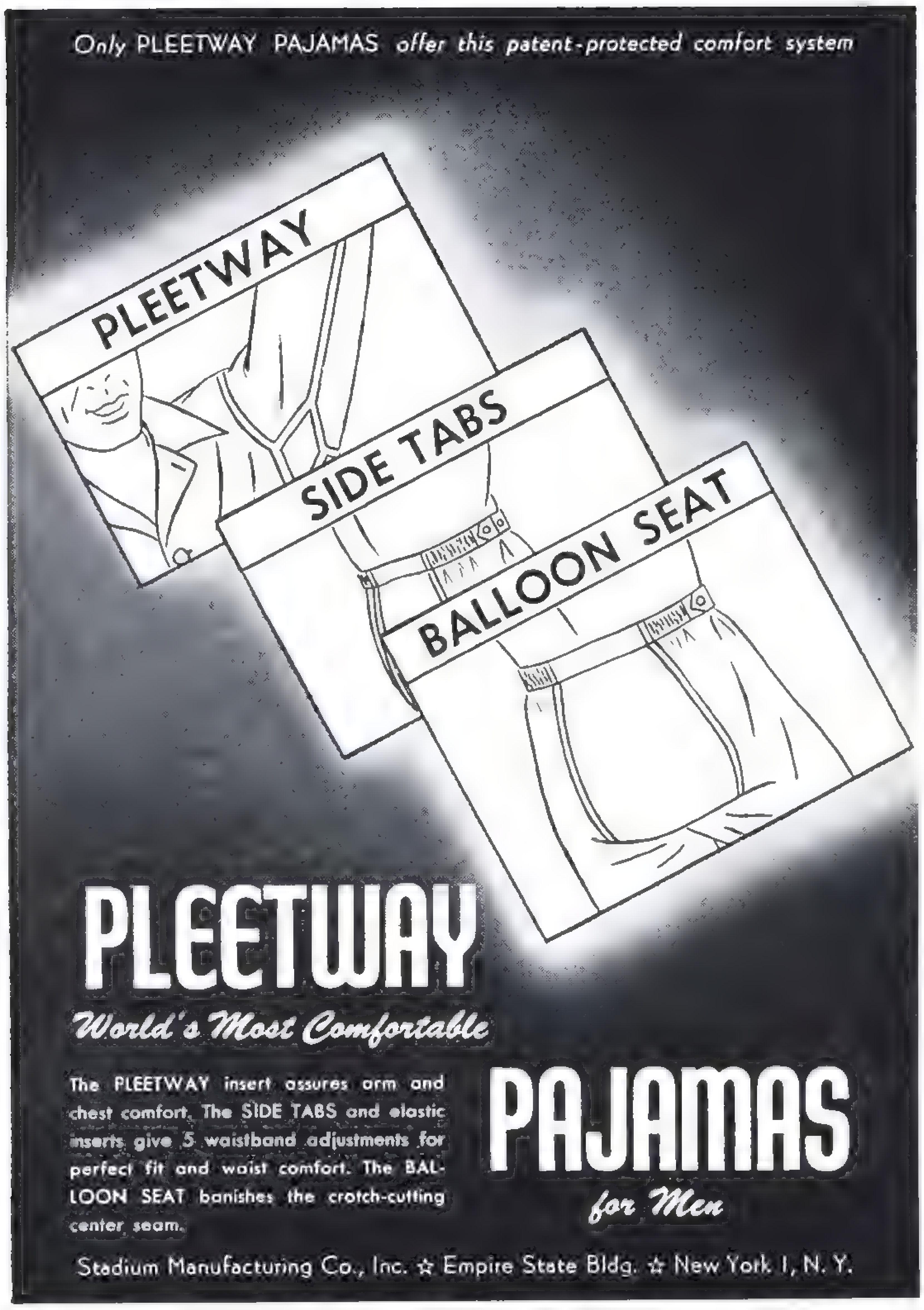

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Argentina—Up and Coming

Continued from page 199

ing alleys. The smart international bars are those of the Plaza, Continental and City Hotels.

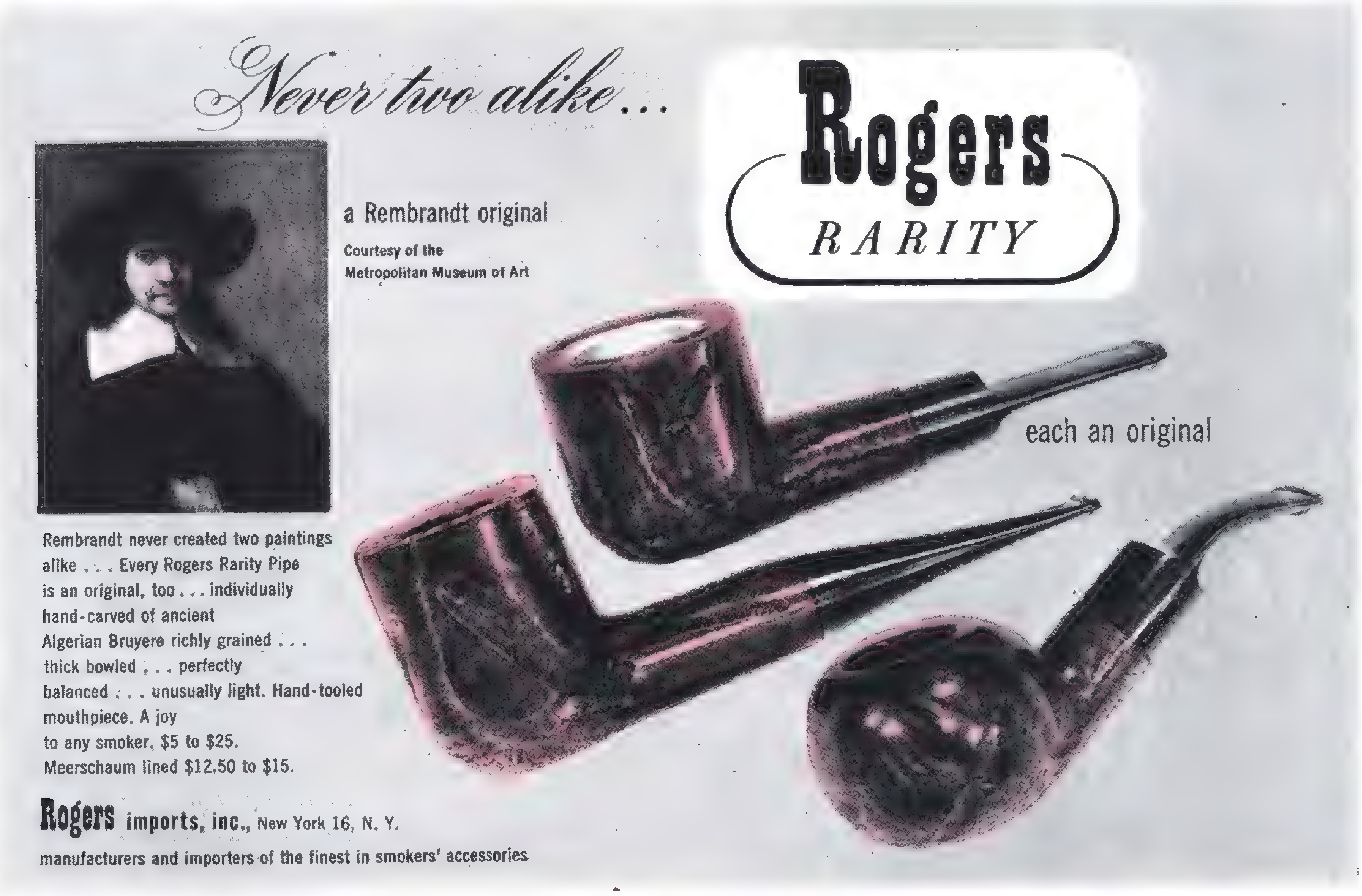
Sidewalk cafés, particularly along the Avenida de Mayo, offer attractive drinking facilities while watching the world pass by.

While you're about it, don't sell the tearooms short. Chances are you share the average American's reluctance to head for a tearoom around 4:30 in the afternoon, but that's where you'll see the crème de la crème de la crème de la etc. of Argentine society. And that's about the only way a friendless American without an introduction can get to see what he's been missing in Buenos Aires. Of course the traditional chaperone system is in full operation, but an enterprising, imaginative young American should be able to get some sort of rise out of the Argentine beauties sitting around the tearoom tables. Growing two heads is a recommended method. An American with two heads walking into a chic Buenos Aires tearoom is almost sure to win a raised eyebrow and the Spanish equivalent of "My word!" from the first girl that sees him. Well, it's a start, anyway . . .

Among the smart tearooms are the Ideal, París, Rex, El Galeon, Confitería Jockey Club, Comega, the Copper Kettle (there are two of them; one in the Calle Florida, the other in the Calle Lavalle), Gath y Chaves and Harrod's.

One last word before we leave the food and drink department. Don't rush over tea or cocktails because eight o'clock is coming up. You've plenty of time to get ready for dinner, since 10 p.m. is the smart time to dine in the better Buenos Aires restaurants. That means that the fashionable Porteños put their napkins on the table, push back their chairs and go out to paint the town about 11:30 p.m. How they finish up in time to get up and go to work we've never figured out. Maybe they don't go to work. Or maybe they don't finish up.

Where to go and what to do: You'll probably be hitting Buenos Aires during the fall (when it's spring at home) so your activities will be much the same as they would be in Paris, London or New York at the height of the season. Buenos Aires is probably second only to New York in the quality and variety of its musical program during the season, May to October. The Teatro Colón, Buenos Aires' municipal opera house, seats 3500, and is reputed to be the largest and best equipped opera house in the world. Excellent symphony orchestras and internationally noted artists appear



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in the Buenos Aires theatres and concert halls. The theatres and music halls also are excellent, if you understand enough Spanish to enjoy yourself. However, the Casino, Maipú 326, speaks the same international language of the girlie shows that you would find in the Bal Tabarin in Paris, the London Casino, or Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York.

Most theatres give a before-dinner performance at about six p.m., in addition to the regular show starting somewhere around nine. Orchestra seats generally run from a quarter to about a dollar and a quarter. Don't dress for the theatre, except for opera.

Downtown movies, centered around the Avenida Corrientes, show their features—usually U.S. or Argentine films, with a sprinkling of French, British and Russian releases—around six and ten p.m. Prices range between a half dollar and 75¢.

Sight-seeing around Buenos Aires is recommended for provincial North Americans who believe we have a corner on progress in general. The city's excellent subway system—featuring historical murals in tiles, à la Moscow's Metro—makes New York's subways seem old-fashioned, Boston's medieval, and Chicago's so-called rapid transit facilities downright archaic. And the fare on the subterranoes is only 2½¢.

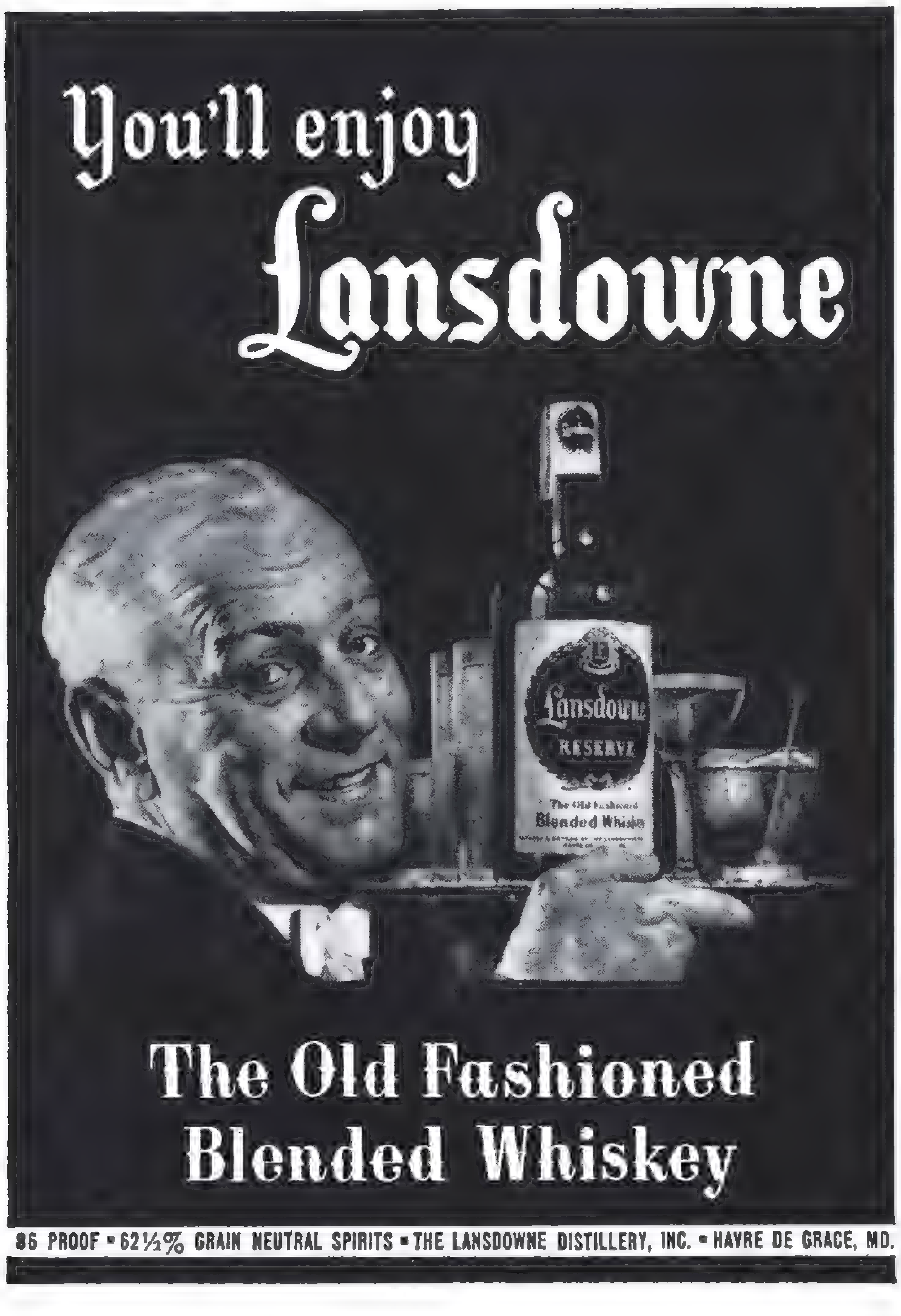
North Americans who have been reading, in the Buck Rogers type of scientific magazine, plans for underground parking spaces—while waiting for the traffic to unsnarl up ahead—will be interested in visiting the enormous parking spaces under the Avenida 9 de Julio, one of the world's widest avenues. And a taxi ride up the Diagonal Norte, the Plaza Retiro, Plaza de Mayo, Plaza del Congreso, Calle Corrientes, Avenida de Mayo, Avenida Alvear and into the Palermo Park is recommended for those who persist in thinking of South America in terms of bananas and jungle.

There's plenty to keep you busy in the sports department. Soccer football is the national sport, and the sixteen clubs of the big league are all centered in the Buenos Aires area. Seating capacity of the River Plate Stadium in B.A. is about 100,000—and they really pack those Porteños in for Sunday and holiday games during the season, which runs from March to November.

The horses run at the Jockey Club course in Palermo Park, ten minute's cab ride from the center of town, and at the turf track at San Isidro, a half hour from the Retiro station by electric train.

Polo is a favorite sport of the Argentine. You'll see some excellent matches at the polo grounds in Palermo, at the Hurlingham grounds, and at Las Tortugas country club, about forty min-

Continued on page 202



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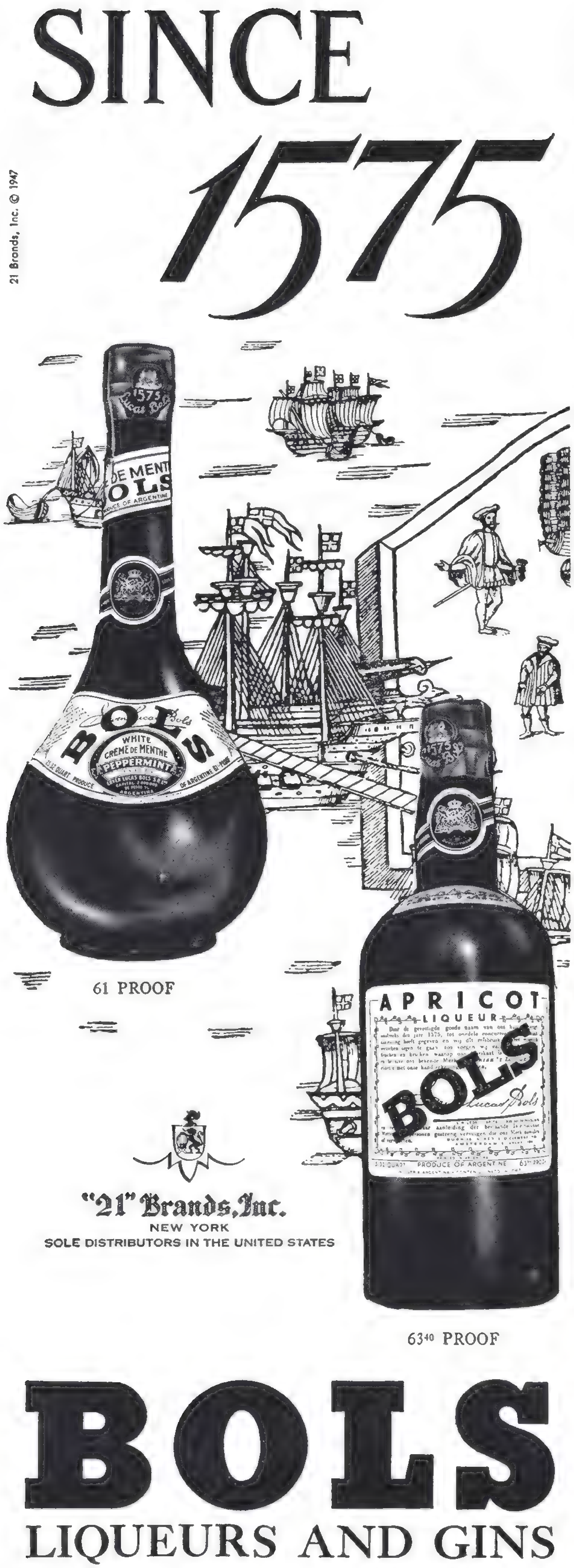

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BOLS
LIQUEURS AND GINS

Argentina—Up and Coming

Continued from page 201

utes by car or train from town.

If you like rowing or sculling among beautiful surroundings, visit the Tigre Delta, three quarters of an hour by electric train from Retiro station. Even though it's fall, the climate is so mild you'll probably have many days warm enough for rowing at Tigre.

On the night side, you'll find life in Buenos Aires as diversified and as international as any place in the world. Better night spots include Ciro, Tabarís, Ambassadeurs and Chanteclaire. Charley's American Bar is a favorite with Pan-American pilots and other members of the American colony. With dim lights, a character beating a small upright, and refugee entertainers singing nostalgically of their native Vienna, Paris, Moscow, Warsaw or Riga, it brings back memories of the prewar Harry's New York Bar in the Rue Daunou in Paris. Another intime international spot is the Atelier, Esmeralda 617, where the atmosphere is Austro-Hungarian, with Latin overtones.

Porteño jive addicts customarily start their evening off at the jazz cathedral of B. A., Richmond's in the Suipacha. Dante Varela's orchestra is usually playing there, and occasionally some local jazz celebrity like Lois Blue will make a guest appearance. The hepcats make the affair seem much like Times Square. Main difference is that the crowd is mostly masculine, so there's no fainting, or dancing in the aisles. Argentine swing fans generally express their active appreciation of what is going on by beating their hands together to help out the rhythm section. They usually wind up a night of seeing the spots at some little place like Le Rustique, Esmeralda 673, which is run by Victor Gesmundo, a trapeze artist from Haverhill, Massachusetts, who longs to return to the big top. At Le Rustique, about three or four in the morning, you'll usually find singers and musicians who can't seem to go home until they've worked over a few more choruses.

What to wear: Your wardrobe will depend pretty much on how you go to Argentina. If you go by plane, you're restricted to fifty-five pounds of luggage. That means one business suit, a sports jacket and wool slacks, and a dinner jacket. The dinner jacket is optional, of course, but you'll want to dress if you're a man who likes the swankier spots. If you come by boat, you'll take more clothes, naturally. In any case, remember that it's fall in Argentina when it's spring at home—and even in the summer Buenos

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AT BETTER STORES

Aires isn't the tropics. So forget that sun helmet and mosquito bar business and dress as you would for any great cosmopolitan city. Plan on hitting some cold weather if you're going to sightsee very far south of B.A. If you're remaining in the capital, figure on meeting the same sort of weather you'd find in New York in the fall. You'll need a topcoat at night, but not on sunny days, of which they have a great many during the B.A. fall. Sports jackets and slacks are definitely all right for Buenos Aires, but let's not get too razzmatazz about it. Lean over on the conservative side a bit. Argentines are clothes-conscious, they know how to dress, and their tastes are somewhat British. So don't make the mistake of dressing down.

What to buy: Prices for most articles made in Argentina are considerably less than you'd pay for comparable things at home. The Argentine peso, written $1.00, is worth about 25¢ U. S. However, prices are so low that you often forget that they must be divided by four to get the equivalent in dollars, as the price tag, written with the $ sign, seems reasonable enough.

Most of the smart shops are found on the Calles Florida and Santa Fé, and the surrounding neighborhood. Leading department stores include Gath y Chaves, Harrod's, Casa Tow, Casa Argentina Scherrer, Ciudad de Méjico and James Smart y Compañiá. There you'll be able to buy—at prices much lower than in the States—handbags, wallets, belts and miscellaneous articles of alligator, crocodile, calfskin and other leathers; Swiss watches, fur rugs and silverware. You might get a bargain in antique silver.

Precautionary note: Though the individual Argentines you'll meet will be extremely friendly, you ought to think over very carefully before taking off on your Argentine vacation if you're at all sensitive to your political environment. Argentine-American relations may have improved tremendously by the time you read this, but when we were there the name of an American ambassador was painted on many walls and fences—and the accompanying comments were not exactly laudatory. Also, Yankee-baiting seemed to be a currently popular sport in the Argentine Chamber of Deputies, and anti-American slogans were favorites among Argentine nationalist groups which take to the streets for their political demonstrations. It depends entirely on your own attitudes. If you give a good deal of thought to political and social questions at home, you might find the political climate of Argentina not to your liking. If politics don't mean much to you, then you ought to have a wonderful time in Argentina. ⧺

Continued from page 68

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Eva and the Serpents

Continued from page 85

Eva in the garden a little after dark. The moon was full and she seemed fragile. The tomboy was washed in moonbeams and the eyes were banked fires, smoldering. Sitting beside her on the rustic bench I confess freely that I found my proposed sacrifice not altogether unpleasant.

"It's lonely out here," I began. "It seems a shame to talk, something almost sacrilegious about it, isn't there?" I had used the phrase in the old days. It was quite effective as a mood setter.

"Yes, perfectly beautiful." Her voice was low. The sound seemed to run up and down my spine.

"We haven't known each other long, but I feel . . . well, sort of natural with you. You don't mind my saying that, do you?"

"No." There was that luscious feeling again.

How fine, I thought, that things should work out so well. By the simple expedient of marrying this girl I could do the others a tremendous favor and earn their gratitude. And I would be left on the outside, looking in, but with some consolation in the fact that she wasn't the ordinary type at all. In fact, as we sat there I was amazed to find myself more pleased than sorry, and the self-sacrifice angle was blowing away.

"I'm not given to impulse, Eva, but you seem to understand so much." I inched closer. She didn't seem to mind at all. "I think you are the most desirable, fascinating woman I have ever met."

Her eyes grew wide. "I know," I said quickly, "you've heard it all before, probably many times. But I mean it, darling, I mean it." And I did.

I kissed her, and it was like a cloud of meteors. It was like spring water on a hot day.

"Eva, I love you with all my heart and soul. Will you marry me?"

Another searing kiss delayed her answer for a considerable period. I didn't care. Her wordless response was answer enough.

When she tilted her head back and looked up at me her eyes were full of stars. "You're sweet," she said huskily. "I'll have to tell you a secret. I'm in New York to buy a trousseau. I'm being married next month." She closed her eyes. "But, darling, kiss me again. You're so nice and comfy."

I remember bending toward her, like a man hypnotized. Then Terry was throwing water in my face and Dick undoing my collar.

For months now they have been treating me like a baby at the club. Vertigo at my age is no joking matter, I tell them. It might easily lead to heart trouble. ⧺

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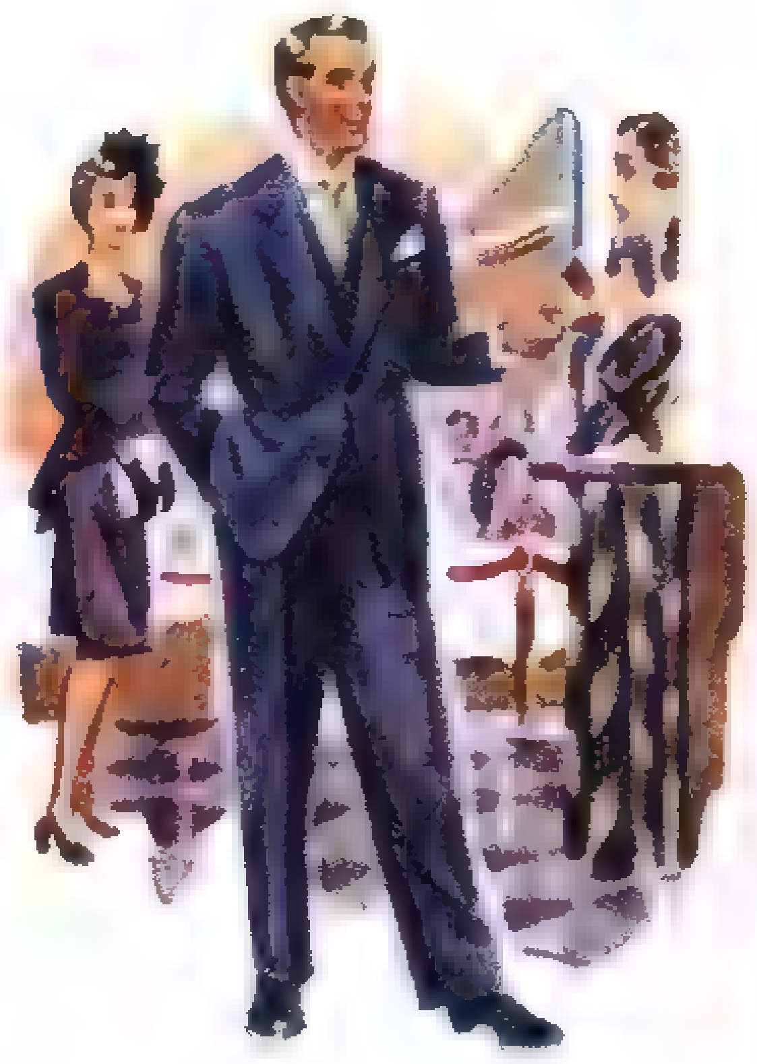
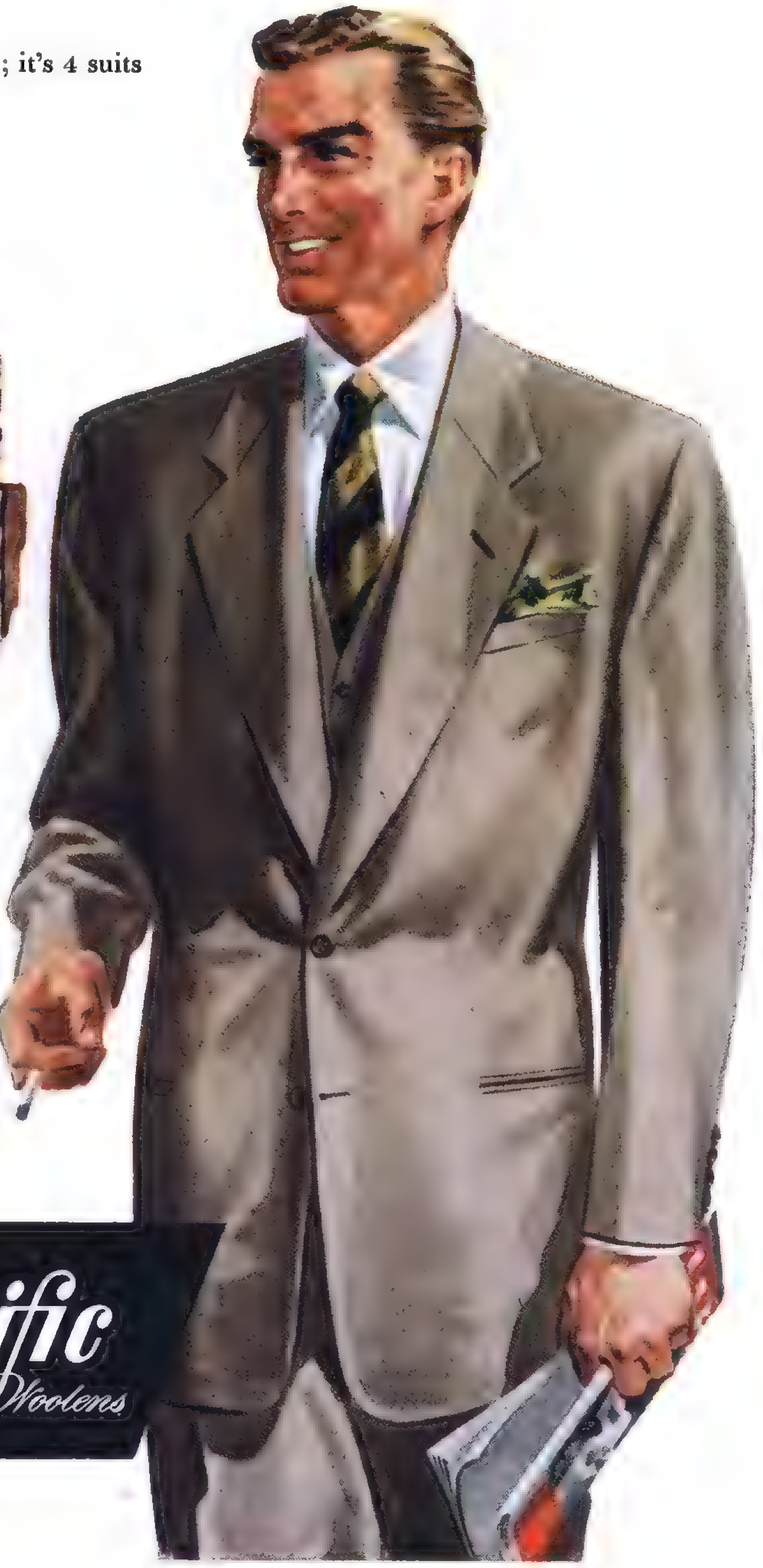


Evening



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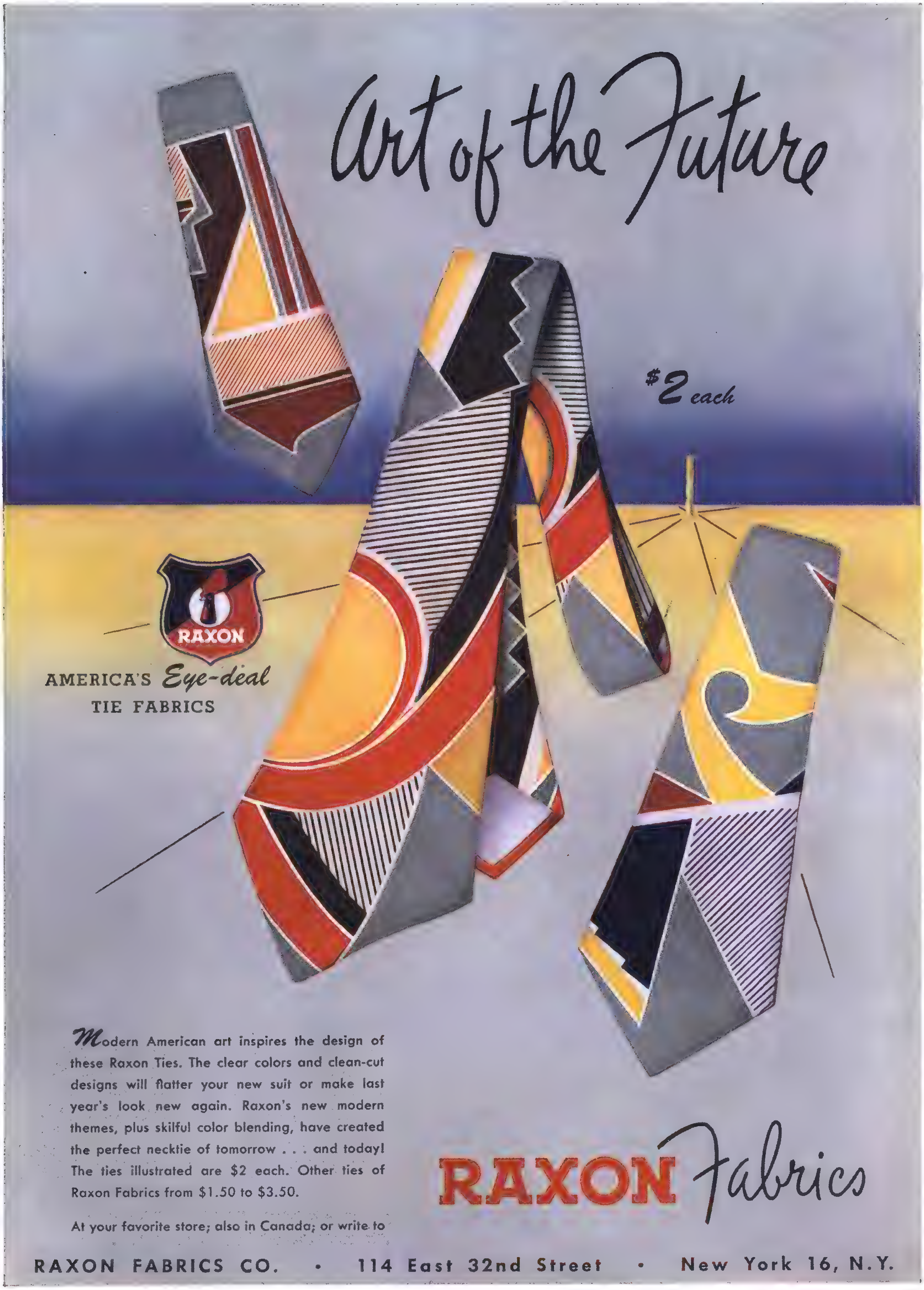

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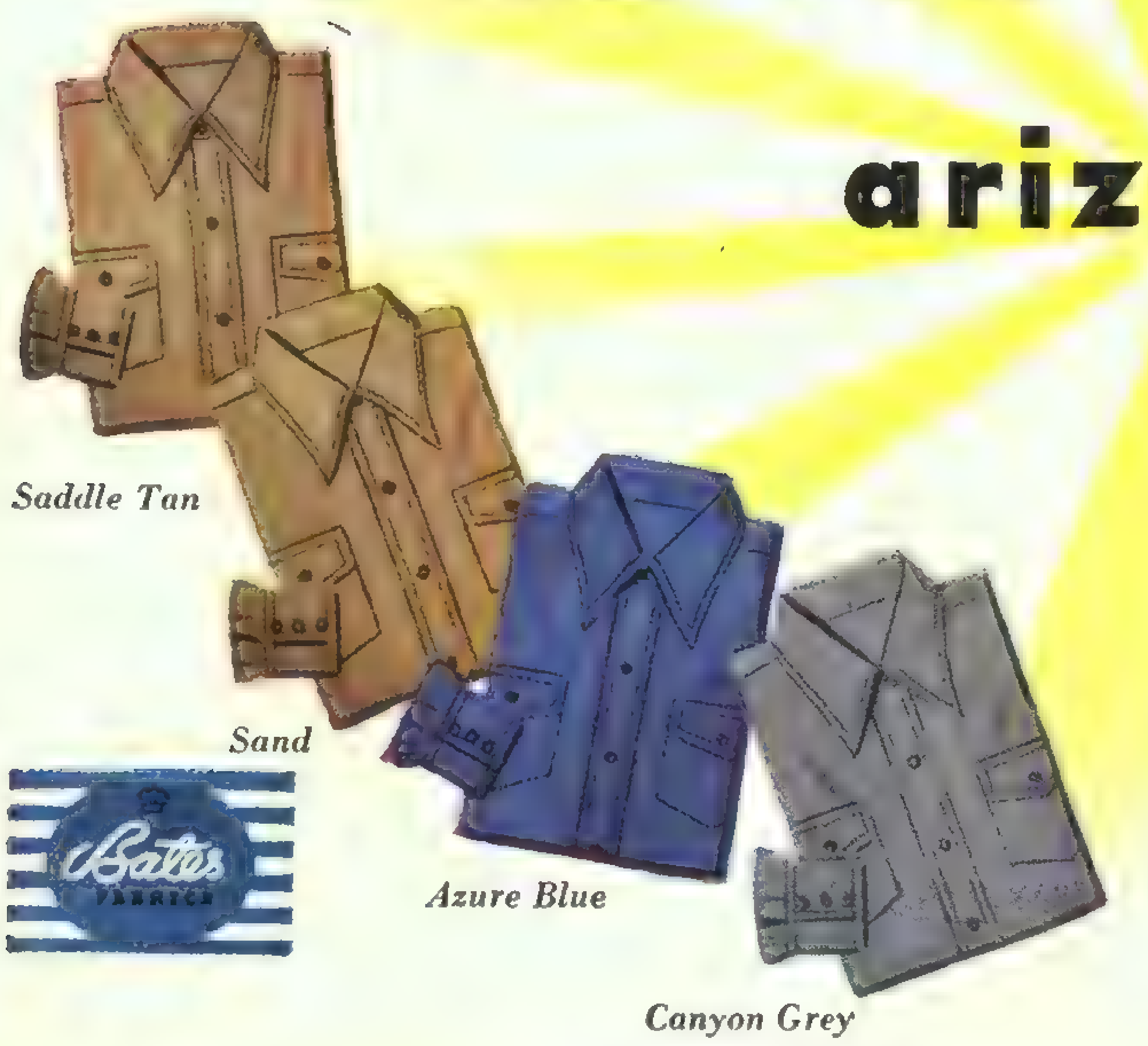
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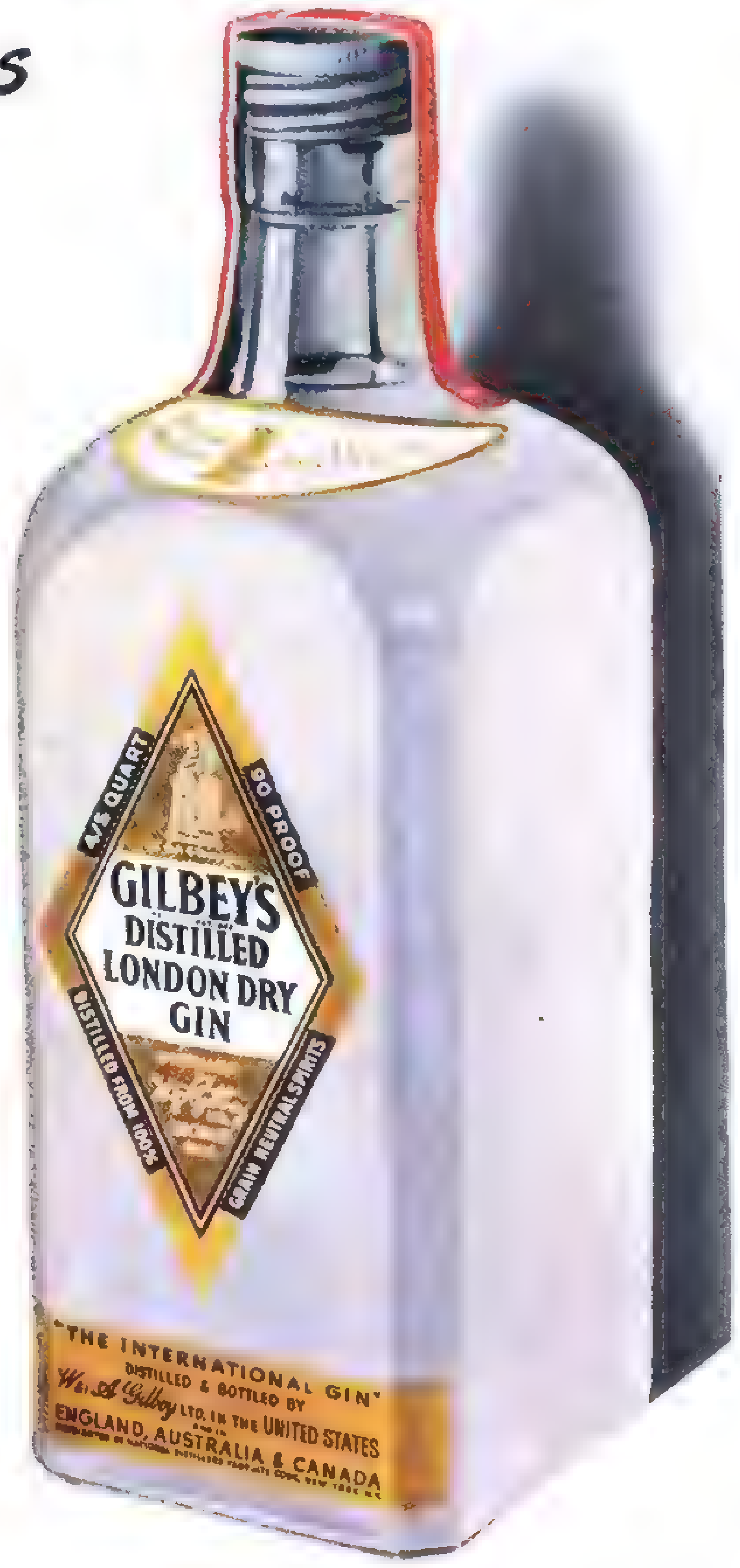
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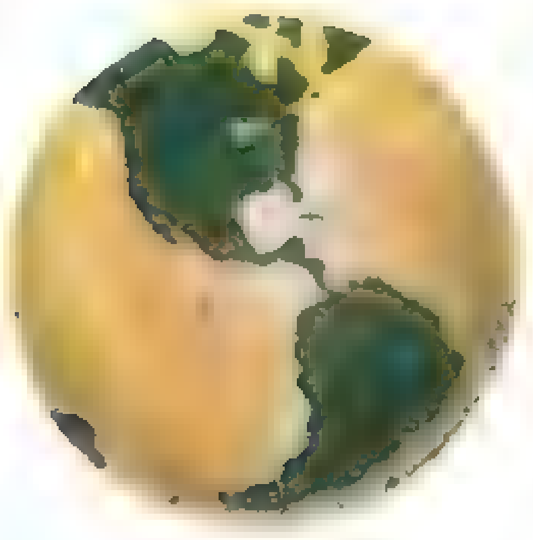

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Hollywood Progresses with Pursued

Continued from page 65

the way of this world of ours.

And Sam probably knows, or at least his scenario editor knows, that there are only thirty-six dramatic situations. These were catalogued by the Italian dramatist, Carlo Gozzi in the eighteenth century. Since then many geniuses have batted their brains out trying to think of more. But no one's been successful. Schiller couldn't think of that many. Goethe, after much skull practice, accepted Gozzi's count as final. Mae West has found thirty-five of the thirty-six superfluous. As a drama merchant, that's what Sam is stuck with. Unless he goes into the soup business, he'll be unable to increase the varieties to fifty-seven—or even thirty-seven.

Neither can his competitors. So all plays are based on borrowed ideas. Patterns of drama are limited to patterns of life. Faced with this fact, the movie makers expend their ingenuity on giving new interpretations to old devices and in attempting to treat them with more artistic honesty.

These thirty-six situations have been shuffled and reshuffled with sufficient ingenuity to keep the world's movie houses open and booming for more than forty years. That is pretty good shuffling. And it's still being practiced with intelligence and enthusiasm, as the new films for April will prove. Sam may think Hollywood's lost its outlook, but April proves he has been fooled.

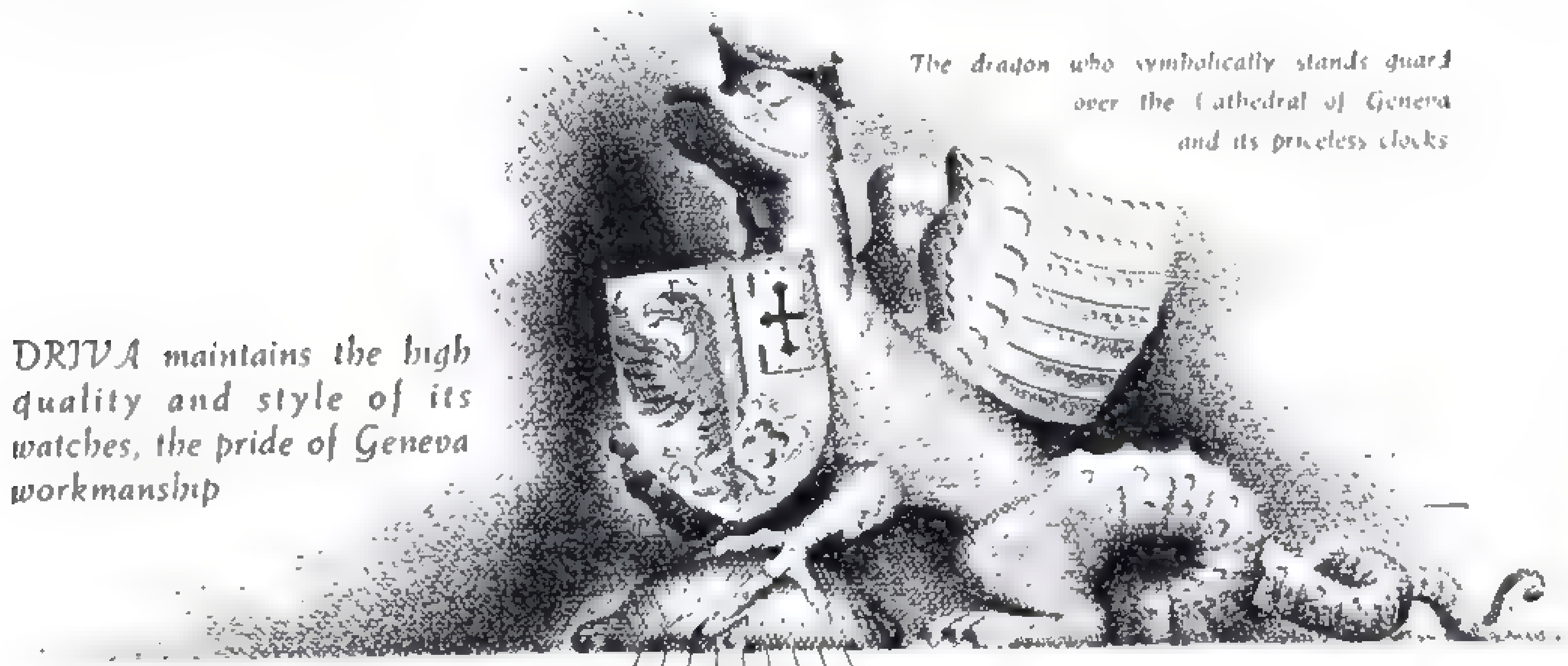
Pursued

As though answering Goldwyn's prayer, Milton Sperling has produced a picture that overhauls and modernizes the entire tradition of western movies. For the first time since Broncho Billy Anderson got his high-button shoes muddy in *The Great Train Robbery*, a film's been made to explain what all the shootin's about. *Pursued* is not so much a Western as a strong human interest story located in the West. It has its hard riding and fast shooting, but Sperling is less interested in perforating his characters than in showing what makes them tick. He gets inside the personalities of ranch women and frontier gun fighters and treats them as human beings. The production utilizes the magnificent panoramas of New Mexico, not as backdrops for singing cowboys, but as a powerful geography that stamps its brooding imprint on the lives of lonely men. Digging deep beneath the externals of primitive society, this story shows why the strong silent man was silent.

By these methods, young Mr. Sperling has topped most of his

Continued on page 210

FAITHFUL TO ITS TRADITIONS



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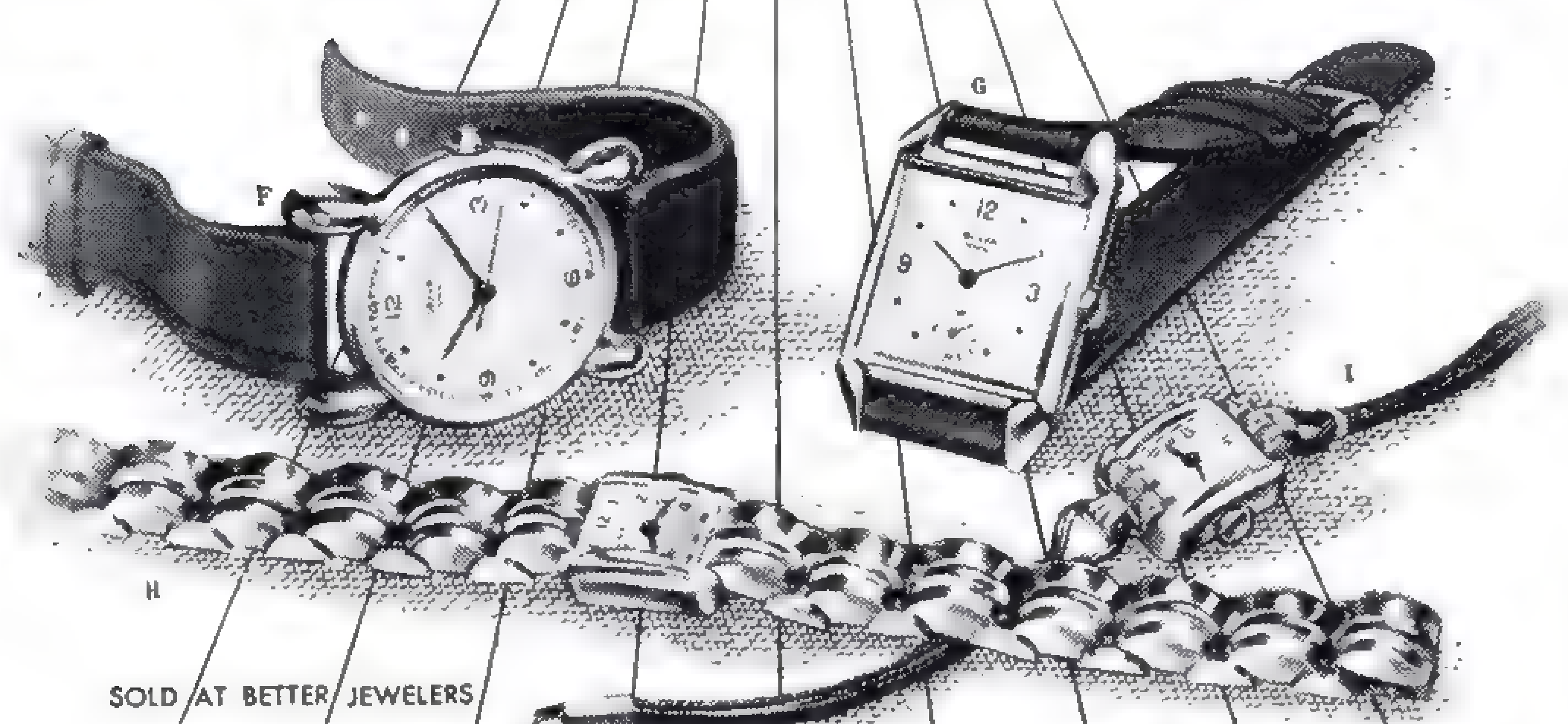

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Hollywood Progresses with Pursued

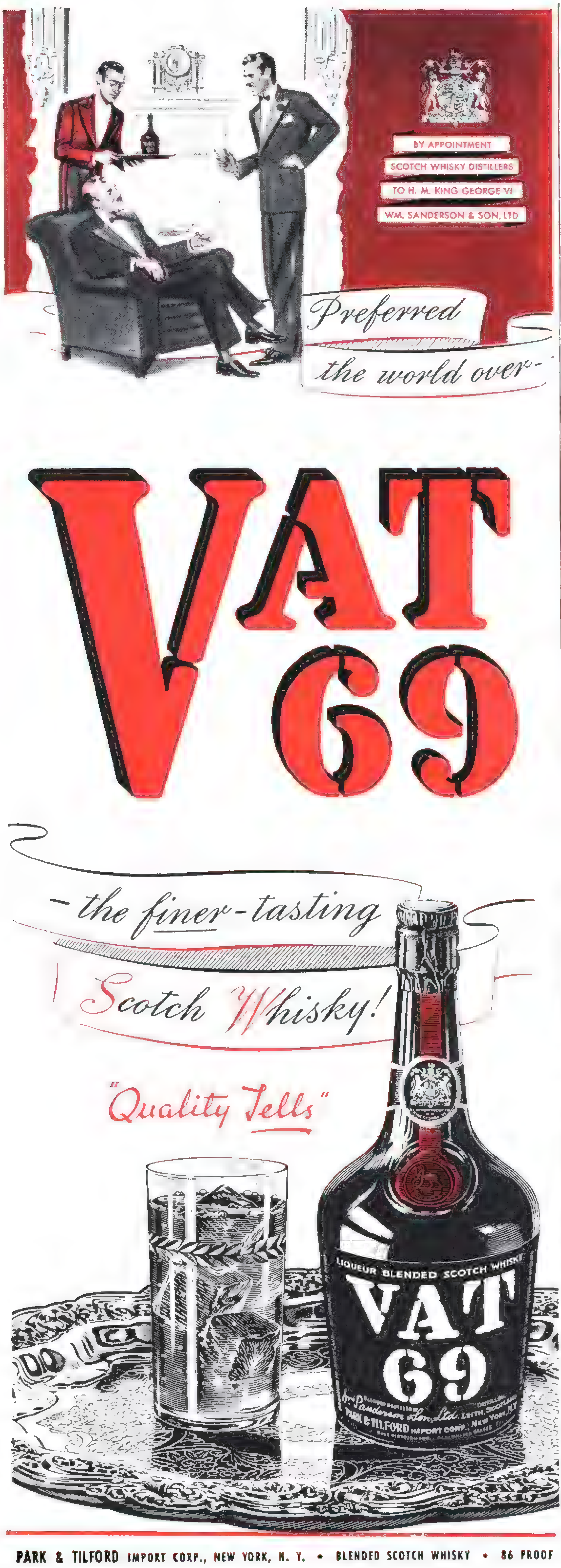
Continued from page 209

competitors on their favorite fictional reservation and has shown a vigor and ingenuity in storytelling that makes one wonder if he may not be the next Irving Thalberg. His picture has more clarity than Metro's *Sea of Grass* and more honesty than Selznick's gaudily theatrical *Duel in the Sun*. Unlike Fox' admirable *My Darling Clementine*, it is not a rehash of an old plot, and it lopes far ahead of *California*, Paramount's effort to team a musical with a social significance drama and make both pull a covered wagon.

The picture moves Robert Mitchum into the front rank of stardom. He portrays a man driven to a life of violence by the vague memories of his childhood. His character is molded by hatreds and malice he had no part in creating. Deprived by a frontier feud of his family, he grows up with a warped and furtive soul that rejects love and friends. Mitchum brings a psychological drive to his part that reminds one of Ray Milland's fine intensity in *The Lost Weekend*. The entire film is a study in the effects of a blood vendetta on a man. Fundamentally *Pursued* is a movie for masculine audiences, but you'll have no trouble getting the wife or the girl friend to go along. Mitchum, with his calm, knowing eyes and his mood of coiled-spring tension, is in the best romantic tradition.

Besides, the trouble that dogs him was caused by a woman (Judith Anderson). And his predestined fate brings him to a murderous honeymoon with another vengeful female (Teresa Wright). The ladies will find plenty to hold their attention. Men may have been men in the open spaces, but women drove them to it.

All of the killings in the West weren't caused by rustlers. Or by the efforts of clean-cut heroes to keep profiteers with big gold watch chains from selling spoiled meat to the Indians. Sometimes Westerners committed murder because they didn't like each other. Families stuck together because a weakling was a danger. You had to back up your rights with the six-shooter or get out of the country. The "outsider" had to know that it was dangerous to cut in on your cattle or your women. Occasionally this produced the kind of man who enjoyed being his own law long after there was any need of it. The man who started out trying to be respected degenerated into a deadly egotist who simply could not bear to be crossed. Such a theatrical old devil was Grant Callum, portrayed with dogged and dignified malice



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by Dean Jagger in this picture.

The codes of such patriarchs were tough on a woman who found herself married to the wrong man. Despite all that Errol Flynn and Cecil De Mille may have taught you, sex on the range was not always confined to dance-hall cuties and can-can dancers. Much has been written about the harsh happiness enjoyed by the pioneer mother, but many a hard-working range wife resented being called "Ma" and being relegated to the status of a drudge and a brood mare after she had borne a couple of children. Unless a husband was a real loving partner, there was a bleak absence of romance in the most romantic of countries. As "Ma" Callum, the sister-in-law of the arrogant Grant, Judith Anderson gives a brilliant delineation of a pioneer mother who found the wilderness a hell.

When Ma plans to run off with a man named Rand, her tough brother-in-law rallies the Callums and massacres the Rands. Not a grown man or woman is left alive. Then Ma is flung into the shambles to "have a look at" what her indiscretion has wrought. After they have left her, she discovers that Jeb, the three-year-old son of the man she was in love with, has survived. The repentant Ma takes him home to raise with her own children. It will be her means of atoning for the death of his father and of her husband—both killed in the fight. She takes the children to a distant claim where she hopes to raise them as one family, far from the influences of the scandal and feud.

But sweetness and light can't flourish in such an environment. Ma's son, Adam, hates Jeb as an "outsider" without knowing why he hates. The girl, Thorley, is more openhearted, but Jeb doesn't warm to her. Jeb *is* an "outsider." He grows up with his boyish mind beclouded by the terrible memory of gun flashes and running boots. He's haunted by the picture of Ma looking down at a dead man and being accused of something shameful. Try as he will, he cannot respond to her love.

As he grows older, he even suspects his foster sister of cheating when she tosses a coin to see whether he or Adam shall go to the Spanish War. Later he learns she wanted Adam to lose and was tortured by a feeling of disloyalty. She is in love with the "outsider" and she wants no part of the rambling hatreds, but they are sweeping in to engulf her.

Adam isn't satisfied with having prospered while Jeb fought in Cuba. He envies the brass bands that greet the returning soldier. They toss the coin again to see who will leave the ranch. Adam wins and Jeb is wearily content to take Thorley away and marry her. But Grant Callum has drifted back and filled Adam's ears with

Continued on page 212

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Hollywood Progresses with Pursued

Continued from page 211

old grudges. When Jeb returns, Adam tries to ambush him and is killed in the ensuing gun fight.

Jeb killed in self-defense, but Grant tried to get him hung for it. Even though he doesn't succeed, the evil is done. Thorley couldn't marry her brother's murderer. And Ma has stopped caring for him. He and the women are on opposite sides now. The foolish feud goes on with murder begetting murder—fed by the poisonous resentments of Grant Callum. With the tragic implacability of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, the picture dramatizes the warped growth of lives stunted by the harsh land. Thorley becomes engaged to a young storekeeper. But Grant makes the young man feel he'll never be able to "hold his head up" unless he kills Jeb "for Thorley's honor." Once more Jeb shoots in self-defense, and, once more, he kills.

By now Jeb and Thorley are both marked people—united by hatred more insolubly than by love. The community withdraws from them, awed by the mystery of the forces that beat about them. In this isolation, they are forced toward each other. And they ironically submit to their fate. With bitter courtesy he calls on her and begins the courtship she once dreamed of. She sits decorously by the fireplace, giving him coffee and going through all the empty formalities of a proper wooing. He defies his enemies by asking her to marry him. She accepts—planning to kill him.

On their wedding night there is a six-shooter tucked amid the ruffles of Thorley's trousseau. But, as she remembers their childhood, she hesitates to unpack it. Even though she loves him, can she ever live with the man who killed her fiance and her brother? How great an obligation is hatred? What kind of a life can they hope to have together if she doesn't kill him? How low and miserable can you become in the world's opinion, when you refuse to gratify its expectations—even when it expects you to do wrong?

There is a rap on the door. The gun remains untouched as she turns to face Jeb. He brings wine with two glasses on a tray. Can he be so guileless as to expect the usual nuptial toast? Then she unfolds a napkin and finds a loaded six-gun on the tray. Their lives have been so alike they can have no secrets from each other. He knows she married him to murder him. And, by now, he doesn't much care.

The melancholy light and shadow of James Wong Howe's rich photography brings great beauty to the story as it speeds on to its climax. And Raoul Walsh's brilliantly moody direction is exactly right for an outdoor drama whose flavor is much closer to Eugene O'Neill than to

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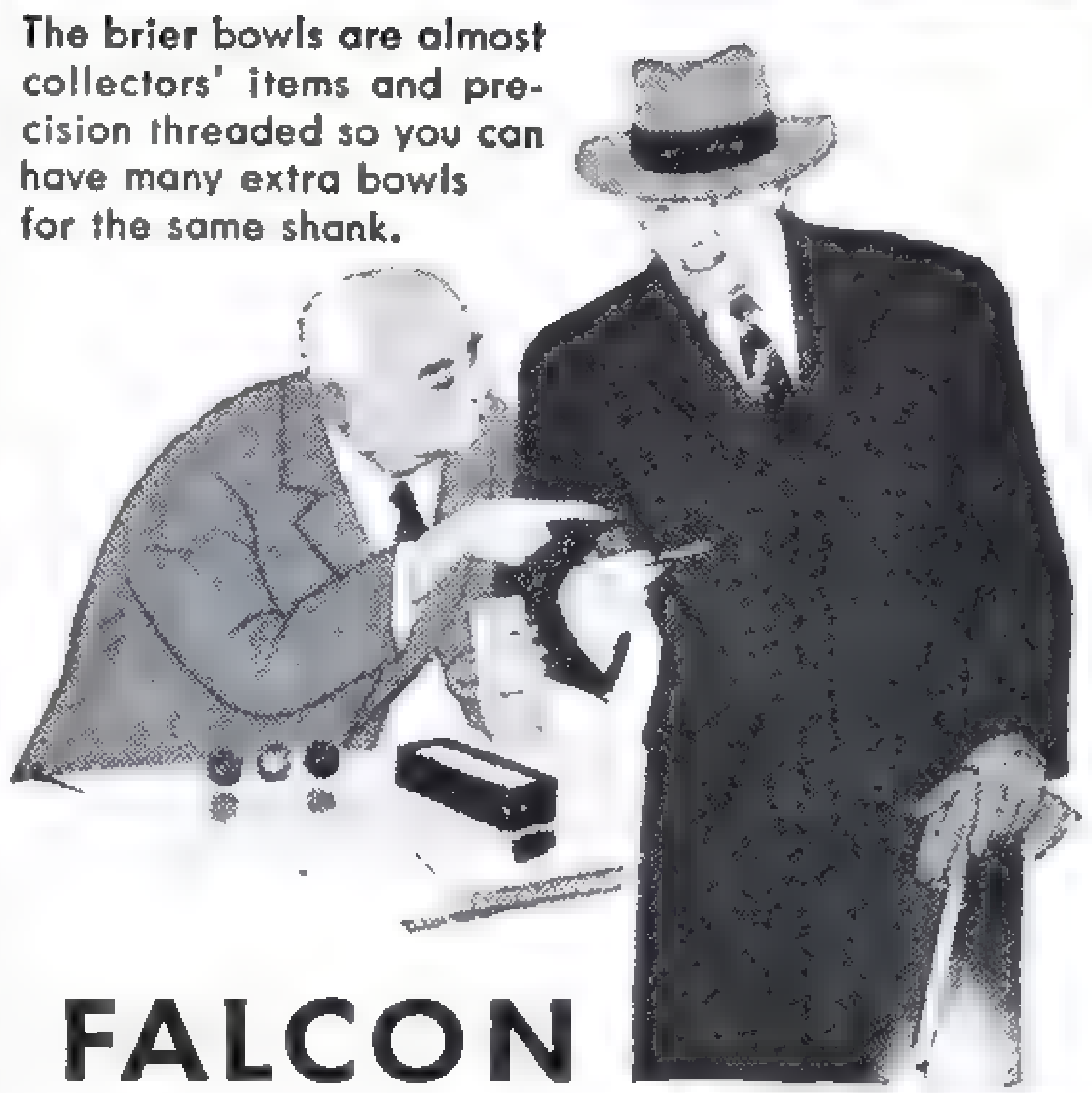

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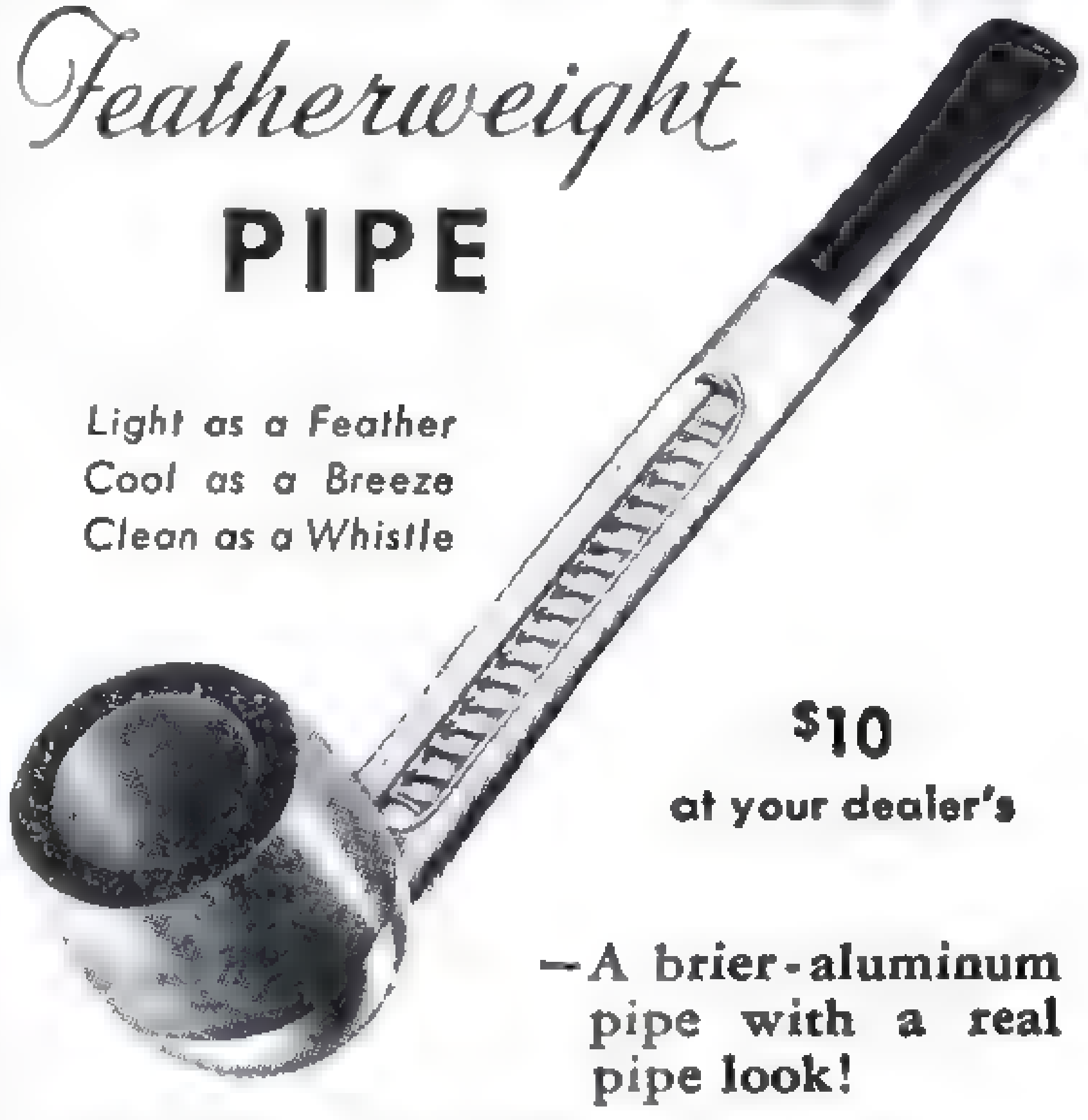

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Zane Grey. A movie veteran who played John Wilkes Booth in *The Birth of a Nation*, Mr. Walsh is one of the most versatile and least appreciated megaphoners in Hollywood. His record ranges from the tough realism of *What Price Glory?* and *The Cockeyed World* to such rollicking rowdiness as *Gentleman Jim* and *The Strawberry Blonde*. *Pursued* finds him resuming the quietly tragic technique he used in *High Sierra*, which did for Humphrey Bogart what this will do for Mitchum.

As every director knows, new stars are made by established ones. Walsh uses the sure artistry of Teresa Wright to keep his drama from becoming a melodrama. And she never fails him. Her down-to-earth charm keeps the high-keyed characterizations of Mitchum and Miss Anderson from going overboard. She conveys things with a troubled close-up that would be ridiculous in dialogue. In the super-dramatic honeymoon scene, her sensitive face is as moving as a symphony. And throughout a fascinatingly grim narrative she is the performer who keeps audience sympathy moving in the right direction.

Both the original story and the screen play were written by Miss Wright's husband, Niven Busch. Mr. Busch is a living refutation of the charge that matrimony is a blight to writers. He wrote *Duel in the Sun* and sold it to RKO as a starring vehicle for his wife. But by the time that studio got ready to make it, Mrs. Busch was getting ready to have a baby. So the show was sold to Selznick.

Determined that the little woman would not be penalized for presenting him with a little buckaroo, he sat down and presented her with a new brain child which he sold to Sperling. Sperling's check (combined with that already received from Selznick) provides an ample nest egg to finance the baby as a freshman at college—even if he remains a freshman all his life. But with such parents, that hardly seems probable.

Suddenly it's Spring

This finds Paramount experimenting with another reverse angle on still another Hollywood formula. The movies have been terribly neurotic of late over whether the returning serviceman is neurotic. But what of the returning service women? Are the Wacs wacky? Are the Waves wavering? By getting the dithers back to the female sex (where they traditionally belong), Claude Binyon's latest script does its gay bit toward reconversion.

Paulette Goddard is introduced as a Wac captain whose shoulders have not been made too broad for a black lace nightgown. When Mama comes marching home she at first shows a slight tendency to pace the boudoir at a route step, but presently she learns to slink again.

But a slink stinks if you haven't a slicker to look at it. Paulette's

Continued on page 214

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Hollywood Progresses with Pursued

Continued from page 213

husband (Fred MacMurray) has fallen for a predatory cutie pie (Arleen Whelan) during the captain's absence. Paulette knows she's good-looking, but she isn't longing for self-admiration. Looking at yourself in five yards of chiffon is about like standing inspection on a dark night in a coal bin. The chiffon might as well be used for making screens for the back porch. If you are familiar with the personality of the effervescent Miss Goddard you know she doesn't remain neurotic long.

As a forthright extrovert she sets out to get rid of the extra woman and to divert her husband back to the home pastures. Most of the picture deals with MacMurray's frantic efforts to escape from a wife who is hell-bent on forgiveness. Once, by smoking a big cigar and adopting the jackass bray of a Ken Murray, he almost escapes. Paulette is tempted to go back to Europe. Even the Bastogne bulge looks better than MacMurray wearing his trousers at droopy half-mast. But she sticks to him with results that are not too hard to foresee.

Mitchell Leisen, who made his reputation directing society comedies, directs this slapstick farce with unsuspected raucous abandon. MacMurray, into its spirit, refused to let his double do the prat falls—with the result that he dislocated a couple of vertebrae. Leisen must have had a way with him. But, even at his giddiest the director remains pretty high-toned. In his hotel dining rooms the waiters carry the flaming shashlik high enough to give a hotfoot to the tenants on the second floor.

Of course, this is just the sort of lighthearted boy-meets-girl stuff that Sam Goldwyn warned us against. But it will harm no one. And, like the Chaplin comedies, it even may be remembered. Sam's entertainment has endured better than his messages. His Eddie Cantor and Danny Kaye pictures are recalled with a great deal of pleasure. But it is kindest to forget his film exhortation called *The Eternal City*, which sought to call the turn on world affairs back in 1923. This hailed Mussolini's Black Shirts as the saviors of Modern Europe.

The Macomber Affair

This tall fast tale includes both Gregory Peck and a herd of galloping giraffes. Its action, located in Africa, shows the luxury and ease with which both gazelles and handsome boy friends are hunted on the veldt by the ladies of the station wagon set. There are many trophies of these chases. Sometimes, when the guide is particularly virile, a cuckolded husband comes back with an invisible horn spread of several feet. And sometimes he doesn't come back at all.

The scenario, of course, is based

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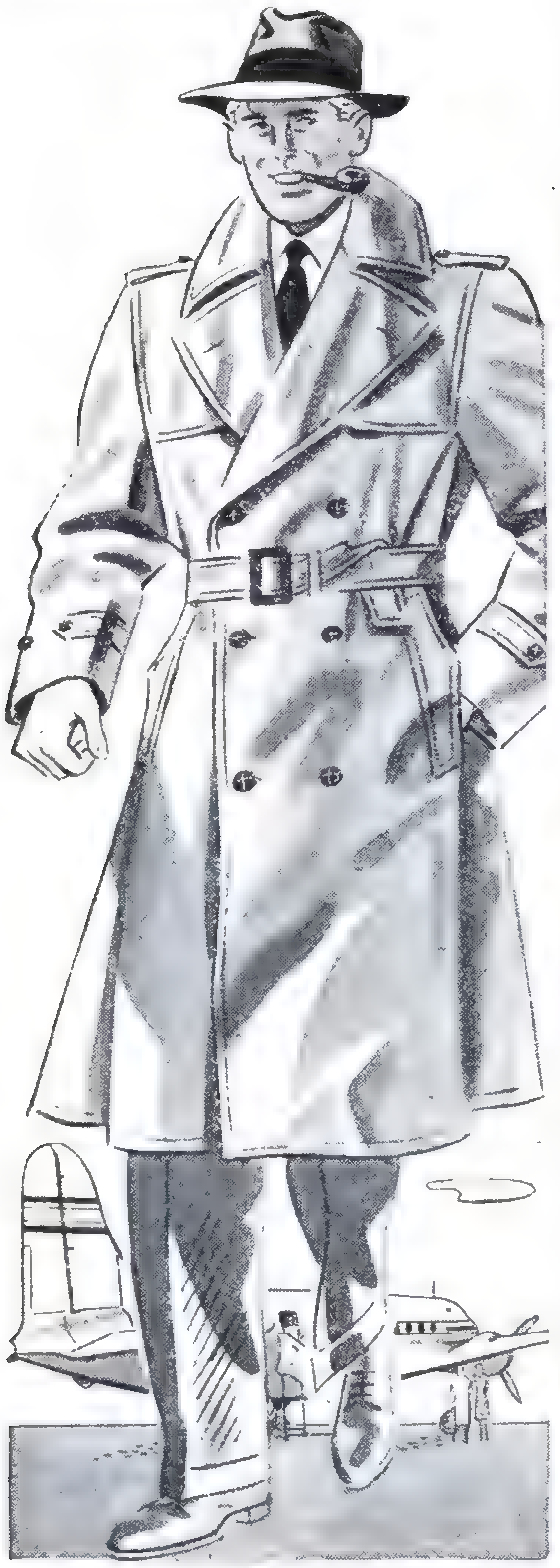

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upon *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber* which Ernest Hemingway laid in the big-game country.

In it Robert Preston plays the ill-fated Francis Macomber and Joan Bennett has the role of his rapacious wife. Zoltan Korda's direction is equally adept in studying the beasts of the jungle who kill to live and the beasts of civilization who kill for the sheer pleasure of it. No stock shots were used for the hunting sequences. This is all to the good. It isn't very exciting to see 1947's movie hero fire a gun that hits a lion which you saw dying from a blast from Mrs. Martin Johnson's rifle back in 1936. The shots taken in Africa are the first new wild game stuff seen on the screen in some years. The camera races in the midst of gemsbok, elands and wildebeests. It frolics companionably with those bounding Gene Kellys of the open spaces, the Thompson gazelles.

Since Mr. Korda is an old Africa hand (you probably remember his epic *Four Feathers*, made in the Sudan before the war), he has little trouble making the scenes shot in Hollywood match the ones taken on the increasingly enlightened Dark Continent. He does not confuse the skilled Negro gun bearers with the extras in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* The Hall-Johnson choir does not invade the Kenya Colony to sing *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* around the campfire at night. Coast natives, civilized since Mohammed's warriors first came to the Ivory Coast, do not marvel at the phonograph and plead with the white sahib to let Ginny Simms out of the box. Tarzan does not jump out of the rubber trees to lead the travelers to the secret elephant graveyard where a beautiful blonde goddess presides clad in a perfect hair-do and a fetching groin-length kilt of monkey fur.

Korda's African picture is done without hoke.

Its theme is the same as that which occupied Mr. Peck in *The Yearling*—the transition of an adolescent into manhood. But this time the adolescent is thirty years old. Francis Macomber is a rich and amiable American who fails to grow up until he is matured by fear. Faced by the charge of a wounded lion, he throws down his gun and runs into the brush. His humiliation delights his cruel and beautiful wife. As long as he's ashamed of himself she'll have little trouble dominating the coward. Just to let him know how matters stand, she deliberately cheats with the white hunter in charge of the safari (Mr. Peck).

But on the second day a strange thing happens to Francis Macomber. He grows up. Standing in the path of an enraged buffalo he suddenly knows the intoxication of danger and the calm ecstasy of being fearless. He plants a bullet in the skull of the oncoming bison and in that split second he knows he has won the admiration

Continued on page 216

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Hollywood Progresses with Pursued

Continued from page 215

of the hunter who betrayed him and the respect of the Kaffir bearers.

And in that moment he dies.

He had underestimated the power of a woman. The feminine instincts of his beautiful wife have told her that his days of subservience are over. When this happens she raises a hunting rifle to her shoulder and blows the back of his head out.

A hunting rifle, like the atom bomb and every other weapon clear back to the stone hatchet, is absolutely harmless. The danger lies in the person you allow to hold it. It is human nature that is atomic. *The Macomber Affair* shows that a red-hot Mama, no less than a white-hot atom, is capable of nuclear fission—once her affections are divided. Such a notion should be examined with a Geiger counter before she is permitted to take up firearms and accompany the old man on a safari beyond the neighborhood police precinct.

Mr. Peck gives an admirable performance as the white hunter, who sells his skill and philosophically accepts his client's morals. And Miss Bennett, who seems to have dyed her heart black along with her hair, makes the wife an insolent little two-timing wife-kitten. But Bob Preston walks off with the acting honors. As the delinquently maturing Macomber, he presents the character just as Hemingway wrote him—troubled, ingenious and apologetic. Almost all of his dialogue is from the original story. This advantage is not shared by Mr. Peck and Miss Bennett.

For them, unfortunately, something new has been added. Casey Robinson, who wrote the screen play, has a talent unique in Hollywood. He gets assigned to successful novels—and does his best to let them alone. He's the only scribe who wouldn't rather rewrite than be president. For he is paid a princely salary. And he's worth every nickel of it. The scenes you like in a book usually remain in the movie—if Casey adapted on it.

Vanity didn't spoil his record on this one. Morality did. The Johnston office set its face against life and literature by decreeing that women can't get away with murder. This necessitated added scenes in which the dirty wife comes clean. Casey keeps these from becoming mawkish. But they dilute Hemingway's sardonic bite. *The Macomber Affair* is a good picture that can be great if the theatre owner bribes the American Express Company not to deliver the last reel. ⧺

Continued from page 65

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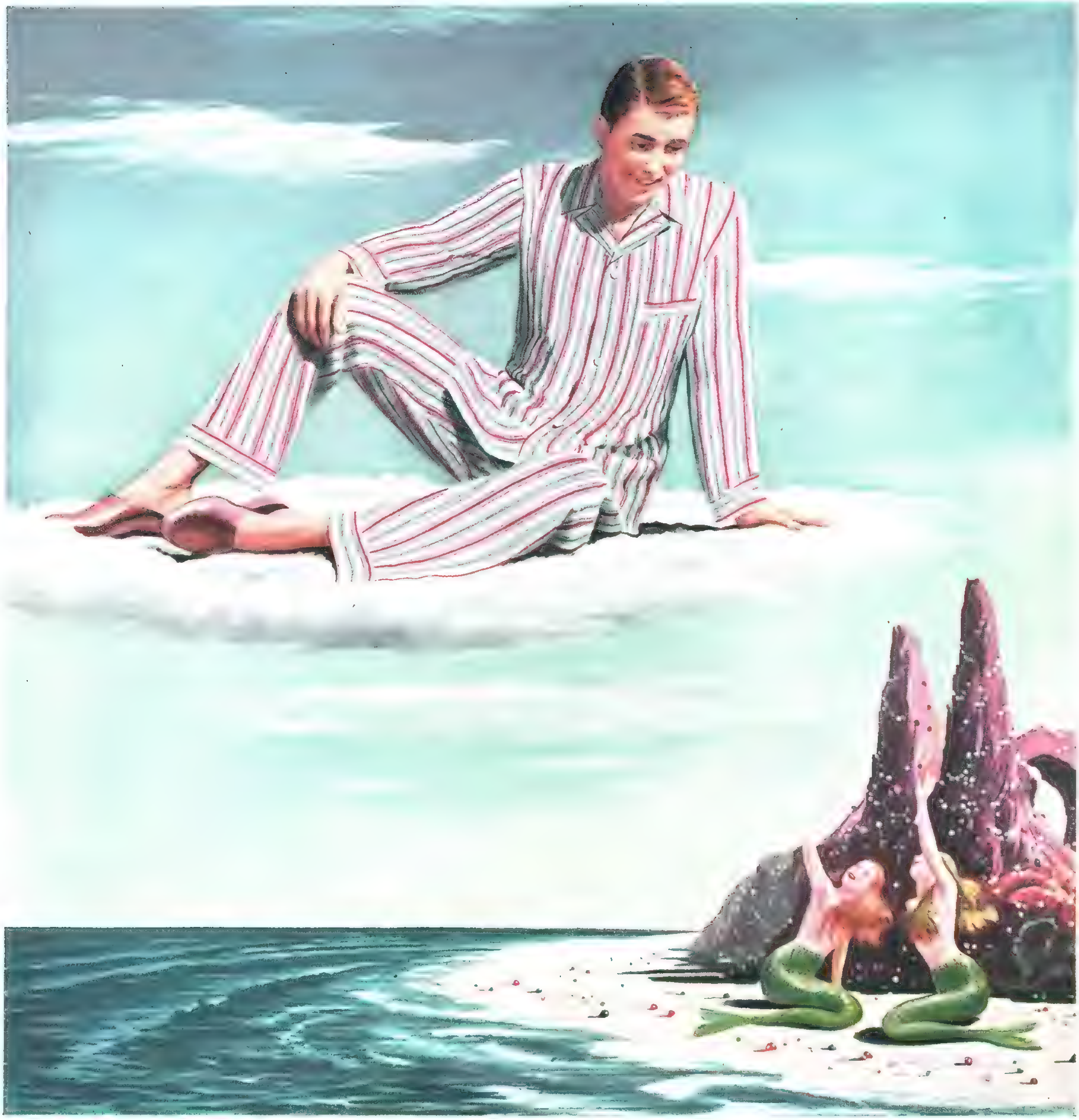

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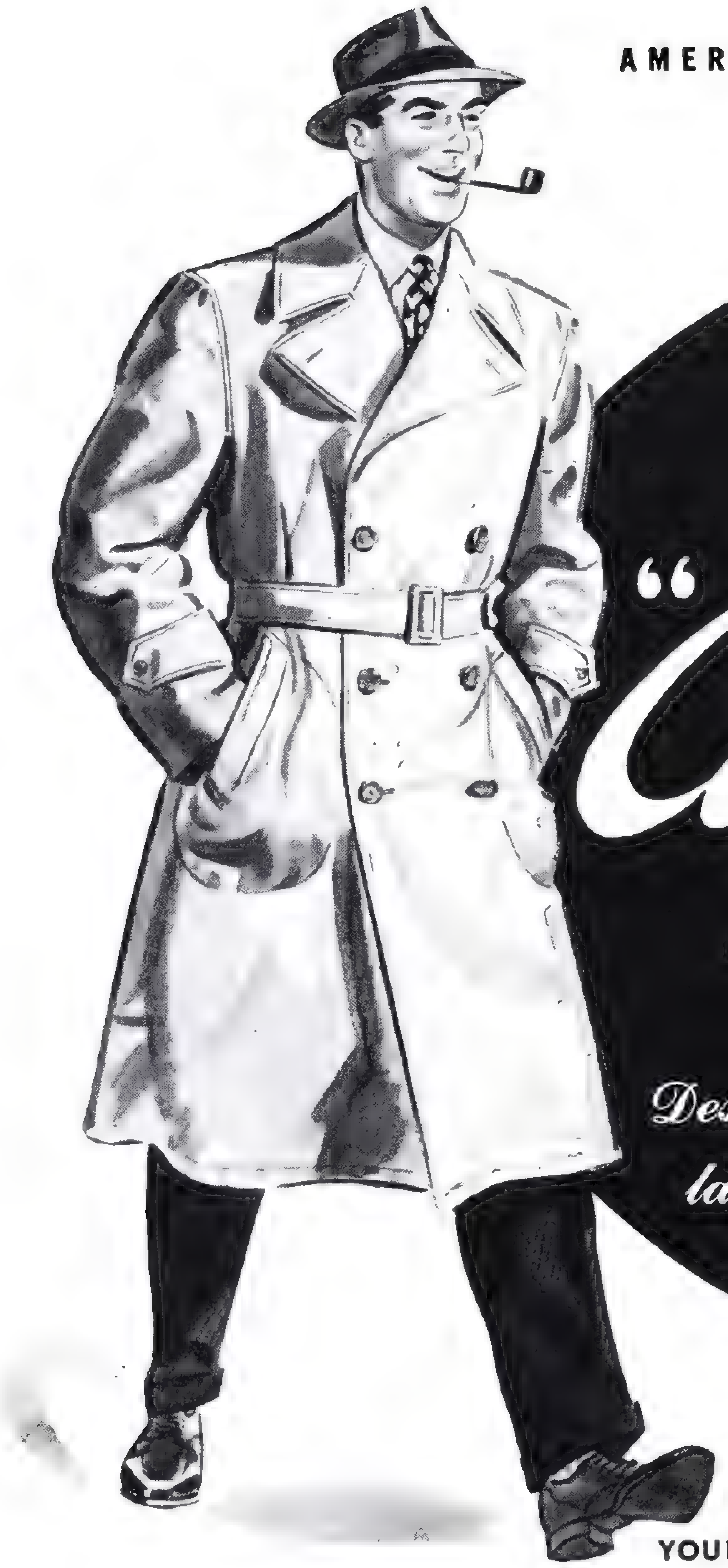

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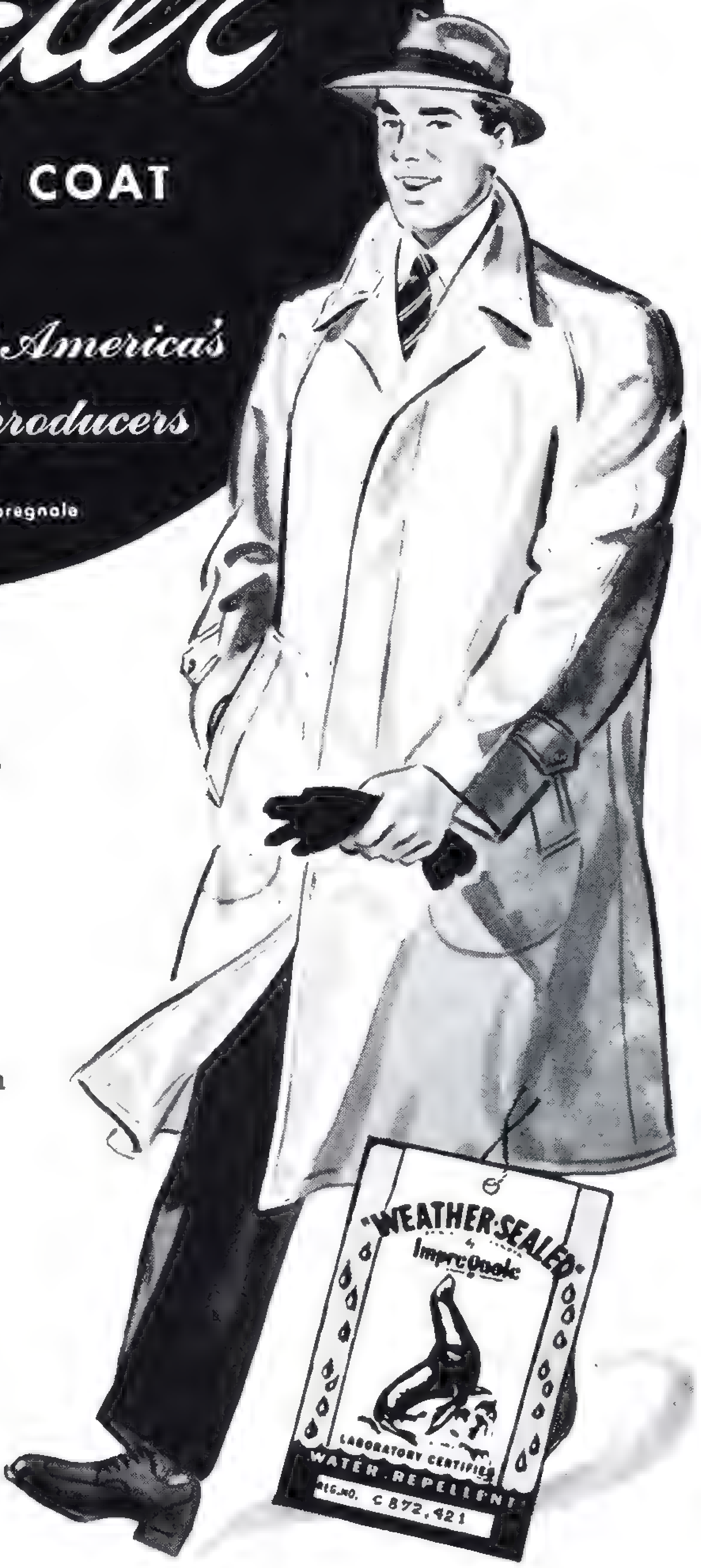

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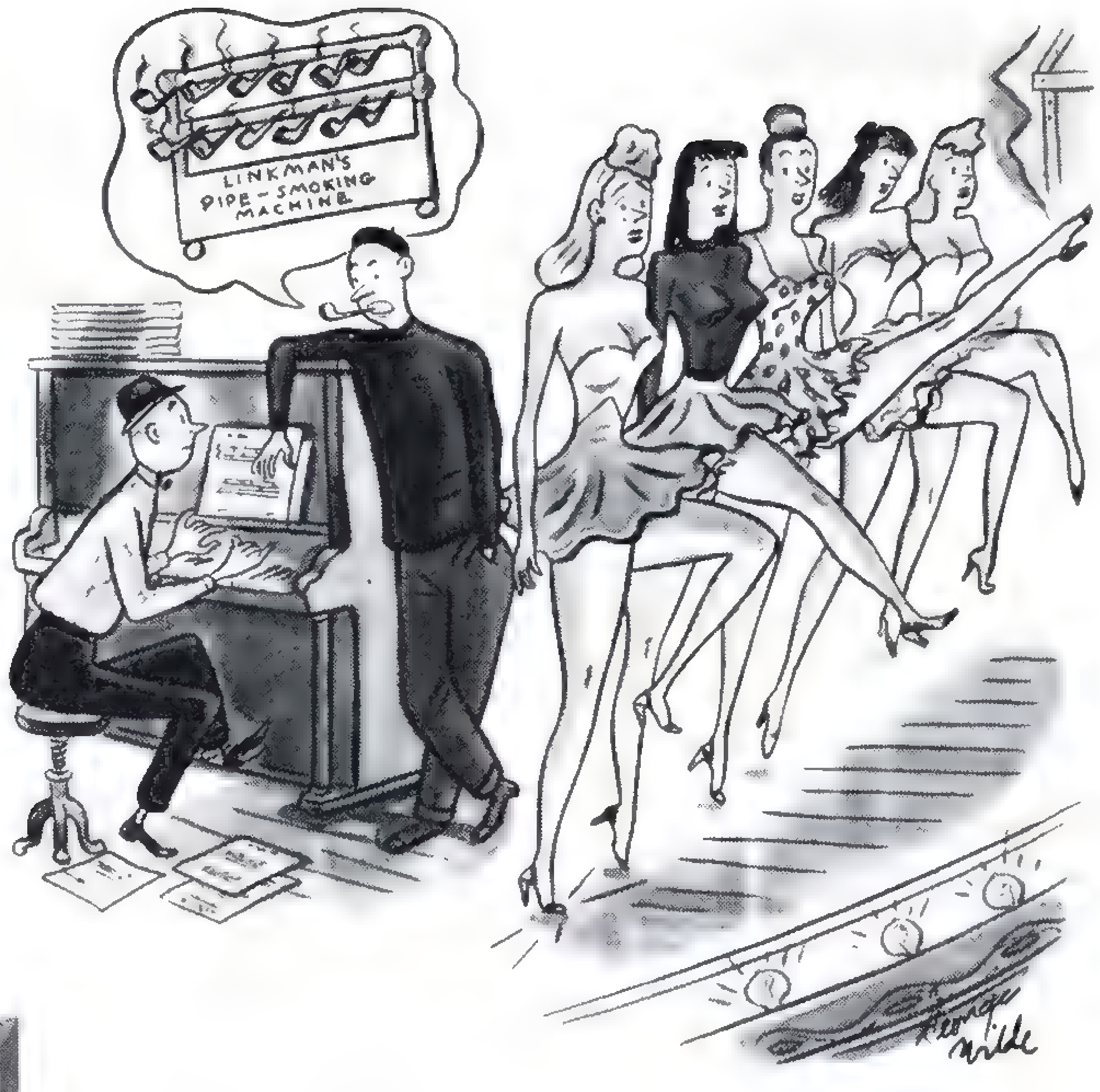

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PIPES

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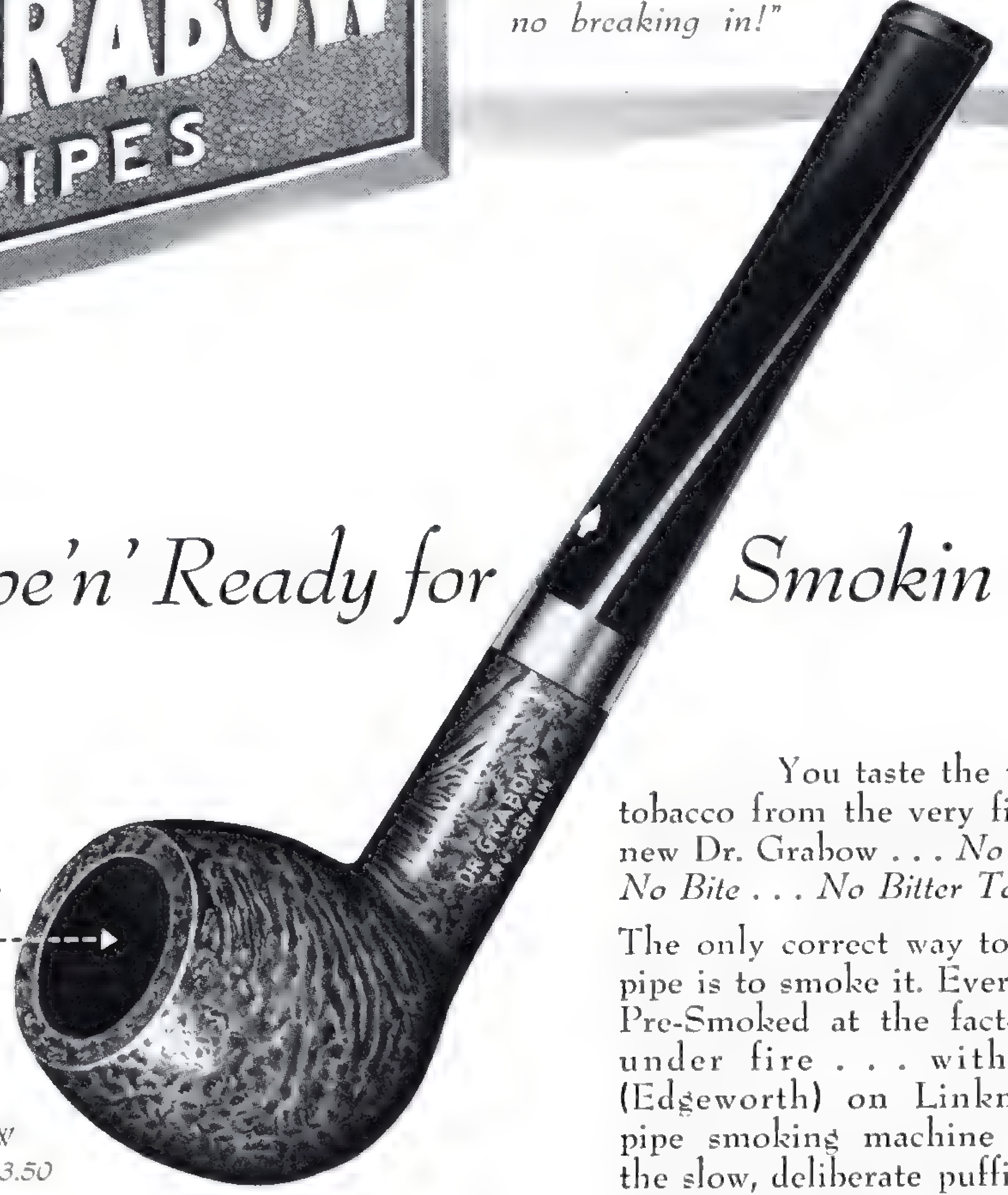

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FAITHFULLY MAINTAINING QUALITY—AT NO ADVANCE IN PRICE—

First-Night Jitters

Continued from page 53

a door through which she was to pass to get at Miss Natwick. Finding the door locked, and having forgotten her prop key, Miss O'Neil struggled with the knob awhile, then stepped around the partition, supposedly a solid wall, and began her homicidal attack—after the laughter died down.

Herbert Berghof, a director at the Neighborhood Playhouse, relates the time he opened in a German version of *All God's Chillun*, in Berlin, in 1932. He was to shake a young lady lying in bed, clad only in a nightgown. With all the desperateness a young actor summons for his big moment, Berghof began to shake and shake and shake. The audience applauded and Berghof glowed inwardly. He was made. He was terrific. Next day, the reviews spoke not of Berghof but of the young lady's ascending nightgown.

Sometimes overzealousness by the performers results in near tragedy. At the New York première of the 1931 revival of *Peter Ibbetson*, Dennis King clubbed Charles Coburn, the uncle in the play, with a prop breakaway cane which didn't, and Coburn suffered a brain concussion. Luckily it was not serious, and he returned to the show in a few days.

In the temperamental school, the infantile tantrums of would-be mature men and women add a headache to backers who have nothing else to worry over except dropping a slow 100 G's or so, if the show flops.

A one-man campaigner against noise backstage was Richard Mansfield, who forced the half-dozen flunkies he surrounded himself with to pad around in rubber-soled shoes, because he couldn't stand the sound of squeaky leather.

Another in that-noise-is-driving-me-cuh-razy! group was E. H. Sothern. One *Hamlet* opening night Sothern, playing with Julia Marlowe, was telling her . . . "Get thee to a nunnery . . ." When POW!!! down smashed a huge reflector, dropped by a nervous electrician, right at the end of his line. In a rage, Sothern stalked off into the wings and for the rest of the evening the audience could plainly hear Sothern, from backstage, swearing at everyone.

Jane Cowl can't bear to hear a clock ticking away. Even a wrist piece throws her off stride.

Before his openings, Alfred Lunt, despite his unquestioned talent, is certain he is doomed to failure. His performance will be terrible, the play a flop. Miss Fontanne, his wife, must always reassure him that this will be his best success. And it's rare the

Continued on page 222

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First-Night Jitters

Continued from page 221

Lunts have flopped in anything.

Stage fright is an affliction common to the young and old of the theatre. Yet no fledgling actor suffered a worse case of it than Spencer Tracy on the opening of *The Rugged Path*, in New York.

Before the curtain rose in New York, Tracy wondered aloud to Garson Kanin, the director of the play, "If people can see me for sixty cents, they may not think I'm worth $3.60 in the flesh."

"Don't exaggerate," Kanin replied. "I've seen both you and Don Ameche for fifteen cents!"

Physical mishaps are always a likelihood in the theatre and, when they happen at premières, success hinges on quick improvisations.

At a paid preview to *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, before a select audience, Raymond Massey, the star, unaccountably lost his voice. Throughout the play he was incapable of speaking above a whisper. Yet so great was the appeal of Robert E. Sherwood's writing and Massey's acting, that the play hung together and was a success.

Supposedly blasé New Yorkers, the toughest first-night audience anywhere, take the most peculiar things to their hearts.

It was John Golden's production of *Seventh Heaven*, starring Helen Menken, and in the tryout town of Elmira, Golden, beset by some whimsy, inserted a corny and oft-told gag in a scene. But, he warned author Austin Strong, it was to be deleted before the play reached New York.

Opening night in New York and producer Golden, in his favorite pew with Mrs. Golden, recalled, horrified, that the damning lines had not been cut. Here was his lavishly produced play, with a tear and a tug in every scene, about to be ridiculed from the theatre with a bit of innocently inserted business the cause.

Came the scene and the priest in the play said sadly to Arlette, played by Beatrice Noyes: "I wish there were stories I could tell the wounded to ease their pain. Do you happen to know a good joke for them?"

"Why, yes," said Miss Noyes. "I know one that I read once. It's about a goat in the Army, and one of the poilus cut off the goat's nose."

"Cut off the goat's nose?" the good Father asked. "How did he smell?"

"Terrible," Miss Noyes said.

And the first nighters loved it. It stayed in the regular dialogue. The show ran for several years.

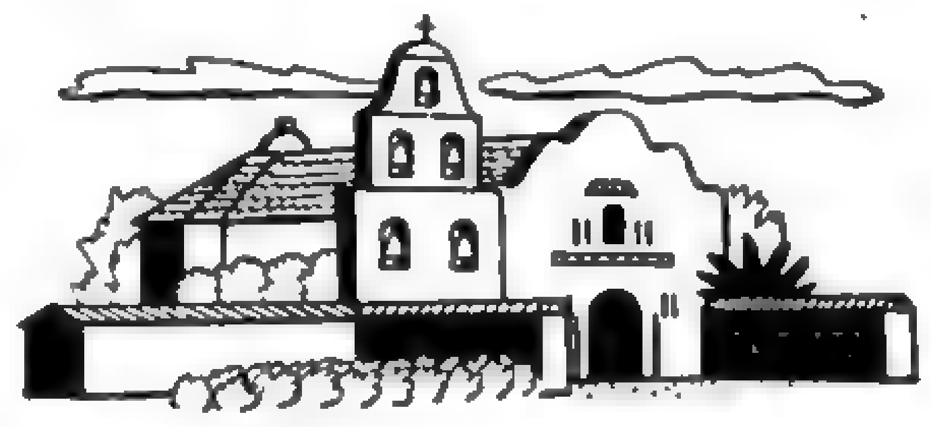
It's these quirks of an audience that baffle theatre people and send them fleeing to nerve specialists. If the tortured genuises of the boards ever find out what an audience wants, psychiatrists will fold their Park Avenue salons like the Arabs, and steal away to being doctors again, with "Hot water—and lotsa clean towels!" #

Continued from page 53

How Wise are you about Wines?

Q. *What Europeans first made wines?*
A. The Greeks. They taught the Romans. After Caesar conquered Gaul, the Romans taught the Western Europeans.

Q. *When and where was the first wine made in California?*
A. In 1769, at San Diego Mission.



Q. *Do aroma and bouquet mean the same?*
A. No. Aroma is the fragrance of the *grape*. Bouquet is the fragrance of the *wine itself*. Croix Royale's grapes have a wonderful, fresh aroma—one reason why the bouquet of Croix Royale Wines is so exquisite.

Q. *What warm California valley is especially famous for grapes which make superb dessert wines?*
A. The San Joaquin Valley, home of Croix Royale's vineyard and winery.

Q. *What wine goes best before meals?*
A. Croix Royale *Select* California Sherry—a brilliant pale dry wine of delicate nut-like flavor. (A special boon to hosts: no mixing, no stirring, no ice!)

Q. *After meals?*
A. A smooth, full-bodied wine to round out your luncheon or dinner. That's Croix Royale *Select* California Tawny Port!

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The Man with the Red Hat

Continued from page 101

quiet and polite and yet always I had the feeling that there was a great tension inside her, a warm radiation from some secret fire, a fire that warmed and lured and lulled. It was hard to keep from meeting her eyes, hard not to let mine mingle with hers, dive deep down to the yearning depths.

"Desire," Abbie said petulantly after dinner, "must I practice tonight since we have a guest?"

"Of course you must," she replied. "You really are the limit, Abbie. Do you want to spend your life playing boogie-woogie?"

Abbie hesitated a moment and then looked at me for courage.

I smiled as if to urge him on.

"Yes," he said. Desire stared.

"What did you say?"

"I said, yes, I want to play boogie-woogie always. I love it. I hate Beethoven."

"I can't believe my ears," Desire said.

"I'll tell you something else," Abbie said. "I wear a red derby when I'm not with you. I bought it at a costume store. People ask me why I wear it and I tell them it's the only thing about me that's my own, including my soul. It's my one uniqueness. The rest of me belongs to my wife."

"You're insane," Desire said. She turned to me. "You're a doctor. What's wrong with him? I've done all I could. Picked out his ties. Threw away his zoot suits. Got him to take piano lessons . . ."

"He is suffering," I said, "from wilted dreams. The red hat is a symbol of his yearning for some otherworldly loveliness not to be found in your beauty, but in the dreams he weaves with his fingers to the tempo of his heart's ache."

"Absurd," Desire said. "Sit right down and practice . . . or leave this house!"

Abbie hesitated a long moment, ambled to the piano, ran his fingers over the keys and then sat quietly a moment, brooding.

Abruptly, he left the room. In a few moments he was back with a suitcase and his scarlet hat.

He smiled kindly at Desire and there was a strange, happy shine on his face.

"Good-bye," he said brightly, and he kissed her now gently and now furiously, several times. With that he placed his red derby at a cocky angle and walked out.

Thus it was all for the best in many ways. Perhaps, not in all ways. This morning as I was preparing to treat a patient, Desire forced me to play Beethoven's *Two Easy Sonatas* before I went out. Later I dropped in on Abbie. He was radiant.

"You look pale," Abbie said.

"Yes," I agreed, a little furtively. "Uh . . . if you aren't using it, and I can't imagine you need it . . . would it be too much to ask you for the loan of your red derby for a few days? Not that she isn't a gorgeous creature . . ." ☩

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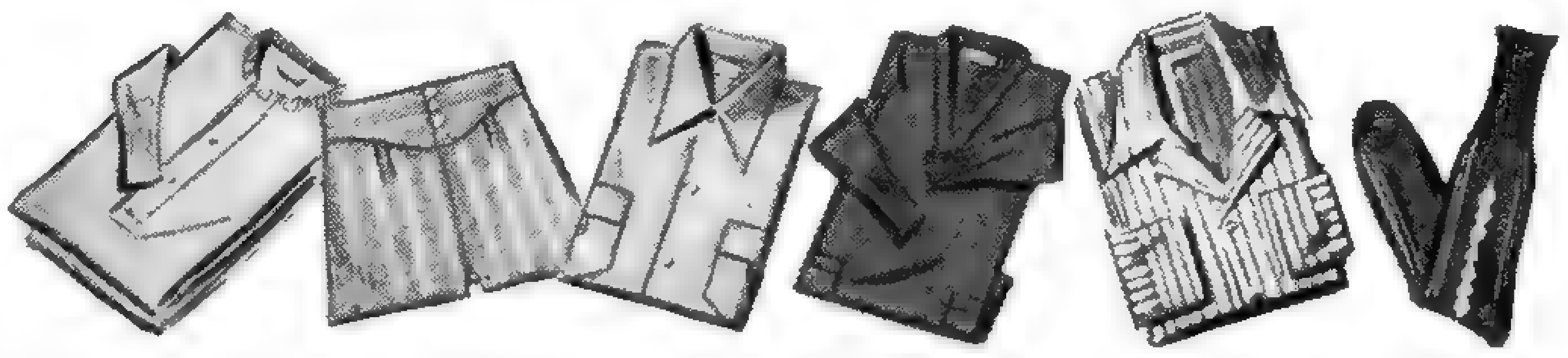

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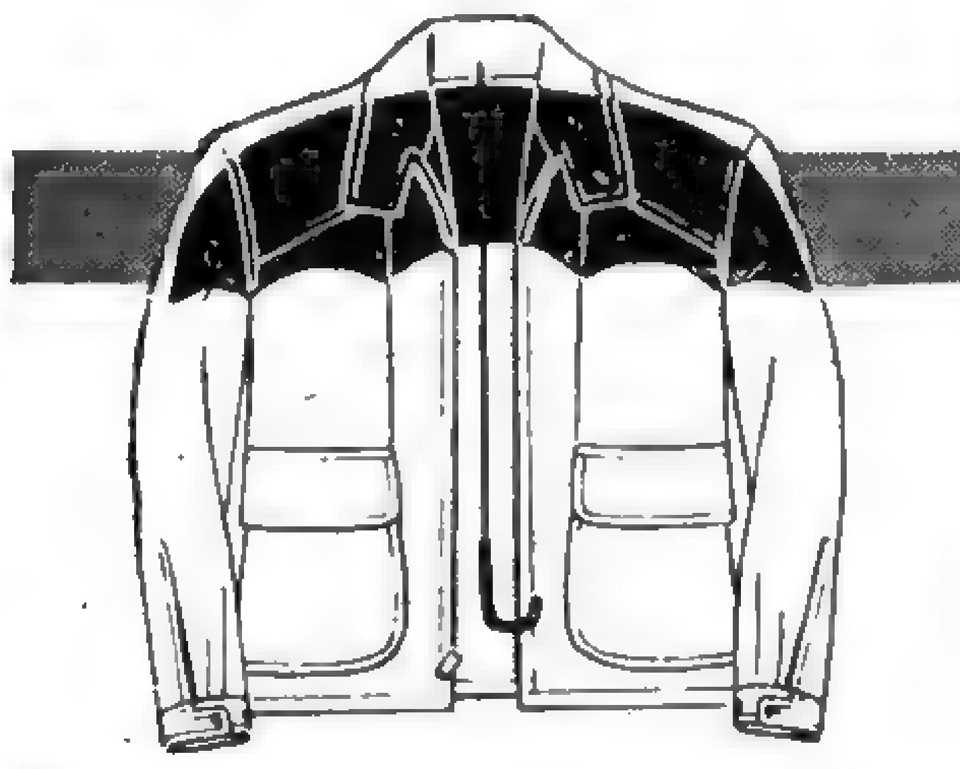

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Adventures with a French Movie

Continued from page 104

more credit, my friend! When I give a showing of the interior scenes we're going to make at the Joinville Studios, I want a stream of prospective backers to come and view them. We'll shoot the rest of the scenes outdoors, on the Côte d'Azur, where expenses are low and sunlight is plentiful. With a scheme of such grandeur, with two big stars in the cast, a Russian director, a story by a Hungarian—as you know, the Hungarians are the best writers of French films—and myself in charge, can you doubt that we will have success?"

A week later we started the interior scenes at Joinville. It was imperative that we finish them within four days, as another company had reserved the studios, and Monsieur Jade made a crashing nuisance of himself trying to drive us on. He peered through my camera each time I was set to shoot, lavishing advice that I hastened not to follow, and objected when Tuskanoff, the director, wanted to retake a scene more than twice.

Tuskanoff, who had been a flying ace during the First World War and wore a black patch over one eye, was a quiet-spoken man with nerves of iron. He stood the ordeal for over two hours. Then he snapped the cap. He flung down his megaphone and strode to the exit, shouting picturesque profanities, with Monsieur Jade after him in a wild panic, weeping in the doorway and promising to be an angel henceforth and not dispense any more advice.

After that, Monsieur Jade ate his nails discreetly in the background and only came forward to bring us sandwiches or do other small errands designed to make us continue work without a break. And by working every night until dawn, we finished our interior scenes in time.

The cutter threw the takes together, and we were ready to give a showing to the stream of prospective backers that Monsieur Jade was expecting. Only one appeared—an ancient Swedish patron of the Arts who grew so agitated during the boudoir scene that he invited Monsieur Jade to Larue's for supper, wishing to hear more about the production and incidentally to meet the leading lady.

An excellent dramatic scene took place when Monsieur Jade informed Jeanne Brochette with whom she was expected to dine. She mounted a seat in the projection room and read out her contract in a declamatory voice, asking whether it contained any clause compelling her to entertain senile Casanovas.

Monsieur Jade pointed out loudly that I and other entities were postponing earnings and sleep for the sake of her success, while she was trying to bring our

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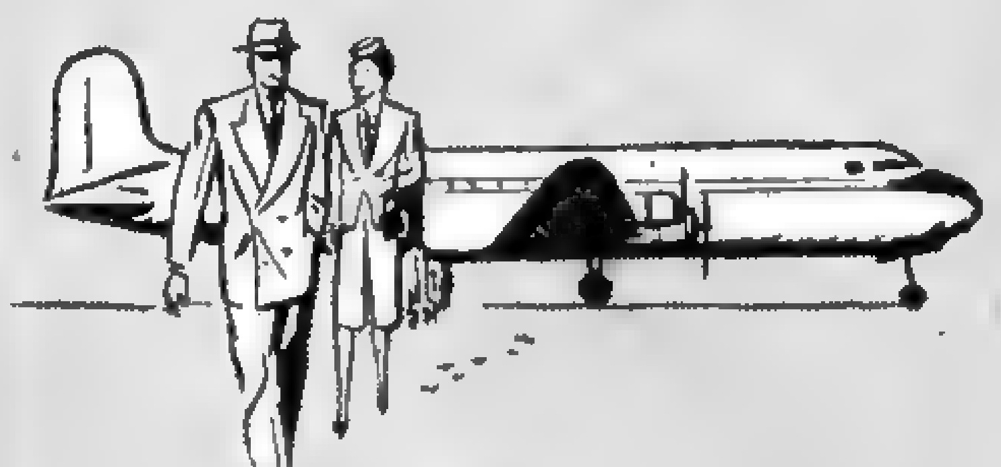

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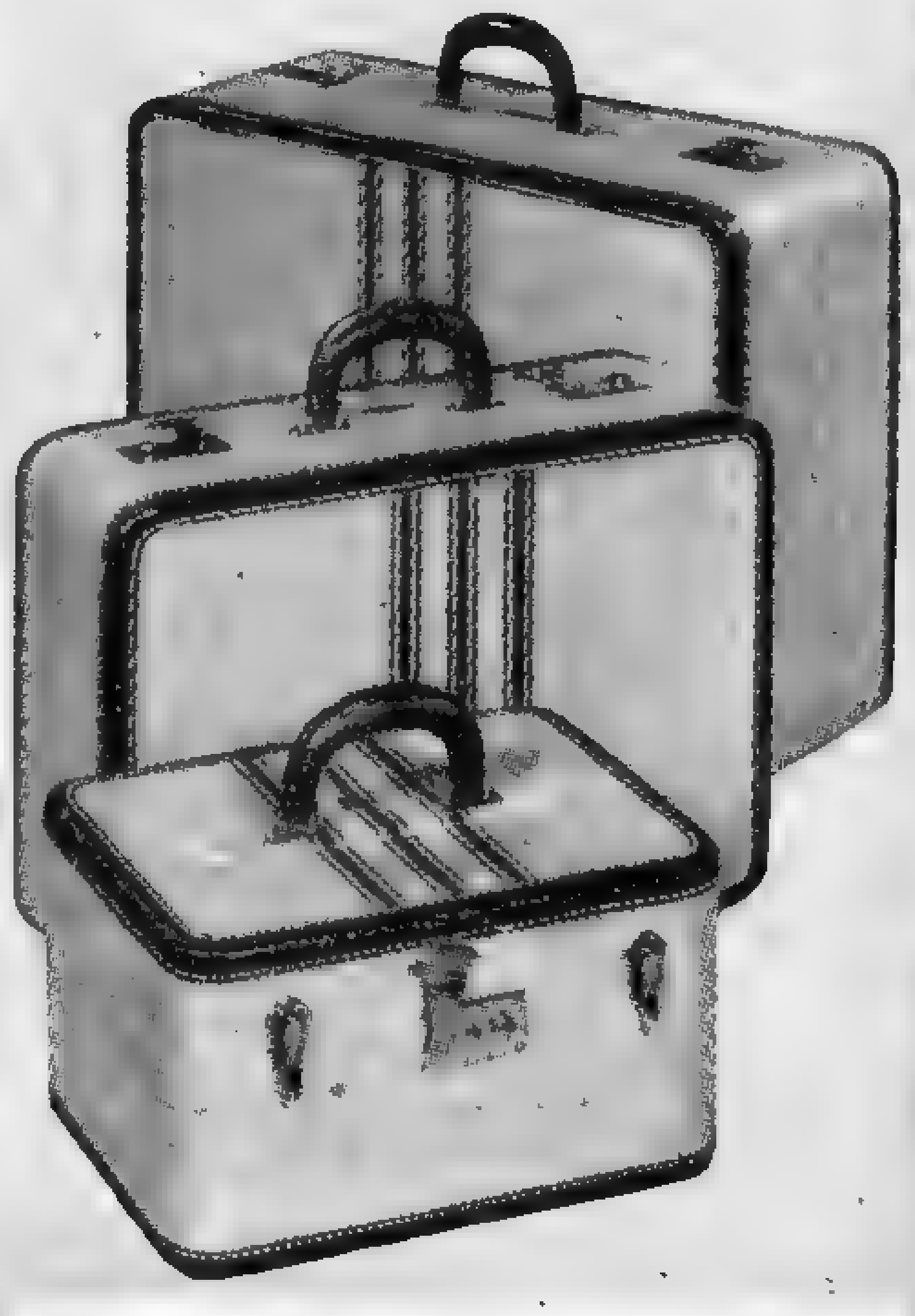

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families to ruin and probably suicide, and why? For whimsically refusing to spend an hour at a dinner table. As if anyone would force her to eat if she weren't hungry!

Jeanne Brochette was temperamental, but also *bonne fille.* She gave in after a few more scenes, all splendid. Yet the evening was only half-successful. The tired leading lady slouched dully in Larue's red plush, taking aboard huge quantities of champagne while the ignored financier remained sober, dismally regarding the figures with which Monsieur Jade rapidly covered the tablecloth. When Monsieur Jade asked him to participate with two million francs, hoping to get one, the financier, aware that Monsieur Jade wanted one, offered half. Monsieur Jade accepted with a sigh.

The following evening, in a foul temper, we took the train south. To save money Monsieur Jade had canceled our sleepers. Jeanne Brochette had a migraine from last night's champagne and was snappier than a bear trap, and everyone snapped back lustily, except the leading man, who couldn't afford it: he was, as everyone knew, secretly married to her.

Tuskanoff read the script and smoked his pipe in aloof silence. He sensed disaster in the wind and hated our company. But he was being paid, so he was helpless to do anything about it.

Monsieur Jade's assiduity and drive deserved better luck. The only thing that was blue upon our arrival on the Côte d'Azur was our mood. The rain, according to the posters, was very irregular.

We were staying at the Hotel Negresco in Nice. The city's most noteworthy sight was the bus to Monte Carlo, Cannes, and Juan-les-Pins, where gambling houses provide infinite solace and hilarious recreation to all walks of humanity. Although each town on the Côte had gambling facilities of its own, it was considered bad form to play locally, and the inhabitants streamed to the neighboring places, crossing one another on the way, sparing neither discomfort nor expense to get rid of their money.

Only Monsieur Jade hewed to the line, ferreting out prominent vacationists and trying to entice them into backing our picture. He had to face our hotel bills and was beginning to fret.

Our group got along well while the rains lasted and each of us was free to go his own way. But when, after two weeks, the sun stepped out and we had to resume work, tragedy struck. The raw film that Monsieur Jade had obtained on credit was missing.

It was most relaxing to watch the spectacle of Monsieur Jade piously denouncing the crime, especially when the culprit turned out to be our own cutter, a puny, ambitious man with raised heels. He had done some masterminding of his own—borrowing money

Continued on page 226

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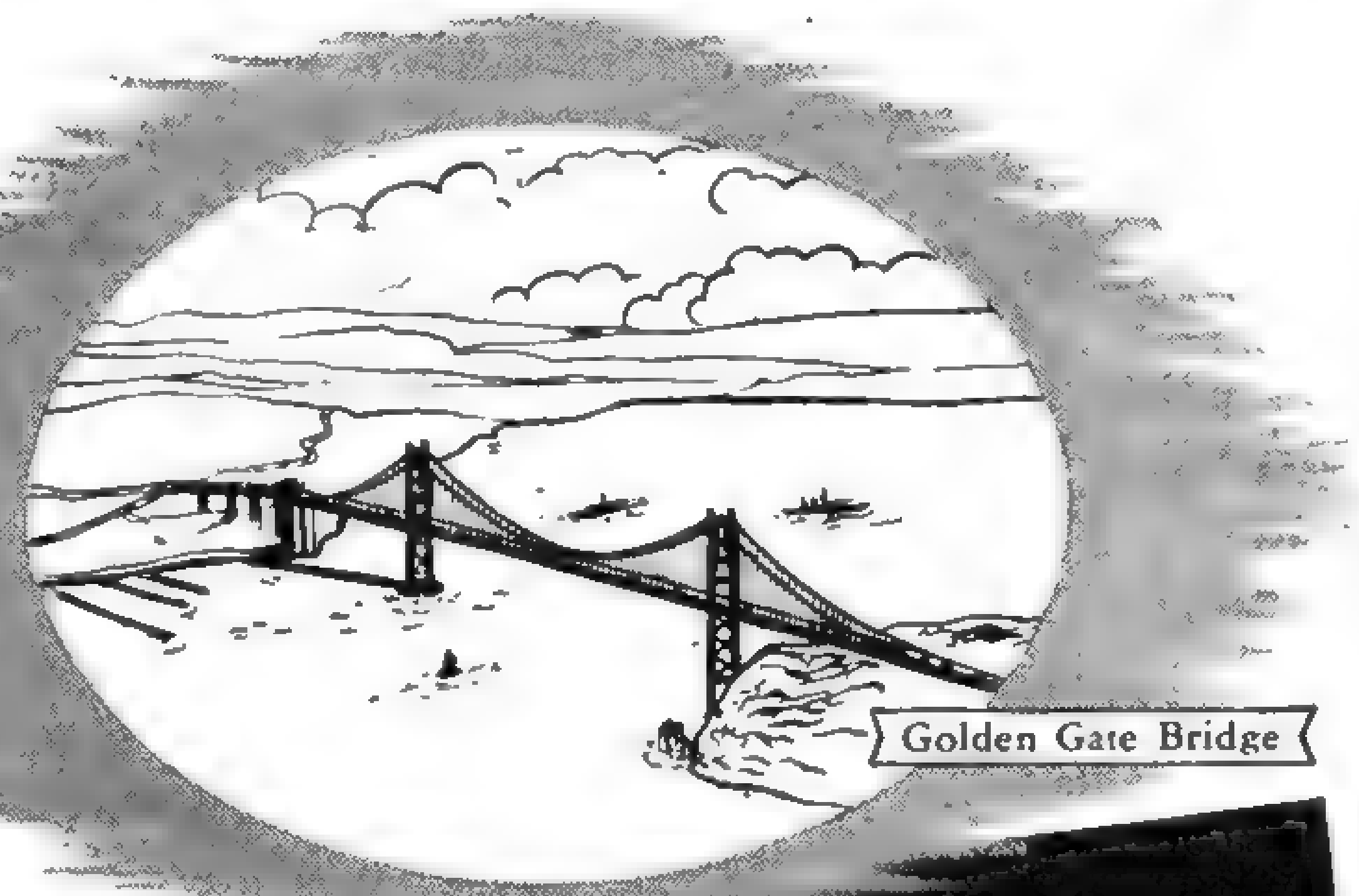

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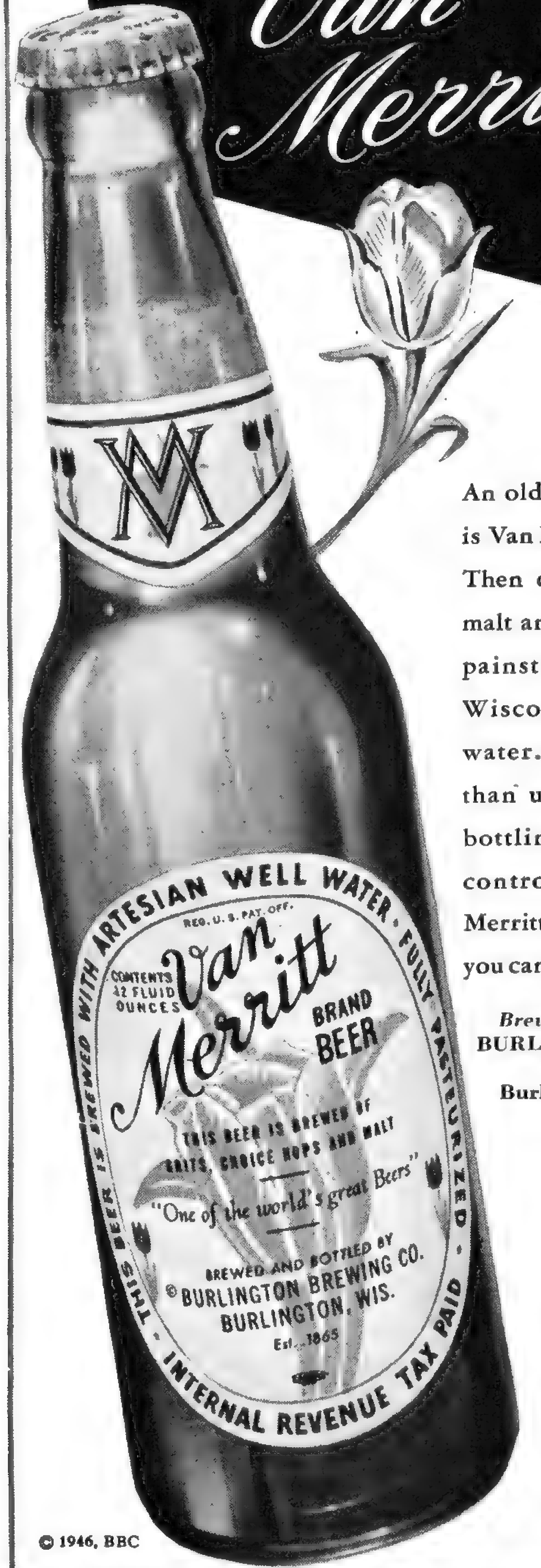
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Adventures with a French Movie

Continued from page 225

that he had contemplated multiplying at roulette and baccarat, and putting up our unexposed film for security. Of course, this was done only in the interest of the company. Although he explained all this very clearly, Monsieur Jade called the gendarmes, but just in time realized that we needed the cutter, and apologized for his suspicions.

Monsieur Jade called an emergency session to inform us of his plan to go to Paris on the usual errand of raising funds. The rich vacationists on the Côte, shortsighted and selfish pigs, had been deaf to his business propositions, but he was sure to find more understanding in Paris. Especially if he could take Mademoiselle Brochette with him because, he admitted, she spoke French more fluently than he and might find it easier to persuade the Swedish financier or other art lovers. But the leading lady had met a Hindu prince with a villa with a view, and only handed Monsieur Jade an encouraging note for the financier.

Three days later Monsieur Jade returned to us. He was accompanied by a dog with so much hair that one couldn't tell which end would bite, and by Mademoiselle Roberte, the dog's owner, a saucy-looking young *artiste* with a forthright face and figure.

Our leading lady, who was in her forties, took an immediate dislike to her, in contrast to our leading man, who was in his fifties.

Monsieur Jade soothingly explained that as the old Swede had refused further backing, with the strange contention that only Mademoiselle Brochette could give him all the information he required, funds had to be raised elsewhere. He had been lucky to find a man with great vision, not one of those unreliable foreigners, but a true Frenchman, a Minister of State, who had advanced a small sum on a large promise. The old diplomat had also offered the priceless collaboration of his protégée, this very Mademoiselle Roberte, who was in his opinion a highly gifted dramatic actress.

"The usual outrage!" Jeanne Brochette emoted shrilly at this announcement. "Obviously the only audience that ever enjoyed the talents of this painted jailbait is the old monkey himself."

Monsieur Jade tensed under his golden smile. "If *Monsieur le Ministre* shows enough artistic understanding to be interested in our picture, we cannot doubt His Excellency's judgment."

"If you had read the script," Tuskanoff snapped, "you'd know we have no role for her."

Monsieur Jade's smile broadened. "I'm sure that under the circumstances you'll be able to write a small part in for her. We

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can always eliminate it later on. *Monsieur le Ministre* will spend his vacation here on the Côte to see what we have done with his protégée, and we must have something to show him when he arrives: if he's satisfied, he'll back us to the limit."

"I don't see," said Tuskanoff, "how one can make a decent picture under such conditions."

Monsieur Jade eyed him with the secret contempt that practical men feel toward perfectionists. "Just leave it to me," he said coolly, "and it will come out all right in the end."

"That," said Tuskanoff, "is what Rasputin kept telling the Czar."

Fortunately the writer of our story had died of malnutrition and two bullets in the heart several months earlier, and we could tamper with the script without interference, an advantage that will be obvious to anyone awake to the ridiculous conceit of writers.

Roberte proved untalented and utterly carefree. She appeared late on location the first day and had giggling fits all over her scene. Tuskanoff tore her to pieces with sarcasm till she ran off in tears, swearing to his delight that she'd never step in front of a camera again. But when the following morning Monsieur Jade led her back, she had become more amenable and hopeful. Before long she was confiding to bystanders, "If Jeanne Brochette dies of old age before this picture is finished, I'll take her place."

When the Minister, a fat man with a batwing collar, pin-stripe trousers and pince-nez, arrived from Paris a fortnight later, we had something to show for his money. Roberte was a pleasing sight to eyes unburdened by acting knowledge. She had an air-conditioned brain but a wise body.

Besides progressing in our own work, we had filmed, for the Minister's benefit alone, a long scene in which the leading man made passionate love to Roberte. This scene had been lifted in its entirety from an historic play that had had a successful run in Paris a few seasons earlier.

The situation seemed familiar to the Minister, convincing him that our film would be a success, and he decided to back us to the hilt, giving another small advance in cash and promising the balance some time soon.

For the following weeks of magnificent weather we worked without a hitch. But about ten days before the picture was finished, disaster struck again. Mademoiselle Roberte, revealing herself an *artiste* void of the high ethics of her profession, betrayed her protector to elope with the man she loved, a handsome young fellow who had followed her from Paris.

The Minister, losing faith simultaneously in women and the film industry, withdrew his support. Since he was bound only by his word of honor, no one could think of holding him to his prom-

Continued on page 228

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Adventures with a French Movie

Continued from page 227

ise. He took the first train back to Paris without so much as tipping his top hat to Monsieur Jade.

This much-proven man, hardened by weeks in the picture industry, took it without breaking. "Nothing remains but the film vultures," he declared mournfully, but with composure. "I was hoping to avoid them. There is not a single hour to lose. In ten days the *Comédie* starts rehearsals and Brochette and Croissant will have to leave. I'm going to Paris to see Mr. Kennan. He's already been sending me telegrams at irregular intervals."

"Mr." Kennan was a Syrian who could not read or write, but he could count. Promptly at nine every morning he would step into his office, blow the dust from his desk, set fire to a cigar as fat as a prima donna, and wait. Around eleven or twelve some friend from the old country came with the morning papers and read the financial page to him. This was the only fun Mr. Kennan was known to indulge in. The rest of the day he worked hard, going to the matinees and movies and sitting around Fouquet's and Maxim's and other centers of theatrical gossip.

He was the owner of many films. He had never started one. But he had finished several, getting possession of them through a long-established ritual. According to tradition and the figures I heard later, the meeting between him and Monsieur Jade went somewhat like this:

"Come in, come right in," Mr. Kennan called in a saccharine voice at the shadow bending silently behind the glass door. The moment Monsieur Jade opened, he tossed at him brutally through his cigar, "How much?"

Any attempt at cockiness would have been ludicrous on Monsieur Jade's part. By stepping over that threshold he acknowledged defeat. He approached with his eyelids at half-mast, took out a small note and read: "Cash investments to date: 3,200,000 francs. Required: one more million, to satisfy the shareholders and terminate the picture."

Mr. Kennan blew a cloud of expensive smoke into Monsieur Jade's unwincing face. "Last night, after receiving the telephonic information that you were on your way to Paris, I took it on myself to request each shareholder to contribute another million, pressing upon them the urgency of a decision," Mr. Kennan said.

Monsieur Jade, respectfully inhaling Mr. Kennan's smoke, listened with sneaking admiration.

"Those gentlemen," Mr. Kennan went on, "told me, as I was hoping, to go to hell. Then they were happy of my offer of 325,000 francs outright to buy them out of the wreck. The film and contracts, including your own, belong

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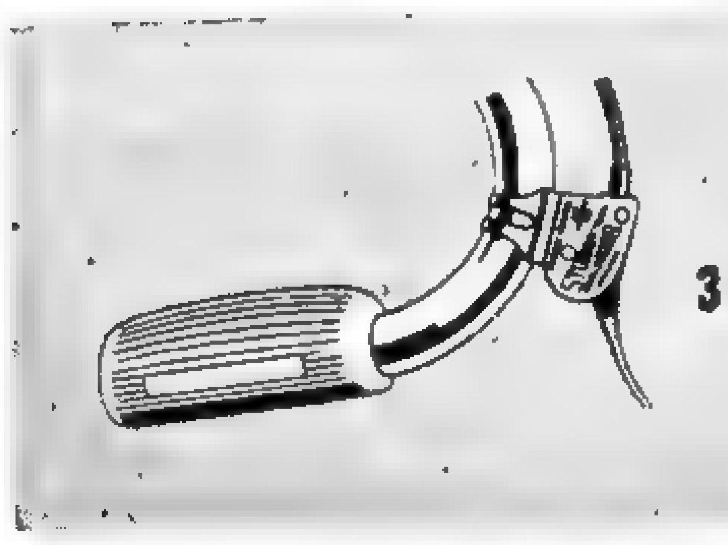

3-speed gear lever.

to me now. I consider another 200,000 sufficient to end the picture gloriously, and I have that sum here ready for you. In recognition, however, of your capable efforts, I am co-interesting you with one per cent of the net. You're lucky that, through my help, you don't have to resort to one of those greedy film vultures, the shame of our industry. The agreement is all drawn up. Sign here, please."

Without a word, Monsieur Jade put his name next to Mr. Kennan's X. Then those two great men went to celebrate the transaction with a *Pernod à l'eau* at the corner *bistrot*.

Mr. Kennan had invited, but Monsieur Jade, being the lesser man, was allowed to pay.

The picture opened several weeks later and the critics called it one of the better products of the home industry. Yet the French public stayed away from it in large numbers, preferring, according to custom, American, English, Russian and German films. Mr. Kennan, however, recovered his small investment in seven weeks, and the picture ran for a few months more all over the country before diminishing audiences.

But Mr. Kennan's master stroke came when, faking slightly the box-office figures with the help of Monsieur Jade and a tablecloth, he succeeded in selling the American rights to his kid brother in New York outright for $22,000—almost a million francs. The American critics received the picture enthusiastically and it toured all the little theatres in the States that went in for foreign pictures. After one year it had netted the Mr. Kennan of New York close to $195,000 and was still running.

Mr. Kennan of Paris was too broad-minded a businessman to grudge someone else a windfall, be it his own brother. There were always other fish in the oil, and he was frying deep, with the aid of Monsieur Jade who had become his most religious follower.

Strengthened by his first film success, this ambitious young man had lost no time in drumming up funds to start a new production and work up to a speedier and more profitable bankruptcy—promising Mr. Kennan that he'd let him, and none of those greedy film vultures, in at the end.

Monsieur Jade was determined to stick loyally to Mr. Kennan, from whom he had a lot to learn before being ready to go over to Mr. Kennan's brother in New York.

That's what Monsieur Jade himself told me the first time I saw him again at the Empire and tried to collect the money he owed me. He must have been reading too many scripts lately, ruining his eyes, for at first he had the greatest difficulty in recognizing me.

The fifth and last time I saw him there we came to a settlement: he bought me a *brioche* and promised me an even better job sometime soon. ‡‡

Continued from page 104

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The Man Who Made the Bomb

Continued from page 86

than society. When he was six, he was given a small collection of minerals and semiprecious stones and soon began enlarging the collection and reading books on natural science. At the age when most young men are in the second grade, he was invited by an elderly friend at the Museum of Natural History to lecture on his collection before the Mineralogical Society. After this first lecture, his vocabulary grew as fast as his mineral collection.

Enrolled at the Ethical Culture School in New York, the gangling boy was a serious student, his mind occupied with much reading and thinking. His first science teacher, a short, balding gentleman named Augustus Klock, realized that ordinary classwork was much too slow for him and gave him a full year's course in chemistry during six weeks of a summer vacation. "Bob could go through a book like a streak of lightning," Mr. Klock remembers. "He'd turn the pages so fast you'd think he couldn't be reading it, but he'd always know more about what he read than slow readers. His mind was very fast. He'd start at the beginning of a problem, skip over all the stages and end up with the right answer."

The bicycle his mother bought for him—"so he'd be like other children"—stayed in the basement at Bayshore. The boy's interest was in books and he sometimes startled his friends with his astonishing vocabulary. His first sailboat was called "Trimethy," which, he said, was a nickname for trimethylene chloride. Julius Oppenheimer, his father, would proudly show relatives some of Robert's notebooks, full of long words and strange formulae.

"I don't understand a word of it," he'd say, "but isn't it wonderful?"

On his graduation from the Ethical Culture School, the boy was given $150 by his parents "to get something he really wanted." This he turned over to Augustus Klock, advising his teacher that the physics department needed a good volt ammeter and instructing him to buy the best he could get. The Weston ammeter, in its handsome leather case, is now used in the school's J. Robert Oppenheimer Physics Laboratory, endowed by Julius Oppenheimer in his son's name.

At seventeen Robert entered Harvard University, blazed through the four-year course in three years, collected all but one A for his efforts, and graduated as a John Harvard Fellow and Phi Beta Kappa. "I was pretty confused," he says now, a little wistfully. "I wanted to be a chemist, but I found I had no business in a laboratory, just didn't have the feel for it. When I left Harvard, I sent the physics department a box of galvanometer suspensions for

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the ones I had broken in lab."

In a big hurry, the twenty-year-old scholar sailed for Cambridge University in England. There he studied at the famed Cavendish Laboratory under Sir Ernest Rutherford, who foresaw atomic fission during World War I. In time off from theoretical physics, Oppenheimer relaxed by studying three foreign languages and then dug back to Sanskrit to read the ancient *Bhagavad-gita.* A year later he went on to Goettingen University in Germany, where he won his doctorate in three months, writing, in German, his thesis: *Zur Quantentheorie kontinuierlicher Spektren.* For the final oral examination, Oppenheimer, twenty-two years old, appeared before Dr. James Franck, the learned German physicist. Later that afternoon, the tired professor spoke movingly of the ordeal. "He answered everything I could think of," said Dr. Franck, "and then he started asking me questions. I got away just in time."

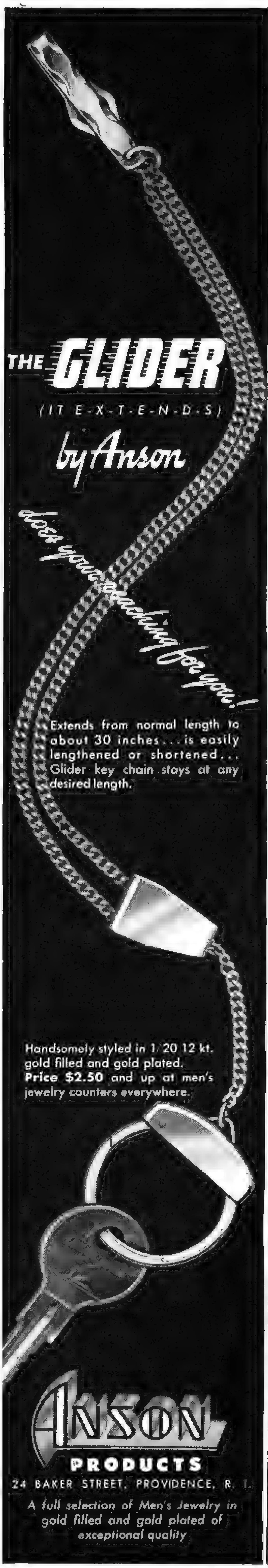
Back from Europe in 1929, Oppenheimer took a double teaching post at the California Institute of Technology and the University of California, shuttling between Pasadena and Berkeley, lecturing, studying and writing. In his first years as lecturer, teaching the theory of fundamental physics, he exhausted his students and himself by the speed of his delivery and his impatience with those who didn't understand him. Only with a handful of physicists, who talked his language, did he feel completely at home. Even addressing his class, he paced the floor like a caged polar bear.

Between semesters, the young professor left his books and equations and, with his younger brother Frank, went off to a lonely ranch in a New Mexico canyon, roaming the countryside on horseback. An accomplished horseman, he was never thrown except by a thoroughbred named Crisis. It was on Crisis one day that he first came upon Los Alamos, a high plateau in the Rio Grande valley, thirty miles from Santa Fe.

Before he returned to Los Alamos in 1943 as its director, his classroom manner had changed. While he continued to pace the floor, the wild look had gone out of his eyes and his wild hair was clipped to a crew cut. There was a reason for this, his students suggested. At one of the yearly Christmas parties Oppenheimer gave for his class, he introduced Katherine Harrison, an honor student in biology he'd met at the California Institute. Soon after, they were married.

Also, in 1939, he told his students how a German chemist named Otto Hahn was bombarding the "indestructible" atom, changing the whole concept of physics, and how a German house painter was leading Europe to war. Oppenheimer, who once believed that science was apart from society, now saw the connection. Three years later, in 1942, he and his fellow physicists were flounder-

Continued on page 232



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The Man Who Made the Bomb

Continued from page 231

ing in basic research on atomic explosives at universities throughout the country. That summer, after the secret meeting aboard the 20th Century Limited, Oppenheimer and General Groves toured the New Mexico desert in an Army station wagon. Hunting for a laboratory site that would bring the scattered research together and give the maximum safety and secrecy, Oppenheimer showed the general Los Alamos, cut off from everything but Indian pueblos and pottery makers.

At Los Alamos, Oppenheimer headed the nerve center of the Manhattan Project, an incredible laboratory in which the top scientists of America and their refugee colleagues from Europe collaborated. Oppenheimer led the skeleton staff into the desert in March, 1943.

On the hilltop, the director set up his first office in a ranch house, once part of the exclusive Los Alamos Ranch School for Boys, since bought out by the Army. Then he sent for his wife Katherine and his two-year-old son Peter, moving them into one of the old school buildings. His fellow scientists also sent for their families and there, behind barbed wire and Army guards, they lived out the last years of the preatomic age.

Working with the Army, Oppenheimer turned down Army commissions for himself and his colleagues. He argued that scientists were set in their ways and could work with more freedom in mufti than in olive drab. With the military maintaining security, the director and his fellow scientists seldom left the barbed-wire hilltop, and when they did, they chafed under bodyguards and aliases. Two Army sergeants named Bud Driscoll and Andy Walker, both peacetime policemen, were assigned to follow the director. "He moved fast and quiet," said Driscoll. "You had to keep your eye on him."

Sometimes, on trips east to recruit more experts for the laboratory, Oppenheimer was given a "traveling" name, such as "Oberdorfer," which usually baffled him as well as the people he was expected to meet. Once, deep in thought, he was approached by a scientist who had been waiting to see him. "Mr. Oberdorfer?" the scientist whispered. "You must have the wrong party," Oppenheimer declared absently.

As director of the laboratory, the thirty-nine-year-old professor had the combined headaches of a pioneer patriarch, mayor and Broadway talent scout. From a small community of sixty in 1943, Los Alamos grew to 6,000, becoming one of the biggest towns in New Mexico.

In the laboratory, Oppenheimer felt at home, guiding the work like a professor, reducing chaos to

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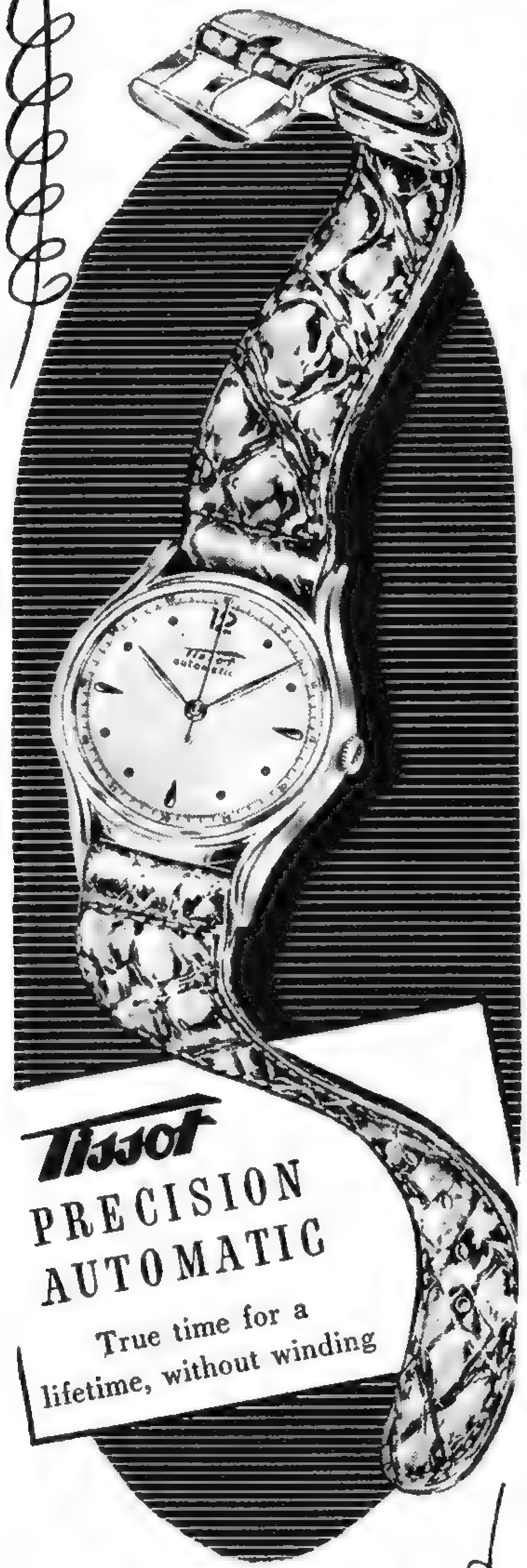

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theory, theory to experiment and hoping for the best. He was first to reach the laboratory each day and among the last to leave. He led the weekly colloquiums, which were open to all specialists who could understand the top-secret discussions. When the Army, often baffled by the scientists, suggested more oppressive security rules, Oppenheimer replied that scientists need mutual trust and freedom to think. He won his argument.

In turn, he had the respect of his colleagues, many of them older and with larger reputations than his own. While he assigned responsibility to his division leaders, he was not the kind of administrator who liked to stay at his desk. "You'd be in trouble and look up from your work," said Dr. Robert Wilson, chairman of the experimental nuclear physics division, "and Oppie'd be there, peering over your shoulder. He'd say something and be gone. What he said usually solved your problems."

In the early months of 1945, after two years of ceaseless experiment and with his staff near "nervous prostration," as one scientist put it, Oppenheimer coolly led the way to the solution of the last technical problems. More than before, the implications of the bomb began to haunt the scientists. Some nights they smoked and talked until morning, expressing their doubts and fears. "We'll never make it," one would comment, and another would reply that the bomb would destroy the world and everyone in it. But Oppenheimer would bring them back to fundamental issues. "We'll make the bomb," he'd say. "Only a law of nature can stop us or anyone else."

Recently he recalled those days of doubt. "We were worried that the enemy would get the bomb before we did and we were worried that we'd get it ourselves," he said. "Some of us had political arguments and said, 'Well, we know that atomic weapons are possible in principle, and it isn't right that the threat of their possibility should hang over the world. The world should know what can be done and deal with it.' All over the world, others said, men were ripe for dealing with this problem, because of the immediacy of the evils of war.

"And there was finally the feeling," he added, "that there was probably no place in the world where the development of atomic weapons would have a better chance of leading to a reasonable solution and a smaller chance of leading to disaster, than within the United States. I believe all these things that people said are true and I think I said them all myself at one time or another."

For the atomic bomb test at Alamogordo, the scientists worked at fever pitch. Reports and memoranda flowed over the desk of the director, were studied and passed on. By the end of June, 1945, Oppenheimer had cut his sleeping

Continued on page 234

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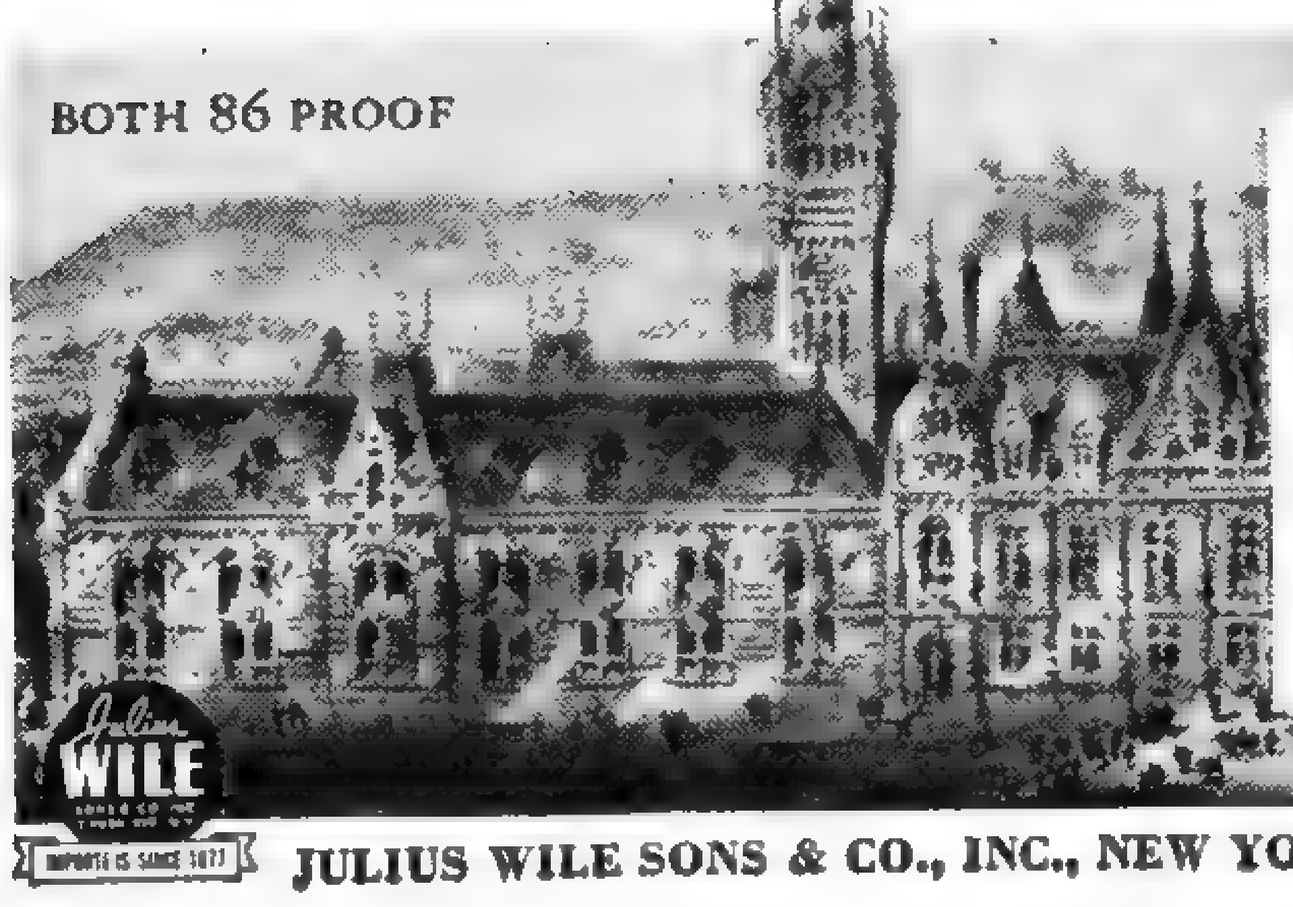

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The Man Who Made the Bomb

Continued from page 233

schedule from six hours to four. Then, early in July, he led the scientists through the desert to the secret base of barracks and pyramidal tents at Alamogordo, for the test called "Trinity." There he scarcely slept at all.

In the last week before the explosion, the dry desert suddenly erupted under a rare summer storm. For seven days the skies were dark and forbidding, and it rained violently, turning the ground to mud. In galoshes and Army raincoats, the scientists made their last critical measurements, studied the high steel tower blossoming with hoists and pulleys, grew tenser and made savage wisecracks. An Army officer jeered, "Well, it won't be long before this fake's exposed."

All night before the test, scheduled for four o'clock on the morning of July 16, it rained and thundered. General Groves and the weary Dr. Oppenheimer studied the sky and debated whether to postpone the test. "We were down to our raw nerves," Oppenheimer recalls. "We couldn't have put it off without taking a month to rest."

At 3:30, the director and the general assured each other that they saw stars in the sky, that the rain was lifting. They decided to fire the bomb at 5:30. At 5 o'clock, Oppenheimer and his colleagues went to their observation posts and listened to the announcer count off the time—"minus twenty minutes . . . minus five minutes . . . minus one minute . . . thirty seconds . . . ten . . . five . . ."

"The director scarcely breathed," General Thomas Farrell said in his official report. "He held on to a post to steady himself. For the last few seconds he stared dreamily ahead and then, when the announcer shouted, 'Now!' and there came this burst of light, his face relaxed into an expression of tremendous relief."

When the war ended, Oppenheimer and most of the scientists who built the bomb left Los Alamos. A few went back to their classrooms, hoping to resume their studies, but many were called out to speak in public forums, in public journals, in Washington. Dr. W. A. Higinbotham, a nuclear physicist, abandoned his laboratory altogether to head the Federation of American Atomic Scientists. Dr. Harold C. Urey, distinguished Nobel prize winner, gave a radio talk and wrote a magazine article. Dr. Harlow Shapley, the astronomer, led a mass meeting at Madison Square Garden. And J. Robert Oppenheimer got his first summons to Washington.

Since his testimony before the Senate Special Committee on Atomic Energy last October, Oppenheimer, the retiring man of physics, has become an insistent voice of the scientists in the laby-

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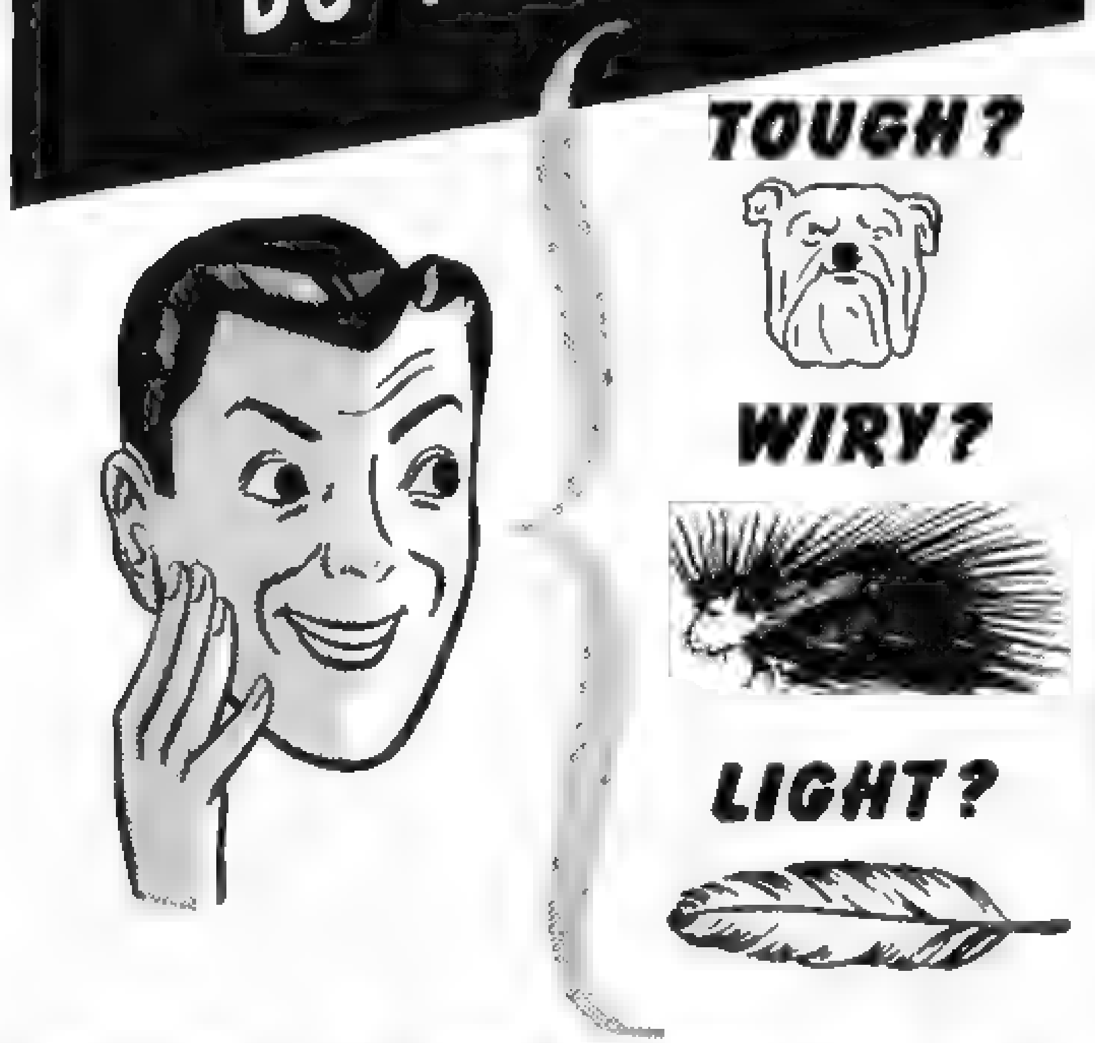
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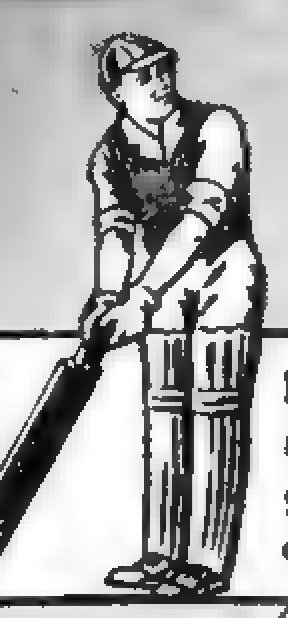

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rinth of international order. No politician, he still talks of getting back to his classes. But as one of his associates says, "Oppie's got the call. He's right in the middle of war and peace, like the sad prophet Jeremiah, and while it doesn't look good to him, he can't leave it. He's up there talking for all of us and he can't get away."

Early in 1946 on the Acheson-Lilienthal Committee, the professor, who looks like a college boy, worked with such practical executives as Chester I. Barnard, president of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company; Dr. Charles A. Thomas, vice-president of the Monsanto Chemical Company; and Harry A. Winne, vice-president of the General Electric Company. For two months the businessmen and the scientist studied atomic controls and safeguards and together proposed the Atomic Development Authority, to control the sources of atomic fuel, develop it internationally for peaceful uses and, finally, to outlaw the bomb.

During the present stalemate on the Atomic Energy Commission, Oppenheimer serves as consultant to the American delegation. Making quick trips between New York, Washington and Berkeley, he tells his friends, "There isn't much time. The bomb's so bad, everyone wants to forget it, but we've got to think of it—and fast." Invited recently to give some lectures on nuclear physics at Cornell University, he turned up with his jeremiad on international control. There, before a crowded auditorium of Cornell students and Ithaca, New York, townspeople, the physicist-turned-prophet said:

"Every American knows that if there is a third war, this country will be terribly wounded, maybe mortally wounded. Every American knows that if there is another major war, atomic weapons will be used and that the problem we are dealing with is the problem of the elimination of war. These are the arguments for seeking international control through an international organization to develop the good uses of atomic energy and prevent its abuse.

"What we do in this field," he said, speaking with the weariness of a hundred conferences and much traveling, "must cement the world and not cleave it farther apart. There are very tough problems and inevitably it will be quite a game of poker. But if you keep in mind that the poker aspects of it are secondary, that the main thing is to get agreement on a system that will provide security, then I think it looks, not cheerful, but so worth trying that one cannot enter it without some elements of hope."

Then, perhaps, the professor thought back to the Berkeley classroom, to the blackboard with its "Do Not Erase" sign, and said to himself, "You do understand? Or do you?" And above the "Do Not Erase" sign, he could see the picture of man. ‡‡

Continued from page 86

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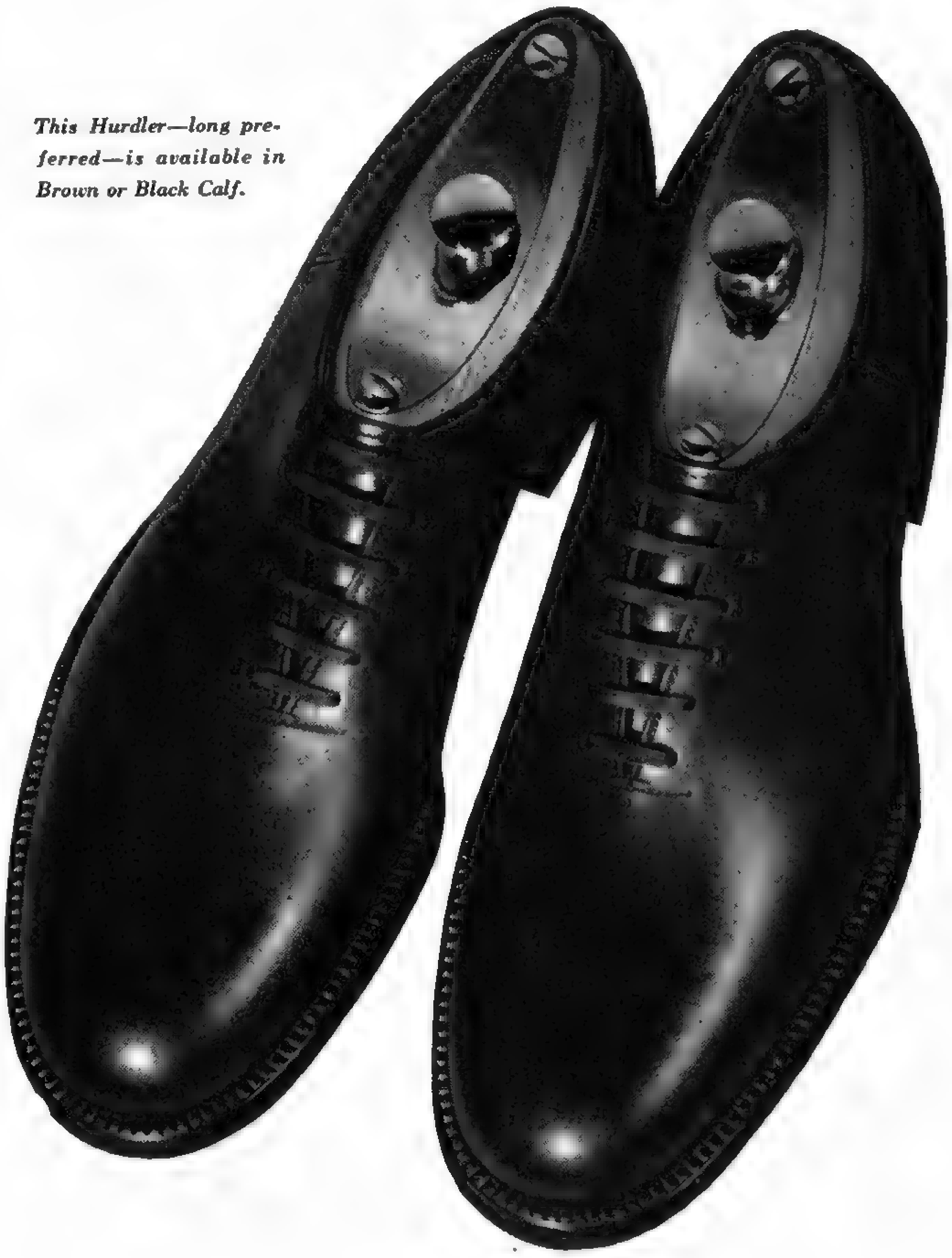

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Fiddler with a Strad

Continued from page 55

was I had to stay; I couldn't leave the colony without that Stradivarius under my arm! I had failed to tempt Amos Tilson with a fortune and with a new violin, but there must be something in the world he wanted more than his fiddle, and I would have to discover what it was and give it to him.

What Bonnie wanted more than anything in the world was something she had already got: young Luther. When she so much as glanced at him, the glance became a long look, as if she couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight of him. He was a good-looking kid, tall and boyish-looking for a married man, with black hair and dark brown eyes. He had even white teeth which looked startling in his deeply tanned face when he grinned, which he did whenever he found Bonnie looking at him. "Got a pretty wife, ain't I?" he asked me, and I agreed with him.

"I got a pretty husband, too," Bonnie observed.

During the course of supper, I gathered that Bonnie's parents had been dead for years and old Amos had reared her—"raised" was his term for it; when the young people got married, it was taken for granted that Luther must move to the Tilson shanty boat instead of taking Bonnie away from it. I suppose she was a pretty good cook, although the food seemed so strange to me as to be unpalatable: fried ham swimming in grease, grits to put the ham gravy on, a dish of boiled greens, thick slabs of corn bread; for dessert there was heavy black molasses in which the others dipped chunks of corn bread, a combination which I found somewhat revolting. The coffee tasted brassy, but it had a personality of its own, I'll say that for it. Certainly Amos and Luther were content with Bonnie's cooking. They didn't praise it in words, but the gusto with which they ate must have been reward enough.

Luther wanted to know where I lived. "New York, huh? I didn't get to New York when I was in the Navy, but I sure seen all up an' down the West Coast. Sure wisht I could show Bonnie what it looks like out in California."

I never missed a chance to try another variation on my main theme. "When your grandfather takes my $10,000, maybe all three of you can go out there for a visit."

I imagined that Bonnie darted an eager glance of inquiry at Amos, but I couldn't be certain of it because in the next instant she jumped up and went over to the stove for hot corn bread. Luther looked unmistakably excited. Amos' expression had not changed from its look of bland unconcern. "Too fur away from the river to suit me," he commented.

Amos sat out on his porch after

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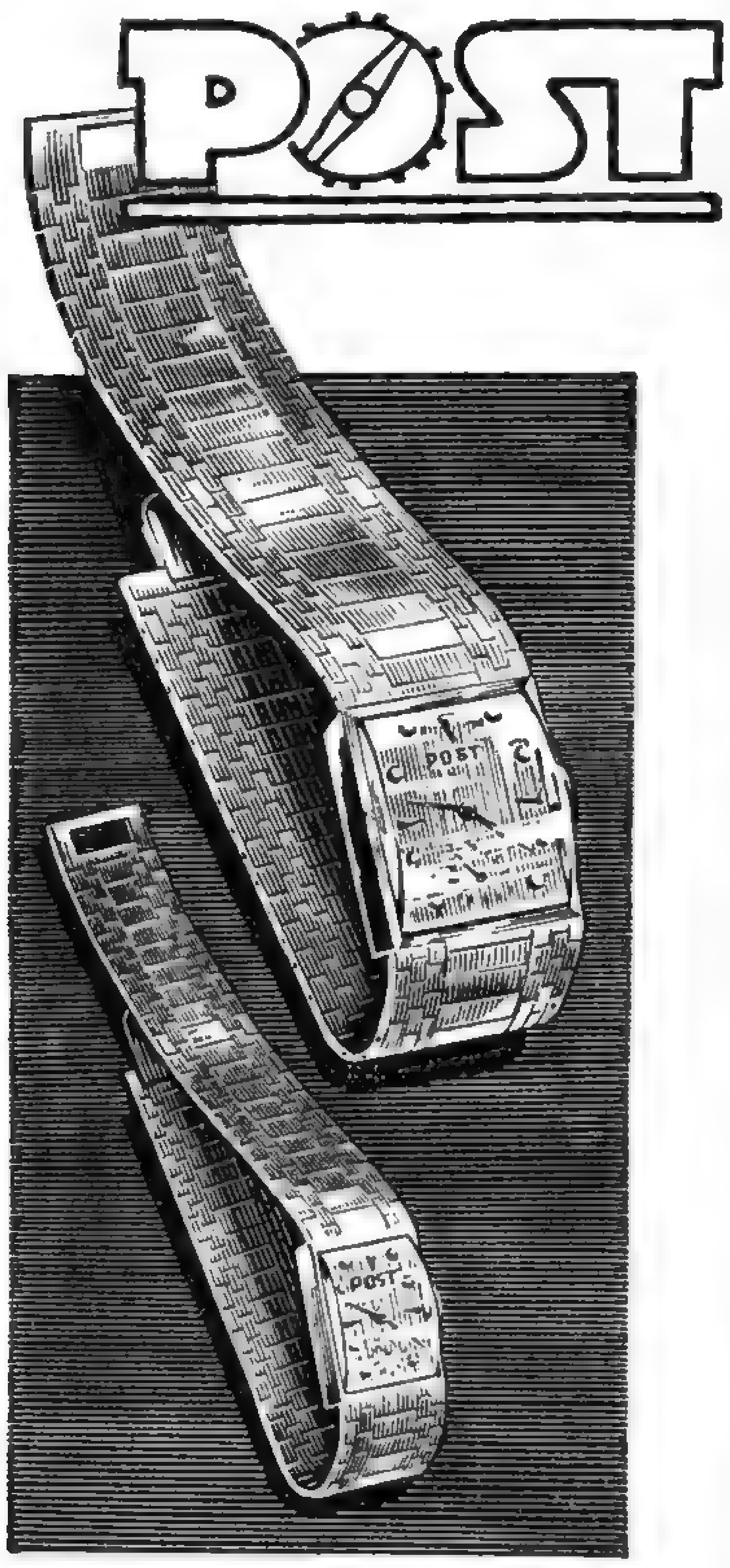

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supper and played his fiddle. Several people from the other boats came over to listen, some inside the shanty boat, the overflow out on the sandy riverbank. Bonnie and Luther sat where they could look at each other, although I noticed that they didn't hold hands under the gaze of their neighbors, or say anything sentimental to each other. It didn't require much clairvoyance, however, to know that they were in love with each other. I took it for granted that since I had told Amos I was a professional violinist and he was a polite man, he would ask me to play, but he didn't. When he had the Stradivarius against his chest and the old bow in his hand, he didn't seem to be thinking about anything else. It struck me that if ever I saw a happy man, it was Amos Tilson at that moment. I didn't wonder; if that Strad belonged to me, I'd have felt pretty genial myself.

Somebody brought out a tin of corn whiskey and Luther passed it around; it tasted like denatured alcohol with a flavor of rusty nails. One eye-burning gulp was enough for me, but the others had a go at it, even Bonnie. Nobody got drunk. When the tin was empty, Luther set it in a corner and came over to sit down near me. I was glad of that, because I decided he was my man: he was my bridge to Bonnie, who in turn led to the old man. Luther was the one, too, who wanted to go to California, and that was a tangible use for the $10,000. He seemed to be an innocent sort of boy, in spite of the fact that he had just spent three years in the Navy. It was a curious thing about these shanty-boat people: they were tough and profane, they were unkempt to the point of actual dilapidation, yet there was a simplicity about them, a suggestion of ingenuousness, which made me feel at once that they were my friends. My affection for them was not strong enough, though, to feel that they deserved to be played to on a Stradivarius. I wondered if Amos had told them he had turned down an offer of $10,000 in order to entertain them. During a lull in the concert, I asked Luther. "Dern' if I know," he answered. He called out to Amos, "Gran'pap, did you tell the folks how much you been offered for your fiddle?"

Amos shook his head. "Nope, I don't reckon I did. Never got round to it. This here is a vi'linist—he tucks his fiddle under his chin when he plays on it—an' he's willin' to give me $10,000 fer this here'un." There were polite exclamations, but the shanty-boaters were less impressed than I had expected them to be. "That's a right smart o' money. Reckon that's why I turned it down: it's too much. If he'd offered me ten dollars fer it, I might of took it, but when I found out it was worth $10,000 to him, why that made it kinda different. Way I look at it, I got some mighty good friends around here an' they got as good

Continued on page 238

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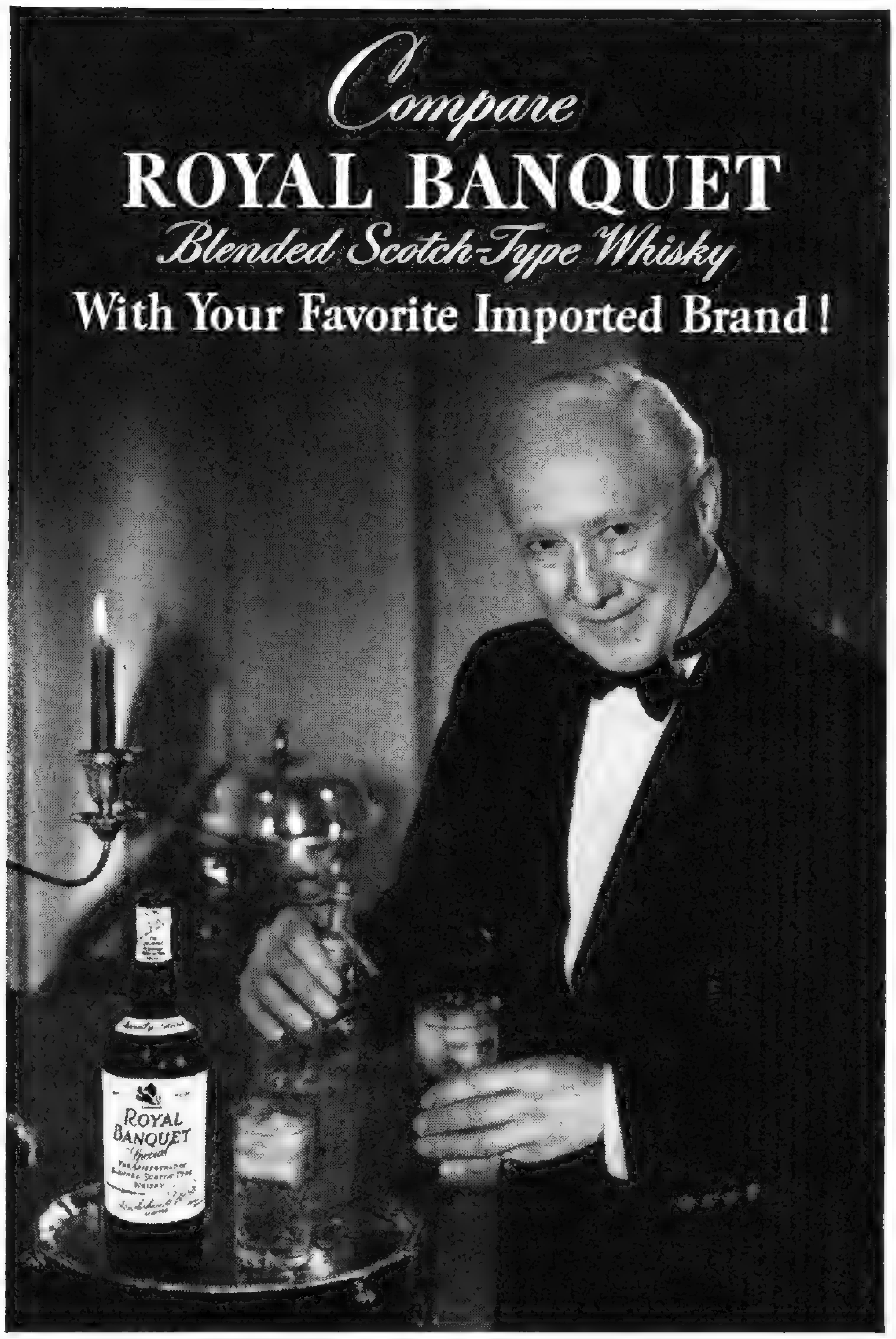
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Fiddler with a Strad

Continued from page 237

a right to hear music played on a $10,000 fiddle as anybody else." He turned to me and said calmly, "After I'm dead an' gone, maybe Bonnie'll be willin' to sell, but I reckon you'll just have to wait till then."

The party broke up shortly after that. I felt heavy-hearted when I said good-bye to Amos Tilson and his Stradivarius because, although his age might have been anything from seventy upward, he looked remarkably rugged and showed no indication of dying before the Bowl concert of July.

Luther walked to the car with me. I had the brief case of money in one hand, the rejected violin I had purchased in the other. "You want gran'pap's fiddle pretty bad, don't you?"

"I've never wanted anything any more," I told him.

"Bad enough that you're willin' to trust me with that money?" I looked at him inquiringly, so he explained. "I b'lieve Bonnie an' me can talk him into it. He thinks more o' her than he does anything else, even his fiddle. If she wanted him to sell it to you, I bet he'd do it."

"She hasn't acted like she wanted him to so far."

"If she knowed *I* wanted her to want him to . . .!" He finished the rest of the outrageous observation with his infectious grin. "I know it'd be an ornery thing for me to do, but a fiddle's a fiddle. Folk's round here'd get as big a bang out o' hearin' him play on this'n you brung along. An' I sure would like for them to see California! Like to see it again myself." Aware of my hesitation and the reason for it, he said, "I know you'd be takin' a big chance handin' over all that money to me an' goin' off without no fiddle or nothin' to show for it . . .! Come to think of it, reckon I can talk him into it without leavin' him look at the money while I'm gabbin'. Yep, that's the best way, then I won't have to take the responsibility for it."

"No, you were right the first time," I said, making up my mind. "If the money's here for him to look at, it'll have a good psychological effect on him." Luther probably didn't know what the word meant, but he knew the general drift of it, so he nodded in agreement. "I'll be down in Memphis." I told him the name of the hotel where I'd be staying. "How long do you think it might take you to talk him into it?"

"'Bout three days at the most. Three days from now I'll either bring you the fiddle or your money back. Got a piece of paper an' a fountain pen, for me to write you out a receipt?" I took a pad of notepaper and a pencil from the glove compartment of the car. "You write out what you want it to say an' I'll sign it." I realized the scrap of paper prob-

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ably wouldn't have any standing in court, but Luther was so earnest about it that I regarded it as solemnly as he did. When he had signed it, I put it carefully into my wallet, then I handed him the brief case with its ten thousand dollars. "This is the first time I ever had this much dough in my own hands," he said nervously. "Kinda scares me! Sure you want to trust me with it?"

"I'm not taking much risk. I've got your receipt."

He seemed relieved at that. "Sure, that's right. You know I can't run off with it."

We shook hands and I got into the car. "Should I leave the other violin with you?"

Luther shook his head. "Nope, I'll take it when I bring his fiddle down to you in Memphis. He'll like it better when he ain't got no fiddle of his own to play on." He might not be familiar with the phrase "psychological effect," but he knew how it worked.

Those three days of waiting in the Memphis hotel seemed unending. I was afraid to leave my room for fear Luther and my Strad would arrive at that exact moment; I had my meals sent up and I tried to practice the Tchaikovsky *Concerto* on my Stainer, but it didn't sound as well as I knew it was going to on my Stradivarius, so I felt discontented with it. I had told the clerks at the desk to send up anyone who inquired for me, no matter who it might be or at what time of the day or night, but three days and nights passed without any inquiries for me from anyone. I called my agent in New York, on the chance that Luther had forgotten the name of the hotel but still had the card I had given Amos; I was told that no violin had arrived for me; neither had there been any word from Arkansas. For the first time I began to have misgivings that all was not well, but I reflected that Luther had overestimated the power of his own charm: I had no doubt of his ability to win Bonnie over to his project, but old Amos might be proving as tough a nut to them as he had to me. I went to bed the third night, resolved to go up to the shanty-boat colony the next day.

About the middle of the next afternoon, I rented another car and drove up the west side of the river. The men were probably away shipping fish, but Bonnie would be at home and she would give me a report on the progress of Luther's campaign.

Bonnie was not there, however. The door of the shanty boat was shut but not locked, so when there was no response to my knock, I opened it and stepped inside. The Stradivarius in its pillowcase was not in its accustomed place, neither did I see the brief case with my money. Anxiety was born within me and began to grow, although it had not yet become actual suspicion. I went back across the plank to the riverbank; when I saw a woman mov-

Continued on page 240

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Fiddler with a Strad

Continued from page 239

ing about inside the next boat, I called, "No one at home over here?"

The woman thrust her head through the window and regarded me with surprise. "Why, didn't you know they went out to California. They went on your money!"

"All three of them?" There was a sudden feeling of emptiness at the pit of my stomach, but I did the best I could to conceal my agitation.

"Sure. Day before yest'dy it was they lit out. Way I heard it they was goin' by way o' Memphis to take you Amos' old fiddle."

"Looks like I missed them. Did they say which hotel I was staying in?"

The woman reflected, then shook her head. "Sure didn't, but Luther knowed which one it was."

"Thanks." I turned away, heartsick. I might have accepted with resignation the fact that I had been taken in by Luther's assumed innocence, even that Bonnie had been persuaded by his personal magnetism to share the profit of his dishonesty, but that Amos, too, had joined in stealing my money was particularly bitter. It undermined everything I thought I knew about human nature, it made me realize that I had been not only a fool but a sucker; also, my financial standing was not so secure that the loss of $10,000 meant nothing. I could probably get the money back, of course, by reporting the theft to the police; Amos Tilson and his grandchildren would not be too difficult to find in California, though not, perhaps, before they had spent a lot of my money! On the way back to Memphis, I planned sundry dire forms my vengeance might take, all of them including long prison terms for all three and my immediate confiscation of the violin.

In Memphis, I inquired again at my hotel if there had been a visitor or message on the day Amos Tilson was to have delivered the violin through Luther, or since, but there was no record of either. I asked at half a dozen other hotels, on the chance that Luther hadn't remembered the right one; nothing. I couldn't get away from the conviction that I had been a damned fool and deserved to lose my money, but I couldn't feel that I deserved to lose the Strad, too.

I did not telephone the California police, neither did I report the theft in Memphis. What was the use? A young couple and an old man with them, all speaking the speech of Arkansas, in the State of California; arriving in a train, bus or automobile, the old man carrying a violin wrapped in a pillowcase. What proof had I that they'd stolen my money, other than the smudged bit of paper Luther had signed? All I'd get out of it would be undesirable

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publicity: I'd be proclaimed as a sucker on the eve of my Hollywood Bowl concert, and Hollywood has no great admiration for a sucker. Instead, I checked out of the hotel and took the train back to New York.

It was a miserable trip. Usually I enjoy being on a train, as I spend my time memorizing a score; this time I had the Bartók *Rhapsody* which I wanted to play at Carnegie next winter, but the notes jumbled together in my mind and would not fall into a pattern. Neither could I sleep. When I arrived in New York, I was disgruntled and morose. I went to my studio instead of to the apartment and spent a couple of hours in tortured sleep on the sofa, then I gave up and struggled to my feet. I called my agent to let him know I was in town, not that it made any difference to anyone. "Hey," he told me, "there's an old guy here to see you. Been waiting around since yesterday. Got something in a dirty rag he says belongs to you."

It's less than ten blocks from my studio on 59th Street to the agent's office, but it seemed the taxi would take the rest of the morning for the trip; finally I got out and walked the last two blocks.

Amos Tilson got up when I came into the office and held out the violin in its pillowcase. He looked gaunt and hollow-eyed as though he, too, had done little sleeping. "I brung you the fiddle."

I took the Strad—*my* Strad!—into my hands and they trembled a little as I held it. "Why didn't you bring it to Memphis?"

"Luther left without tellin' me the name o' the hotel you was stayin' at. I found your card an' come up here on the bus."

"They told me you all went to California."

Amos shook his head. "Not me. Luther an' Bonnie went. When they knowed for sure I wouldn't sell you my fiddle, him an' Bonnie run off with the money. They knowed I'd have to bring you the fiddle then."

"What made them so sure?"

Amos regarded me with astonishment, then his shoulders went up and so did his chin. I've met a lot of great people of this world in my time, but none of them suggested the simple dignity of this old man in his crumpled suit and unironed shirt. "Why, I *had* to," he said quietly. "Bonnie is my own folks. She's a Tilson."

So then I knew what it was that Amos Tilson valued more than his Stradivarius: it was the honor of his family.

I have never played my Strad, although I can't tell just why. Sometimes I take it out of its pillowcase and hold it in my hands, but I can't bring myself to draw the bow across the strings. I played the Tchaikovsky *Violin Concerto* in Hollywood Bowl in July on my Stainer. The music critics were agreed that I gave a good performance, but none of them compared me with Heifetz, Kreisler or Menuhin. ⌗

Continued from page 55

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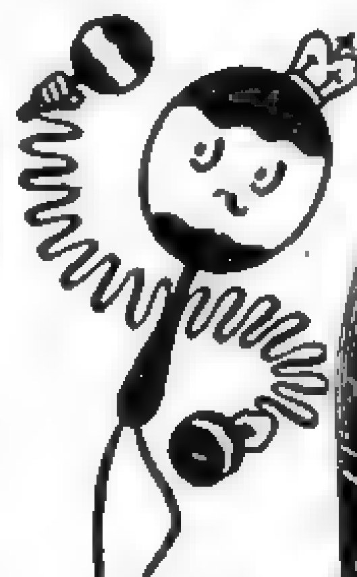
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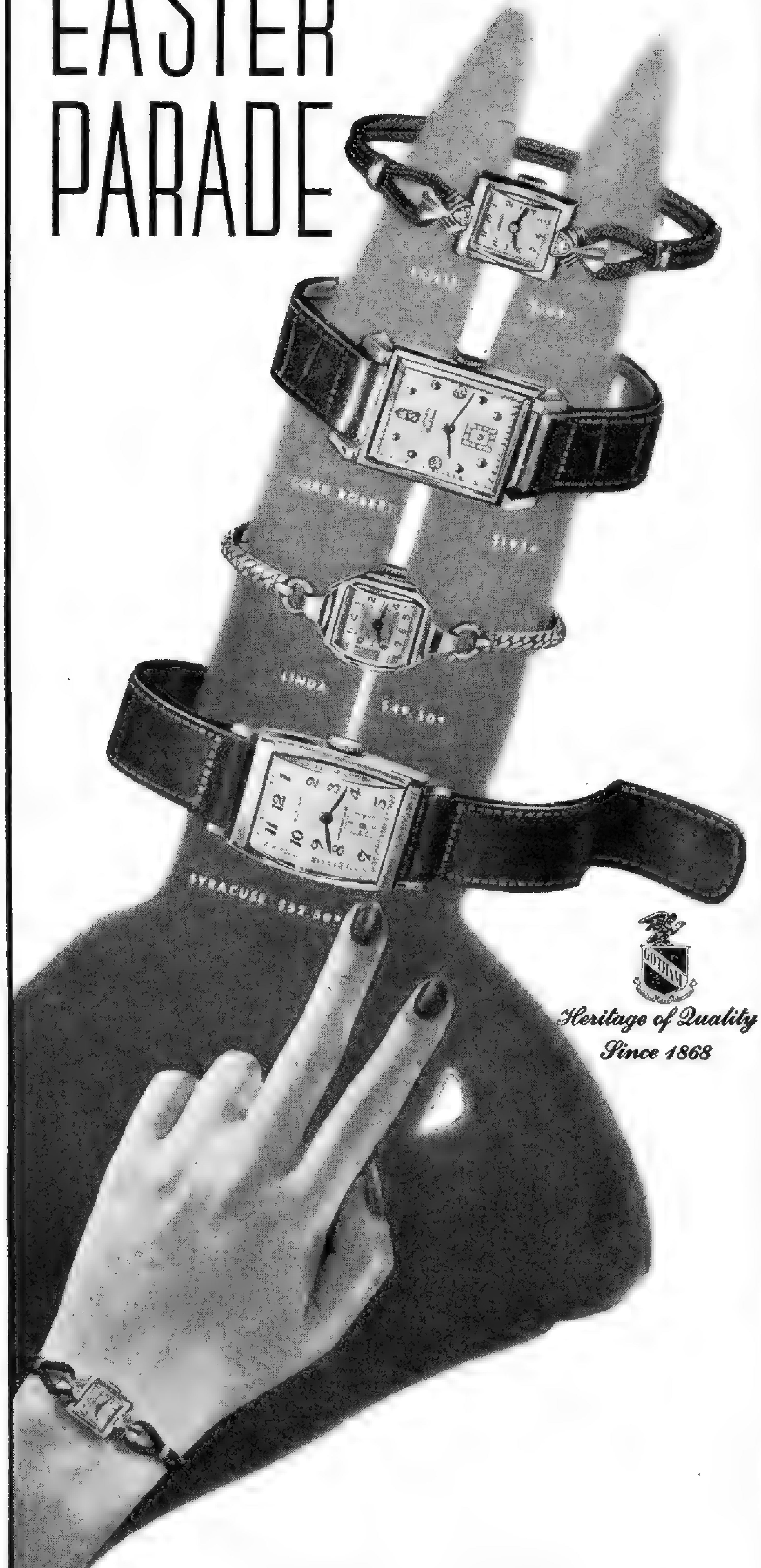

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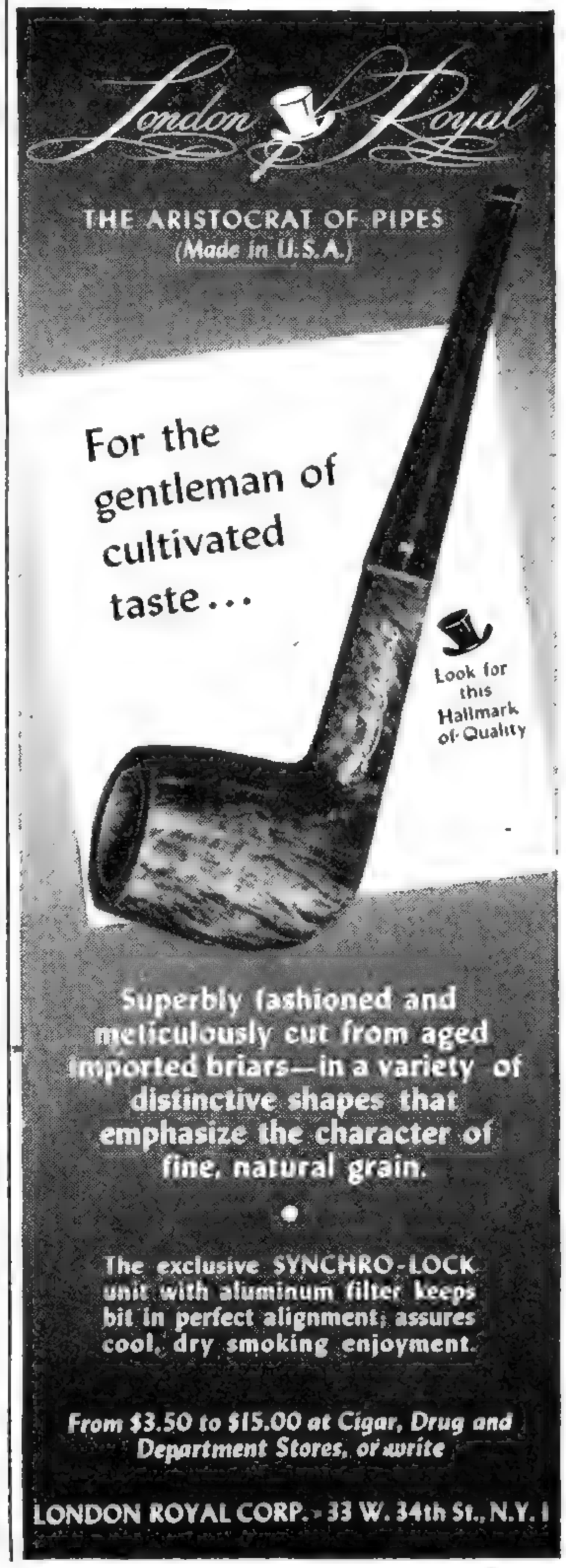
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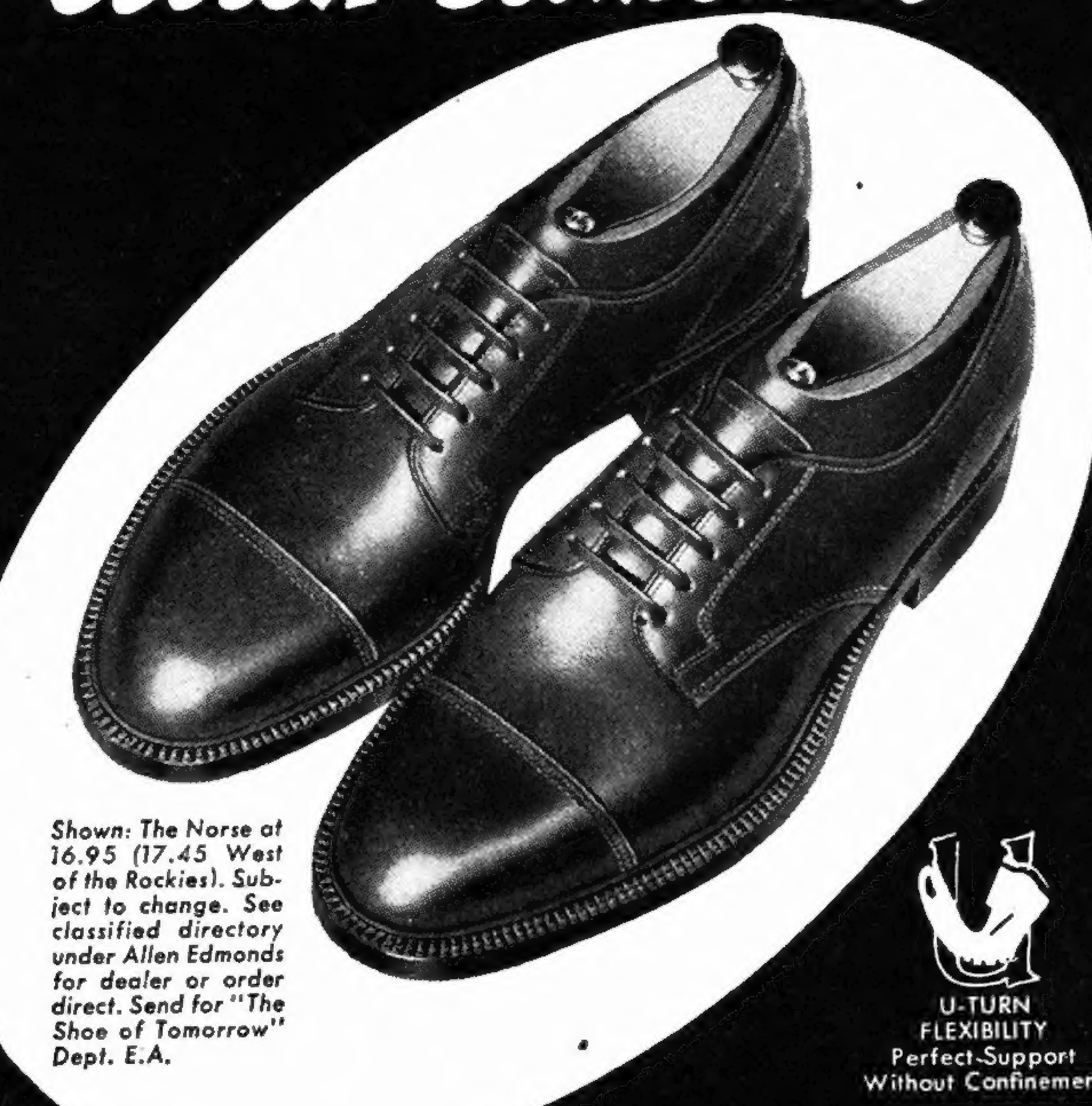

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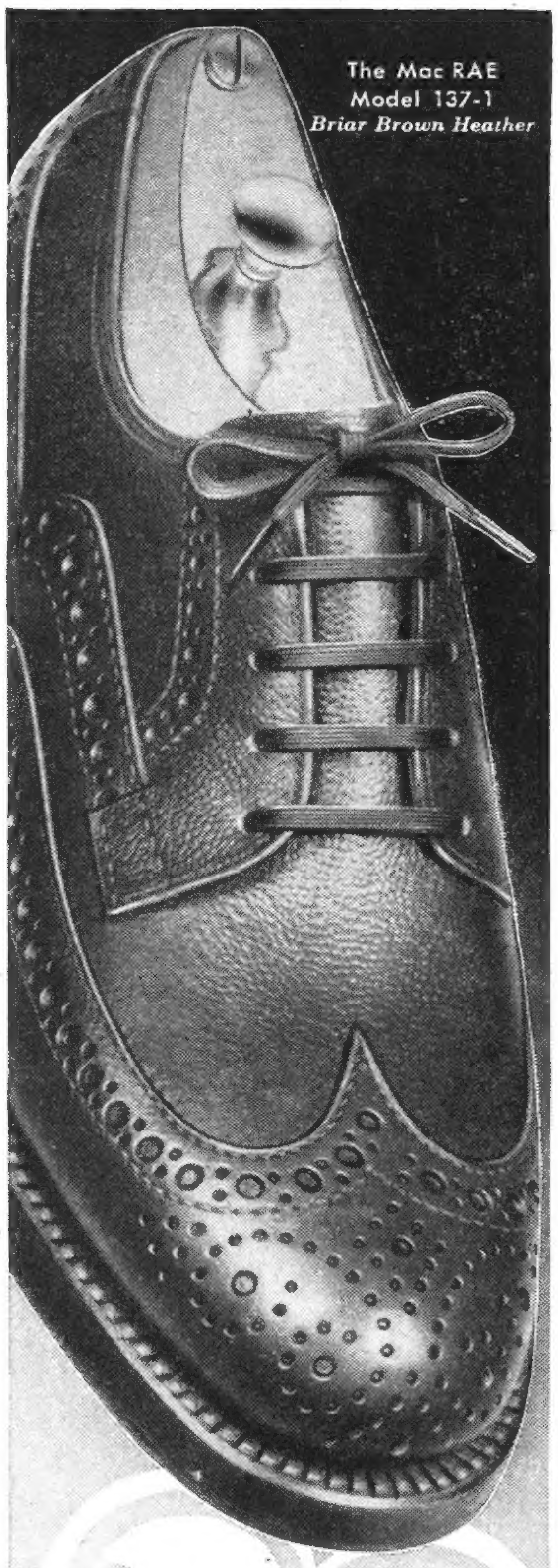

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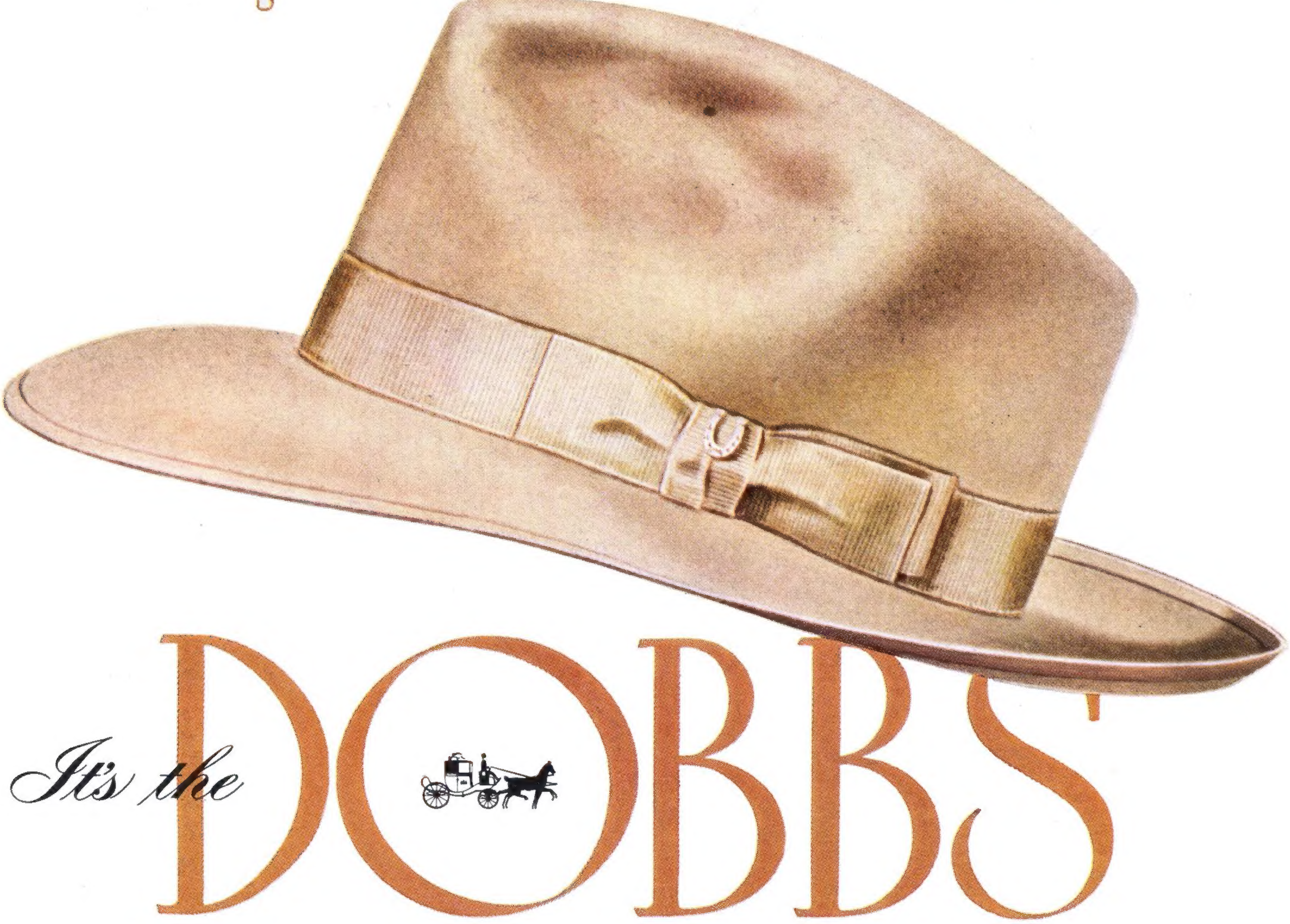

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